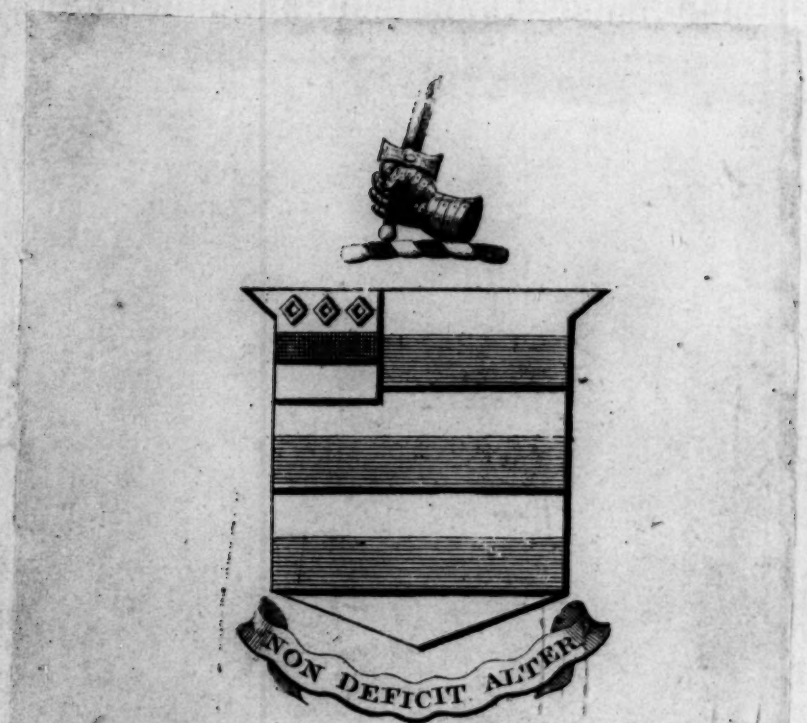
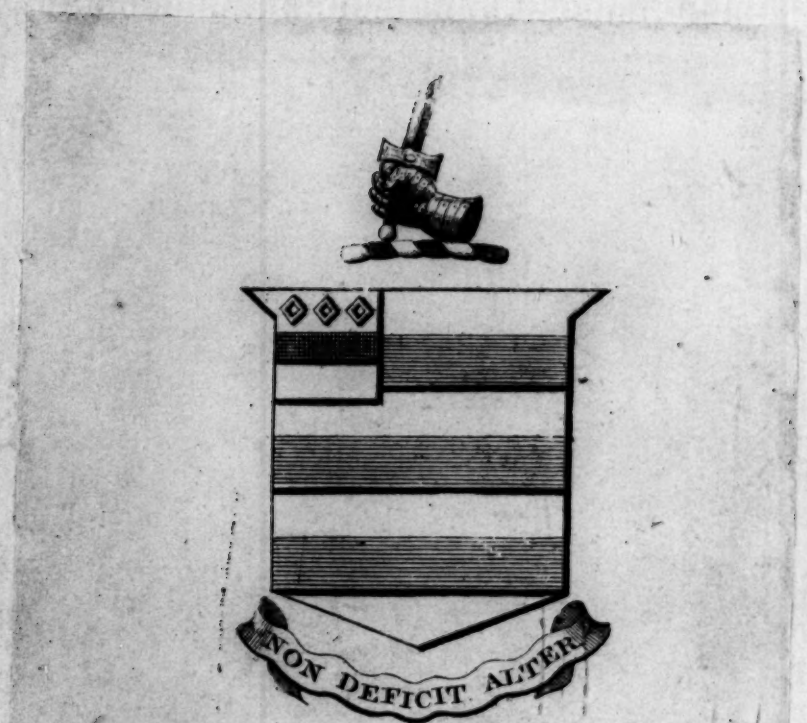


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APHRA BEHN.

From a Picture by Mary Beale in the Collection of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

London, March 1.1822 Published by W. Walker 8 Grays-Inn Square

PLAYS

Written by the late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*,

Entire in Two VOLUMES.

VIZ.

I. The Rover; or, the Baniſh'd Cavaliers. *In Two Parts.*

II. The Dutch Lover.

III. *Abdelazer*; or, the Moor's Revenge.

IV. The Young King; or, the Miſtake.

V. The Roundheads; or, the Good Old Cauſe.

VI. The City Heireſs; or, Sir *Timothy Treat-all.*

VII. The Town-Fopp; or, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey.*

The Firſt Volume.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next *Grays-Inn-Lane*; and *R. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, the Weſt-end of St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, M. DCC. II.

Where you may be furniſh'd with all ſorts of Novels and Plays.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE following Collection of Plays needs no other Recommendation, than that they were writ by the incomparable Mrs. A. Behn, a Perſon whoſe Character is ſo univerſally known, and whoſe Performances have met with ſuch a General Applauſe, that 'tis needleſs to beſpeak the Reader's Favour on her Behalf. Her Poems, Novels, Tranſlations, and ſeveral other Compoſures, both in Proſe and Verſe, have gain'd her a laſting Eſteem among the Maſters of Wit and Senſe. But above all, her Theatrical Performances have entitled her to ſuch a diſtinguiſhing Character in that way, as exceeds That of any of the Poets of this Age, Sir William Davenant and Mr. Dryden excepted. Moſt of 'em had the good Fortune to pleaſe upon the Stage, and all of 'em loudly proclaim the fancy and excellent Abilities of our Authreſs. Thoſe who had the Happineſs to be perſonally acquainted with her, were ſo charm'd with her Wit, Freedom of Temper, and Agreeable Converſation, that they in a manner ador'd her. And indeed we need no greater Proof of her Excellency

in

in all the Endowments both of Body and Mind, than her Acquaintance and Intimacy with the more ſenſible part of Mankind, and the Love ſhe drew from Men of all Ranks.

Some of the Envious have charg'd her with Plagiariſm in her Plays; but it muſt be acknowledg'd on her behalf, That ſhe never borrows without improving for the better, which the greateſt Poets of the Age lie under the ſame Imputation. Not to mention that ſhe was neceſſitated to write for Bread, and through Haſte was often times obliged to borrow, where her own Wit and Fancy could have ſupply'd her plentifully, if ſhe had had leiſure to purſue it.

In fine, her Character among the Wits of the Age, is fully and happily expreſs'd by Sir Charles Cotton *in the following Lines.*

Some Hands write ſome things well, and elſewhere lame,
But on all Theams your Power is the ſame;
Of Buskin and of Sock you know the Pace,
And tread in both with equal Skill and Grace:
But when you write of Love, *Aſtræa* then
Love dips his Arrows, where you wet your Pen:
Such charming Lines did never Paper grace,
Soft as your Sex, and ſmooth as Beauty's Face.

THE

PROLOGUE.

Wits, like Physicians, never can agree,
When of a different Society.
And Rabel's *Drops were never more cry'd down*
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a new Play, *whose Author is unknown.*
Nor can those Doctors with more Malice sue
(And powerful Purses) the discenting Few,
Than those with an insulting Pride, do rail
At all who are not of their own Cabal.
If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spight.
So amongst Men there are Ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves:
So that the Reason of the Grand Debate,
Why Wit so oft is damn'd, when good Plays *take,*
Is, that you Censure as you Love or Hate.
Thus, like a Learned Conclave Poets sit,
Catholick Judges both of Sense and Wit,
And Damn or Save, as they themselves think fit.
Yet those who to others Faults are so severe,
Are not so perfect, but they themselves may Err.
Some write Correct indeed, but then the whole
(Bating their own dull Stuff i'th' Play) is stole:
As Bees do suck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
So they rob others, striving to please you.
Some write their Characters gentile and fine,
But then they do so toil for every Line,
That what to you does Easie seem, and Plain,
Is the hard Issue of their Labouring Brain.
And some th' Effects of all their Pains we see,
Is but to mimick good Extempore.
Others by long Converse about the Town,
Have Wit enough to write a lewd Lampoon,
But their chief Skill lies in a Bawdy Song.
In short, the only Wit that's now in Fashion
Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
As for the Author of this coming Play,
I ask'd him him what he thought fit I should say
In thanks for your good Company to day:
He call'd me Fool, and said it was well known,
You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
New Plays are stuff'd with Wits, and with Deboches,
That Crowd, and Sweat like Citts in May-*day Coaches.*

Written by a Person of Quality.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. *Jevorne*,	*Don Antonio*,	The Vice-Roy's Son.
Mr. *Medburne*,	*Don Pedro*,	A Noble *Spaniard*, his Friend.
Mr. *Betterton*,	*Belvile*,	An Engliſh Colonel, in Love with *Florinda*.
Mr. *Smith*,	*Willmore*,	The *ROVER*.
Mr. *Crosbie*,	*Frederick*,	An Engliſh Gentleman, and Friend to *Bel.* and *Blunt*.
Mr. *Underhill*,	*Blunt*,	An Engliſh Country Gentleman.
Mr. *Richards*,	*Stephano*,	Servant to *Don Pedro*.
Mr. *Percival*	*Philippo*,	*Lucetta*'s Gallant.
Mr. *John Lee*,	*Sancho*,	Pimp to *Lucetta*.
	Biskey, and *Sebaſtian*,	*Two Bravo's to Angelica*.
	Officers and Soldiers.	
	Page	To *Don Antonio*.

Women.

Mrs. *Betterton*,	*Florinda*,	Siſter to *Don Pedro*.
Mrs. *Barrey*,	*Hellena*,	A gay young Woman deſign'd for a Nun, and Siſter to *Florinda*.
Mrs. *Hughs*,	*Valeria*,	A Kinſwoman to *Florinda*.
Mrs. *Gwin*,	*Angellica Bianca*,	A Famous Courtizan.
Mrs. *Leigh*,	*Moretta*,	Her Woman.
Mrs. *Norris*,	*Callis*,	Governeſs to *Florinda* and *Hellena*.
Mrs. *Gillo*,	*Lucetta*,	A Jilting Wench.

Servants, other Maſqueraders, Men and Women.

SCENE *Naples*, in Carnival-time.

THE

THE ROVER.

PART I.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Florinda *and* Hellena.

Flor. WHat an Impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery? How full of Queſtions? Prithee no more *Hellena*, I have told thee more than thou underſtand'ſt already.

Hell. The more's my Grief; I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me ſo inquiſitive; nor is't enough to know you're a Lover, unleſs you tell me too, who 'tis you ſigh for.

Flor. When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that Nature.

Hell. 'Tis true, I was never a Lover yet——but I begin to have a ſhrew'd Gueſs, what 'tis to be ſo, and fancy it very pretty to ſigh, and ſing, and bluſh and wiſh, and dream and wiſh, and long and wiſh to ſee the Man; and when I do look pale and tremble; juſt as you did when my Brother brought home the fine Engliſh Collonel to ſee you—— what do you call him, *Don Belvile.*

Flor. Fye *Hellena.*

Hell. That bluſh betrays you——I am ſure 'tis ſo—or is it *Don Antonio* the Vice-Roy's Son?——or perhaps the Rich old

Don Vincentio whom my Father deſigns for your Husband?—— Why do you bluſh again?

Flor. With Indignation; and how near ſoever my Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I ſhall let him ſee I underſtand better, what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey thoſe unjuſt Commands.

Hel. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Diſobedience. I love Miſchief ſtrangely, as moſt of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing elſe——— But tell me, dear *Florinda*, don't you love that fine *Angleſe?*——for I vow next to loving him my ſelf, 'twill pleaſe me moſt that you do ſo, for he is ſo gay and ſo handſom.

Flor. Hellena, a Maid deſign'd for a Nun, ought not to be ſo Curious in a Diſcourſe of Love.

Hell. And doſt thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? Or at leaſt till I'm ſo old, I'm fit for nothing elſe. Faith no, Siſter; and that which makes me long to know whether you love *Belvile*, is becauſe I hope he has ſome mad Companion or other, that will ſpoil my Devotion, nay, I'm reſolv'd to provide my ſelf this Carnival, if there be e'er a handſom Fellow of my Humour above Ground, tho' I ask firſt.

Flor. Prithee be not ſo wild.

Hell. Now you have provided your ſelf with a Man, you take no Care for poor me—prithee tell me, what doſt thou ſee about me that is unfit for Love—have not I a World of Youth? A Humour gay? a Beauty paſſable? a Vigour deſirable? well ſhap'd? clean limb'd? ſweet breath'd? and Senſe enough to know how all theſe ought to be employ'd to the beſt Advantage; yes, I do and will, therefore lay aſide your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devote, and tell me how you came acquainted with this *Belvile*? for I perceive you knew him before he came to *Naples*.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of *Pampulona*, he was then a Colonel of *French* Horſe, who when the Town was Ranſack'd, Nobly treated my Brother and my ſelf, preſerving us from all Inſolencies; and I muſt own, (beſides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will ſuffer no other to enter—But ſee my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro, Stephano, *with a Maſquing Habit, and* Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow Siſter. Pray when ſaw you your Lover *Don Vincentio*.

Flor. I know not Sir——*Callis* when was he here? for I conſider it ſo little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to deſpiſe him, a Man of ſo vaſt a Fortune, and ſuch

ſuch a Paſſion for you——*Stephano* methinks——

[*Puts on his Maſquing Habit.*

Flor. A Paſſion for me, 'tis more than e'er I ſaw, or had a deſire ſhould be known——I hate *Vincentio*, and I would not have a Man ſo dear to me as my Brother, follow the ill Cuſtoms of our Country, and make a Slave of his Siſter——and Sir, my Father's Will, I'm ſure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wiſh only to be rank'd in your Eſteem, equal with the Engliſh Coll. *Belvile*——Why do you frown and bluſh? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier.

Flor. I'll not deny I value *Belvile*, when I was expos'd to ſuch Dangers as the Licens'd Luſt of common Soldiers threatned, when Rage and Conqueſt flew through the City——then *Belvile*, this Criminal for my Sake, threw himſelf into all Dangers to ſave my Honour, and will you not allow him my Eſteem?

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour——but you muſt conſider *Don Vincentio*'s Fortune, and the Jointure he'll make you.

Flor. Let him conſider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Joynture.

Pedro. 'Tis true he's not ſo young and fine a Gentleman as that *Belvile*——but what Jewels will that Cavilier preſent you with? Thoſe of his Eyes and Heart?

Hell. And are not thoſe better than any *Don Vincentio* has brought from the *Indies*.

Pedro. Why how now! Has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to underſtand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hell. Better than to believe *Vincentio* deſerves Value from any Woman——He may perhaps encreaſe her Baggs, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine——Go up to your Devotion, you are not deſign'd for the Converſation of Lovers.

Hell. Nor Saints, yet a while I hope. [*Aſide.*

Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you muſt caſt my Siſter away too? expoſing her to a worſe confinement than a Religious Life.

Pedro. The Girl's mad——Is it a Confinement to be carry'd into the Country, to an Antient Villa belonging to the Family of the *Vincentio*'s theſe five hundred Years, and have no other Proſpect than that pleaſing one of ſeeing all her own that meets her Eyes——A fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where ſhe may walk and gather Flowers?

Hell. When? By Moon Light? For I am ſure ſhe dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun, that were a Task only for *Don Vincentio* and his Indian Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-

days——— And if theſe be her daily Divertiſements, what are thoſe of the Night, to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber, with Furniture in Faſhion in the Reign of King *Sancho* the Firſt; The Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

Pedro. Very well.

Hell. This Apartment (new ſurbruſht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of Freedom) makes his Dreſſing-room, and being a Frugal and a Jealous Coxcomb, inſtead of a Valet to uncaſe his feeble Carcaſs, he deſires you to do that Office—ſigns of Favour, I'll aſſure you, and ſuch as you muſt not hope for, unleſs your Woman be out of the way.

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. That Honour being paſt, the Gyant ſtretches it ſelf; yawns and ſighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himſelf into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your ſelf undreſt, calls you with a Snore or two—And are not theſe fine Bleſſings to a young Lady?

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. And this Man you muſt kiſs, nay, you muſt kiſs none but him too——and nuzle through his Beard to find his Lips——And this you muſt ſubmit to for threeſcore Years, and all for a Joynture.

Pedro. For all your Character of *Don Vincentio*, ſhe is as like to marry him as ſhe was before.

Hell. Marry *Don Vincentio!* hang me, ſuch a Wedlock would be worſe than Adultery with another Man. I had rather ſee her in the *Hoſtel de Dieu*, to waſt her Youth there in Vows, and be a Hand-Maid to Lazers and Cripples, than to loſe it in ſuch a Marriage.

Pedro. You have conſider'd Siſter, that *Belvile* has no Fortune to bring you to, baniſht his Country, deſpis'd at home, and pitty'd abroad.

Hell. What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fifty. *Don Vincentio! Don Indian!* he thinks he's Trading to *Gambo* ſtill, and wou'd *Barter* himſelf (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

Pedro. Callis take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent ſhe ſhall begin her everlaſting Pennance in a Monaſtery.

Hell. I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig'd to Marry as you wou'd have me, if I were deſign'd for't.

Pedro. Do not fear the Bleſſing of that Choice——you ſhall be a Nun.

Hell. Shall I ſo? you may chance to be miſtaken in my way of Devotion——A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I'll have a *Saint* of my

ny own to pray to ſhortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Callis, make it your Buſineſs to watch this wild Cat. As for you *Florinda*, I've only try'd you all this while, and urg'd my Fathers Will; but mine is, that you would love *Antonio*, he is Brave and Young, and all that can compleat the Happineſs of a Gallant Maid——this Abſence of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from *Vincentio*, by marrying here, which you muſt do to Morrow.

Flor. To Morrow!

Pedro. To Morrow, or 'twill be too late——'tis not my Friendſhip to *Antonio*, which makes me urge this, but love to thee, and hatred to *Vincentio*—— therefore reſolve upon't to Morrow.

Flor. Sir, I ſhall ſtrive to do, as ſhall become your Siſter.

Pedro. I'll both believe and truſt you——Adieu.

[*Exit* Ped. *and* Steph.

Hell. As become his Siſter!——That is, to be as reſolv'd your way, as he is his—— [Hell. *goes to* Callis.

Flor. I near till now perceiv'd my Ruine near,
I've no Defence againſt *Antonio*'s Love,
For he has all the Advantages of Nature,
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hell. But hark you *Callis*, you will not be ſo cruel to lock me up indeed, will you?

Call. I muſt obey the Commands I hate——beſides, do you conſider what a Life you are going to lead?

Hell. Yes, *Callis*, that of a Nun: and till then I'll be indebted a World of Prayers to you, if you'll let me now ſee, what I never did, the Divertiſements of a *Carvinal*.

Call. What, go in Maſquerade! 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it——pray what wou'd you do there.

Hell. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the reſt, and take all Innocent Freedoms——Siſter, you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be not ſad—We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me—come put off this dull Humour with your Cloaths, and aſſume one as gay, and as fantaſtick as the Dreſs my Couſin *Valeria* and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

Call. I have a youthful Itch of going my ſelf. [*Aſide.*
——Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not truſt young Girls alone.

Flor. Thou ſeeſt my Brother's gone already, and thou ſhalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Mad! the Habits are come, and your Couſin *Valeria* is dreſt, and ſtays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well—— I'll write a Note, and if I chance to ſee *Belvile*, and want an opportunity to ſpeak to him, that ſhall let him know what I've reſolv'd in Favour of him.

Hell. Come, let's in and dreſs us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Long Street.*

Enter Belvile *melancholy*, Blunt *and* Frederick.

Fred. Whe, what the Devil ails the Coll. in a time when all the World is gay, to look like meer *Lent* thus? Hadſt thou been long enough in *Naples* to have been in Love, I ſhou'd have ſworn ſome ſuch Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belv. No, I have made no new Amours ſince I came to *Naples*.

Fred. You have left none behind you in *Paris*.

Belv. Neither.

Fred. I can't divine the Cauſe then, unleſs the old Cauſe, the want of Money.

Blunt. And another old Cauſe, the want of a Wench—Wou'd not that revive you?

Belv. You're miſtaken, *Ned*.

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou'rt paſt Cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou haſt renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that coſt thee ſo many Sighs at the Siege of *Pampulona*—— Pox on't, what d'ye you call her——— Her Brother's a noble *Spaniard*———Nephew to the dead General—*Florinda*—Ay, *Florinda*——And will nothing ſerve thy turn but that damn'd virtuous Woman, whom on my Conſcience, thou lov'ſt in ſpight too, becauſe thou ſeeſt little or no poſſibility of gaining her.

Belv. Thou art miſtaken, I have Int'reſt enough in that lovely Virgins Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happineſs———

Fred. Has civily forbid thee the Houſe?

Belv. 'Tis ſo, to make way for a pow'rful Rival, the Vice-Roys Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a *Spaniard*, and her Brother's Friend, which gives him Liberty to make his Court, whilſt I have Recourſe only to Letters, and diſtant Looks from her Window, which are as ſoft and kind as thoſe which Heav'n ſends down on Penitents.

Blunt. Hey

Blunt. Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, ſimile! by this Light the Man is quite ſpoil'd———*Frederick*, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concern'd for a Wench?———'Sheartlikins, our *Cupids* are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roaſt or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine tricks to ſet 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sawce pleaſant, and the Stomach ſharp.

Fred. I dare ſwear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handſom as this *Florinda*; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troubleſom to me i'th' Morning as they were welcome o'er Night.

Blunt. And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

Belv. That's thy Joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt. Whe, 'dſheartlikins, I love a frank Soul—— When did you ever hear of an honeſt Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones——But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept ſo poor with Parliaments and Protectors that the little Stock you have is not worth preſerving—— but I thank my Stars, I had more Grace than to forfeit my Eſtate by Cavaliering.

Belv. Methinks only following the Court, ſhou'd be ſufficient to entitle 'em to that.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unleſs they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conſcience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Will. Ha! dear *Belvile!* noble Colonel!

Belv. Willmore! welcome aſhore, my dear Rover!——what happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

Will. Let me ſalute my dear *Fred.* and then command me—— How is't honeſt Lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to ſee my dear mad *Willmore* again——Prithee why cameſt thou aſhore? and where's the Prince?

Will. He's well, and reigns ſtill Lord of the watery Element———I muſt aboard again within a Day or two, and my Buſineſs aſhore was only to enjoy my ſelf a little this Carvinal.

Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but baſhful, a raw Traveller, but honeſt, ſtout, and one of us. [*Embraces* Blunt.

Will. That you eſteem him, gives him an Intereſt here.

Blunt. Your ſervant, Sir.

Will. But well———Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its God-like Power ſtill over

over the Wine and Women. ——————Love and Mirth are my Bus'neſs in *Naples*, and if I miſtake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

Belv. See, here be thoſe kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter ſeveral Men in maſquing Habits, ſome playing on Muſick, others dancing after; Women dreſt like Courtizans, with Papers pinn'd on their Breaſts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here?

Fred. Now the Game begins.

Will. Fine pretty Creatures! may a Stranger have leave to look and love? ——————What's here——————*Roſes for every Month?* [*Reads the Paper.*

Blunt. Roſes for every Month, what means that?

Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Courtizans, who here in *Naples* are to be hir'd by the Month.

Will. Kind and obliging to inform us——————Pray where do theſe Roſes grow? I wou'd fain plant ſome of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Wom. Beware ſuch Roſes, Sir.

Will. A Pox of Fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, ſo I might but ſtrow ſuch Roſes over me and under me.——————Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Buſh this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make ſome Body ſmell of it all the Year after.

Belv. And thou haſt need of ſuch a Remedy, for thou ſtinkeſt of Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Peſthouſe.

[*The Woman puts her ſelf into the Hands of a Man, and Ex.*

Will. Nay, nay, you ſhall not leave me ſo.

Belv. By all means uſe no Violence here.

Will. Death! juſt as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Roſe out of his Hand, and even kiſs the Bed, the Buſh it grew in.

Fred. No Friend to Love, like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt. Except a Nunnery, *Fred.*

Will. Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know'ſt I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Foreſt.

Advances from the farther end of the Scenes, two Men dreſt all over with Horns of ſeveral ſorts, making Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs.

Belv. Oh the fantaſtical Rogues, how they are dreſs'd! 'Tis a Satyr againſt the whole Sex.

Will. Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belv.

Belv. Yes: 'Tis pretty to ſee theſe *Italians* ſtart, ſwell, and ſtab at the Word *Cuckold*, and yet ſtumble at Horns on every Threſhold.

Will. See what's on their back———— *Flowers for every Night.* [*Reads.*

——Ah Rogue! And more ſweet than Roſes of ev'ry Month! This is a Gardener of *Adam*'s own breeding. [*They dance.*

Belv. What think you of thoſe grave People?——Is a Wake in *Eſſex* half ſo mad or extravagant?

Will. I like their ſober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd Fornication, where the Men are not chid for't, nor the Women deſpis'd, as amongſt our dull Engliſh; even the Monſieurs want that part of good manners.

Belv. But here in *Italy* a Monſieur is the humbl'ſt beſt bred Gentleman——Duels are ſo baffl'd by *Bravo*'s, that an Age ſhews not one, but between a *French-man* and a Hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the *Piazza*, as they are for a *Dutch-man* on the New Bridge———But ſee another Crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, *and* Valeria, *dreſt like Gipſies*; Callis *and* Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo *and* Sancho *in Maſquerade.*

Hel. Siſter, there's your *Engliſh-man*, and with him a handſom proper Fellow———I'll to him, and inſtead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipſies, on my Life———Sure theſe will prattle if a Man croſs their Hands. [*Goes to* Hellena] ———dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

Hell. Have a Care how you venture with me, Sir, leſt I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your Engliſh Humour, than an *Italian* Fortune will pleaſe you.

Will. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hel. The firſt I gueſs, by a certain forward Impudence, which does not diſpleaſe me at this time; and the Loſs of your Money will vex you, becauſe I hope you have but very little to loſe.

Will. Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is ſo little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindneſs———But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hel. Indeed no, that's the Buſ'neſs of a Witch, and I am but a Gipſie yet——— Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Gueſs, 'tis ſome fooliſh Heart you mean, an inconſtant *Engliſh* Heart, as little worth ſtealing as your Purſe.

Will.

Will. Nay, then thou doſt deal with the Devil, that's certain—Thou haſt gueſs'd as right as if thou hadſt been one of that Number it has languiſht for————I find you'll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and *Venus* not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in ſtore——Wou'd you would be good natur'd, and take ſome on't off my Hands.

Hel. Whe————I could be inclin'd that way————but for a fooliſh Vow I am going to make————to dye a Maid.

Will. Then thou art damn'd without Redemption; and as I am a good Chriſtian, I ought in charity to divert ſo wicked a Deſign————therefore prithee dear Creature let me know quickly when and where I ſhall begin to ſet a helping Hand to ſo good a Work.

Hel. If you ſhould prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my Sake.

Will. Faith Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worſe Cauſe, than for a handſom kind Woman————Name the Danger————let it be any thing but a long Siege————and I'll undertake it.

Hel. Can you ſtorm?

Will. Oh, moſt furiouſly.

Hel. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, muſt gain that firſt.

Will. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint.————Nay, now there's no denying me, the old Law had no Curſe (to a Woman) like a dying Maid; witneſs *Jephtha*'s Daughter.

Hel. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impoſe no ſevere Penance on her who was inclin'd to conſole her ſelf before ſhe took Orders.

Will. If ſhe be young and handſom.

Hel. Ay, there's it————but if ſhe be not————

Will. By this Hand, child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults————beſides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou haſt taſted and prov'd the Pleaſure on't, than 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

Hel. I perceive, good Father Captain, you deſign only to make me fit for Heaven——but if on the contrary you ſhould quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again,

I ſhould have a new Man to ſeek I find; and what a Grief that will be——for when I begin, I fancy I ſhall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind———Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith I'm a very honeſt Fellow—Oh, I long to come firſt to the Banquet of Love; and ſuch a ſwinging Appetite I bring———Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead Man!

Hel. Why muſt we be either guilty of Fornification or Murder, if we converſe with you Men?———And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lye with me?

Will. Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

Lucet. Are you ſure this is the Man? [*Pointing to* Blunt.

Sancho. When did I miſtake your Game?

Lucet. This is a Stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I underſtand my Trade, he's mine; he's *Engliſh* too, and they ſay that's a ſort of good-natur'd loving People, and have generally ſo kind an Opinion of themſelves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any ſort of Fool ſhe pleaſes.

Blunt. 'Tis ſo——ſhe is taken—I have Beauties which my falſe Glaſs at home did not diſcover.

[*She often paſſes by* Blunt, *and gazes on him; he ſtruts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.*

Flor. This Woman watches me ſo, I ſhall get no Opportunity to diſcover my ſelf to him, and ſo miſs the intent of my coming———but as I was ſaying, Sir——by this Line you ſhould be a Lover. [*Looking in his Hand.*

Belv. I thought how right you gueſs'd, all Men are in Love, or pretend to be ſo———come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. [*Walks away.*

Flor. I will not, till you have confeſs'd whether the Paſſion that you have vow'd *Florinda* be true or falſe.

[*She holds him, he ſtrives to get from her.*

Belv. Florinda! [*Turns quick towards her.*

Flor. Softly.

Belv. Thou haſt nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She'll be diſappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden gate, and if you'll fail not———as let me ſee the other Hand—you will go near to do—ſhe vows to dye or make you happy. [*Looks on* Callis, *who obſerves 'em.*

Belv. What canſt thou mean?

Flor. That which I ſay———Farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Belv. Oh charming Sybil ſtay, compleat that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Diſtraction!———where muſt I be? at the

Garden-

Garden-gate? I know it————at night, you ſay——Ill ſooner forfeit Heaven than diſobey.

Enter Don Pedro *and other Maſquers, and paſs over the Stage.*

Call. Madam, your Brother's here.

Flor. Take this to inſtruct you farther. [*Gives him a Letter, and goes off.*

Fred. Have a care, Sir, what you promiſe; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruine you.

Belv. Do no diſturb my Happpineſs with Doubts. [*Opens the Letter.*

Will. My dear pretty Creature, a Thouſand Bleſſings on thee; ſtill in this Habit, you ſay;————and after Dinner at this Place.

Hel. Yes, if you will ſwear to keep your Heart, and not beſtow it between this and that.

Will. By all the little Gods of Love I ſwear, I'll leave it with you, and if you run away with it, thoſe Dieties of Juſtice will revenge me. [*Ex. all the Women.*

Fred. Do you know the Hand?

Belv. 'Tis *Florinda*'s.
All Bleſſings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Fred. Nay, no Idolatry, a ſober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

Belv. Oh Friends! the welcom'ſt News, the ſofteſt Letter!—nay, you ſhall ſee it; and could you now be ſerious, I might be made the happieſt Man the Sun ſhines on.

Will. The Reaſon of this mighty Joy?

Belv. See how kindly ſhe invites me to deliver her from the threatned Violence of her Brother————will you not aſſiſt me?

Will. I know not what thou mean'ſt, but I'll make one at any Miſchief where a Woman's concern'd————but ſhe'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will ſhe not?

Belv. How mean you?

Will. How ſhou'd I mean? Thou know'ſt there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

Belv. Don't prophane——the Maid is nicely virtuous.

Will. Who Pox, then ſhe's fit for nothing but a Husband, let her e'en go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, ſhe's the Colonel's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Will. Let her be the Devil, if ſhe be thy Miſtreſs, I'll ſerve her———name the way.

Belv. Read here this Poſtſcript. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Will. [Reads.] —Kind Heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all. } *At Ten at night—at the Garden Gate——of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall—come attended with a Friend or Two.*

Fred.

Fred. Let her alone for that, your Womans Wit! your fair kind Woman! will out-trick a Brother or a Jew; and contrive like a Jeſuit in Chains—but ſee, *Ned Blunt* is ſtoln out after the Lure of a Damſel. [*Ex.* Blunt *and* Lucet.

Belv. So he'll ſcarce find his way home again, unleſs we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd ſound prettily—— a loſt Engliſh Boy of Thirty.

Fred. I hope 'tis ſome common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be ſhe'll ſell him for *Perue*, the Rogue's ſturdy, and would work well in a Mine; at leaſt I hope ſhe'll dreſs him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out naked at Midnight.

Will. Prithee what Humour is he of, that you wiſh him ſo well?

Belv. Why, of an *Engliſh* Elder Brother's Humour, Educated in a Nurſery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-mother till he's of Age: one that knows no Pleaſure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to *London* with his right Worſhipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Cloaths, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mothers Landry-Maid: gets drunk at a Hunting Match, and ten to one then gives ſome Proofs of his Proweſs—— A pox upon him, he's our *Banker*, and has all our Caſh about him, and if he fail we are all Broke.

Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd ſtingey Quality, that will ſecure our Stock; I know not in what Danger it were indeed, if the Jilt ſhould pretend ſhe's in Love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwiſe if he part with more than a Piece of Eight—gueld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if ſhe be a Whore of the firſt Rank.

Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be eaſily beaten, he's ſtout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to Exerciſe his Courage upon ſome of them, elſe I'm ſure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to pleaſe him.

Will. 'Tis a luckey Devil to light upon ſo kind a Wench!

Fred. Thou hadſt a great deal of talk with thy little Gipſie, coud'ſt thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-harted.

Will. Hang her, ſhe was ſome damn'd honeſt Perſon of Quality I'm ſure, ſhe was ſo very free and witty. If her Face be but anſwerable to her Wit, and Humour, I wou'd be bound to Conſtancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time, have you made no kind Acquaintance ſince you came to Town?—you do not uſe to be honeſt ſo long, Gentlemen.

Fred. Faith Love has kept us honeſt, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the Famous *Paduana Angelica Bianca*.

Will.

Will. What, the Miſtreſs of the dead *Spaniſh* General?

Belv. Yes, ſhe's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in *Naples*, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her ſight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themſelves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while ſhe has the Pleaſure to behold all languiſh for her that ſee her.

Fred. 'Tis pretty to ſee with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Will. What Gallant has ſhe?

Belv. None, ſhe's expos'd to Sale, and four Days in the Week ſhe's yours—for ſo much a Month.

Will. The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me——yet prithee let's ſee her.

Belv. Let's firſt to Dinner, and after that we'll paſs the Day as you pleaſe———but at Night ye muſt all be at my Devotion.

Will. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. Scene I. *The Long Street.*

Enter Brevile *and* Frederick *in Maſquing Habits, and* Willmore *in his own Cloaths, with a Vizard in his Hand.*

Will. BUT why thus diſguis'd and muzzl'd?

Belv. Becauſe whatever Extravagances we commit in theſe Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to anſwer 'em.

Will. I ſhou'd have chang'd my Eternal Buffe too; but no matter, my little Gipſie wou'd not have found me out then; for if ſhe ſhou'd change hers, it is impoſſible I ſhould know her, unleſs I ſhould here her prattle—A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do ſee her again, ſhe prove damnable ugly, that I may fortifie my ſelf againſt her Tongue.

Belv. Have a care of Love, for o'my conſcience ſhe was not of a Quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd with my Heart ſo, that 'twill never lie ſtill, till I have met with ſome kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me—Oh for my Arms full of ſoft, white, kind—Woman! ſuch as I fancy *Angelica*.

Belv. This is her Houſe) if you were but in ſtock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

Enter

Enter Blunt.

Will. I long to ſee the Shadow of the fair Subſtance; a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt. Coll. Thy Hand—and thine *Fred.* I have been an Aſs, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this Hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belv. What the Devil's the matter with thee *Ned?*

———Oh ſuch a Mrs. *Fred.* ſuch a Girl!

Will. Ha! where. *Fred.* Ay where!

Blunt. So fond, ſo amorous, ſo toying and fine! and all for ſheer Love, ye Rogue! Oh how ſhe lookt and kiſt! and ſooth'd my Heart from my Boſom—I cannot think I was awake, and yet methinks I ſee and feel her Charms ſtill!—*Fred.*———Try if ſhe have not left the Taſte of her Balmey Kiſſes upon my Lips——

[*Kiſſes him.*

Belv. Ha! Ha! Ha! *Will.* Death Man where is ſhe?

Blunt. What a Dog was I to ſtay in dull *England* ſo long—How have I laught at the Coll. when he ſigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him! And by his one Dart, I can gueſs at all his Joys, which then I took for Fancies, meer Dreams and Fables——— Well, I'm reſolv'd to ſell all in *Eſſex*, and plant here for ever.

Belv. What a Bleſſing 'tis, thou haſt a Miſtreſs thou darſt boaſt of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a ſecret Amour.

Will. Doſt know her Name?

Blunt. Her Name, No, 'sheartlikins what care I for Names——She's fair! young! brisk and kind! even to raviſhment! and what a Pox care I for knowing her by another Title.

Will. Didſt give her any thing?

Blunt. Give her!———Ha, ha, ha! whe, ſhe's a Perſon of Quality———that's a good one, give her! 'sheartlikins doſt think ſuch Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for ſuch a Purchaſe? Give her quoth ye? Why ſhe preſented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear: No, Gentlemen, *Ned Blunt* is not every Body——— She expects me again to Night.

Will. Egad that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Perſon of Quality, I ſhall be very glad to underſtand your Purſe be ſecure; 'tis our whole Eſtate at preſent, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom; come, Sir, unlode.

Blunt. Take the neceſſary Triffle, uſeleſs now to me, that am belov'd by ſuch a Gentlewoman.——'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Fred. No, keep that to be couzen'd, that we may laugh.

Will. Couzen'd!——Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd couzen me of all the Love I cou'd ſpare to Night.

Fred. Pox 'tis ſome common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with ſuch Cloaths! ſuch Jewels! ſuch a Houſe! ſuch Furniture, and ſo Attended! a Whore!

Belv. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho' they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Bawdy; are Whores in all thoſe gay Cloaths, and right Jewels; are Whores with great Houſes richly furniſht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handſome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and Errant ones.

Will. Pox on't, where do theſe fine Whores live?

Belv. Where no Rogue in Office Ecliped Conſtables dare give 'em Laws, nor the Wine-inſpir'd Bullies of the Town, break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho' this *Eſſex* Calf believe them Perſons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this *Eſſex* Calf, that ſhall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Wit and Parts—this Shape and Size Gentlemen, are not to be deſpis'd; my Waſte too tolerably long, with other inviting Signs, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Will. Egad I believe he may have met with ſome Perſon of Quality that may be kind to him.

Belv. Doſt thou perceive any ſuch tempting things about him, ſhou'd make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too!——no, no, *Angellica* has rais'd the Price too high.

Will. May ſhe languiſh for Mankiud till ſhe dye, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

Enter Two Bravo's, *and hang up a great Picture of* Angellica's, *againſt the Balcone, and Two little ones at each ſide of the Door.*

Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn where a Man may Lodge that's Fool enough to give her Price.

[Will. *gazes on the Picture.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this!

Belv. A Famous *Courtizan* that's to be ſold.

Blunt. How! to be ſold! nay, then I have nothing to ſay to her——ſold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country?—with Order and decency Whoring's Eſtabliſht here by Virtue of the

the Inquiſition—come let's be gone, I'm ſure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

Fred. Thou art none, I'm ſure, unleſs thou cou'dſt have her in thy Bed at the Price of a Coach in the Street.

Will. How wondrous fair ſhe is——a Thouſand Crowns a Month——by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little, a plague of this Poverty——of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty: which Virtue ne'er cou'd purchaſe. [*Turns from the Picture.*

Blunt. What's this?——[*Reads*] *A Thouſand Crowns a Month.*

——'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! ſure 'tis a miſtake.

——Heark you Friend, does ſhe take or give ſo much by the Month?

Fred. A Thouſand Crowns! Why, 'tis a Portion for the *Infanta.*

Blunt. Heark ye Friends, won't ſhe truſt?

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.

Enter Don Pedro *in Maſquerade, follow'd by* Stephano.

Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while.

[Pedro *Reads.* [*Exit* Engliſh.

Enter Angellica *and* Moretta *in the Balcone, and draw a ſilk Curtain.*

Ped. Fetch me a Thouſand Crowns, I never wiſht to buy this Beauty at an eaſier Rate. [*paſſes off.*

Ang. Prithee what ſaid thoſe Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the firſt were admirers of Beauty only, but no purchaſers, they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and ſo paſt off.

Ang. No matter, I'm not diſpleas'd with their rallying; their wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wiſhes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price, can make my Pleaſure.

Brav. Madam, the laſt I knew through all his Diſguiſes to be *Don Pedro*, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in *Pampalona.*

Ang. Don Pedro! my old Gallant's Nephew, when his Uncle dy'd he left him a vaſt Sum of Money; it is he who was ſo in love with me at *Padua*, and who us'd to make the General ſo Jealous.

Moret. Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window, and take ſuch care to ſhew himſelf an Amorous Aſs? If I am not miſtaken he is the likelieſt Man to give your Price.

Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour ſo uneaſie and inconſtant, that the Victory over his Heart is as ſoon

loſt as won, a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conquerour, but Inconſtancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm reſolv'd that nothing but Gold, ſhall charm my Heart.

Moret. I'm glad on't; 'tis only Intereſt that Women of our Profeſſion ought to conſider: tho' I wonder what has kept you from that general Diſeaſe of our Sex ſo long, I mean that of being in Love.

Ang. A kind, but ſullen Star under which I had the Happineſs to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the braveſt and nobleſt of Mankind have purchaſt my Favours at ſo dear a Rate, as if no Coin but Gold were currant with our Trade—— but here's *Don Pedro* again, fetch me my Lute—— for 'tis for him or *Don Antonio* the Vice-Roys Son, that I have ſpread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, Stephano, Don Antonio *and* Diego *at the other Door with People following him in Maſquerade, antickly attir'd, ſome with Muſick, they both go up to the Picture.*

Ant. A Thouſand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I ſhou'd not think it dear.

Pedro. Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have ſeen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this ſoft and ſweet, with a certain languiſhing Air, that no Artiſt can repreſent.

Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.

Pedro. Ha!

Pag. Sir, I have known you throw away a Thouſand Crowns on a worſe Face, and tho' y'are near you Marriage, your may venture a little Love here; *Florinda*—— will not miſs it.

Pedro. Ha! *Florinda!* ſure 'tis *Antonio.*

Ant. Florinda! name thoſe diſtant Joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Paſſion here.

Pedro. Florinda ſcorn'd! and all my

[*A Noiſe of a Lute above.*

Hopes defeated, of the Poſſeſſion of *Angelica.* [Ant. *gazes up.*

Her Injuries! by Heaven he ſhall not boaſt of.

[*Song to a Lute above.*

SONG.

WHen Damon *firſt began to Love*
He languiſht in a ſoft deſire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To leſſen or increaſe his Fire.

For

For Cælia in her charming Eyes,
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Cælia's Hair,
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And ſaw the Am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And ſaw the Grove (reſembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilſt guilty Smiles and Bluſhes dreſt her Face.
At this the baſhful Youth all Tranſport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.

Ant. By Heav'n ſhe's charming fair!

[Angellica *throws open the Curtains, and bows to* Antonio, *who pulls off his Vizard and bows and blows up Kiſſes.* Pedro *unſeen looks in's Face.*

Pedro. 'Tis he, the falſe *Antonio!*

Ant. Friend, where muſt I pay my offering of Love?

[*To the* Bravo.

My Thouſand Crowns I mean.

Pedro. That Offring I have deſign'd to make,
And yours will come too late.

Ant. Prithee begone, I ſhall grow angry elſe,
And then thou art not ſafe.

Pedro. My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;
And he that enters here may prove this Truth.

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am ſure thou'rt worth my killing, and aiming at *Angellica.* [*They draw and fight.*

Enter Willmore *and* Blunt, *who draw and part 'em.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm ſure—— nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the beſt of ye— Put up—put up, and take another time and place, for this is deſign'd for Lovers only. [*They all put up.*

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to Morrow on the *Molo?*
For I've a Title to a better quarrel,
That of *Florinda*, in whoſe credulous Heart
Thou'ſt made an Int'reſt, and deſtroy'd my Hopes.

Ant. Dare?
I'll meet thee there as early as the Day.

Pedro. We will come thus diſguis'd, that whoſoever chance to get the better, he may eſcape unknown.

Ant. It ſhall be ſo. [*Exit* Pedro *and* Stephano. Who ſhou'd this Rival be? unleſs the *Engliſh* Colonel, of whom I've often heard *Don Pedro* ſpeak; it muſt be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happineſs.

[Willmore *having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one.*

Will. This Poſture's looſe and negligent,
The Sight on't wou'd beget a warm deſire
In Souls, whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.
——This muſt along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeneſs, Sir?——reſtore the Picture.

Ant. Ha! Rudeneſs committed to the fair *Angellica.*
——Reſtore the Picture, Sir——

Will. Indeed I will not, Sir.

Ant. By Heav'n but you ſhall.

Will. Nay, do not ſhew your Sword, if you do, by this dear Beauty——I will ſhew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't?

Will. That of Poſſeſſion which I will maintain——you perhaps have 1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you ſhall reſtore the Picture.

Ang. Oh *Moretta!* what's the matter?

[Ang. *and* Moret. *above.*

Ant. Or leave your Life behind.

Will. Death! you lie—I will do neither.

Ang. Hold I command you, if for me you Fight.

[*They Fight, the Spaniards joyn with* Ant. Blunt *laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.*

Will. How Heavenly fair ſhe is!——ah Plague of her Price.

Ang. You Sir in Buff, you that appear a Soldier, that firſt began this Inſolence.

Will. 'Tis true, I did ſo, if you call it Inſolence for a Man to preſerve himſelf; I ſaw your Charming Picture and was wounded; quite through my Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a Thouſand Crowns to procure my Remedy——I laid this little Picture to my Boſom——which if you cannot allow me, I'll reſign.

Ang. No, you may keep the Trifle.

Ant. You ſhall firſt ask me leave, and this.

[*Fight again as before.*

Enter

Enter Belv. *and* Fred. *who joyn with the* Engliſh.

Ang. Hold; will you ruin me! —*Beskey*—*Sebaſtian*— part 'em.

[*The* Spaniards *are beaten off.*

Moret. Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he's ſet on to ruin us: we ſhall never ſee good days, till all theſe fighting poor Rogues are ſent to the Gallies.

Enter Belvile, Blunt *and* Willmore, *with their Shirts bloody.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this Sport, and I'll ne're wear Sword more.

Belv. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure,—— come let's be gone whilſt we're ſafe, and remember theſe are *Spaniards*, a ſort of People that know how to revenge an Affront. [*To Will.*

Fred. You bleed! I hope you are not wounded.

Will. Not much: ——— a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they'l ne're recover *Flanders.* —— what the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins, we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conqueſt.—— prithee help me up, and I'll pull it down. ———

Ang. Stay Sir, and e're you affront me further, let me know how you durſt commit this Outrage —— to you I ſpeak Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Will. To me Madam, ——— Gentlemen your Servant.

[Belv. *ſtays him.*

Belv. Is the Devil in thee? Do'ſt know the danger of entring the Houſe of an incens'd *Courtizan?*

Will. I thank you for your care —— but there are other matters in hand, there are, though we have no great Temptation. ——— Death! let me go.

Fred. Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here.

—— Damn theſe gay Harlots —— by this Hand I'll have as ſound and handſome a Whore for a Patacoone, — Death Man, ſhe'll murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not, ſhall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely charming Beauty! for fear of danger! when by Heaven there's none ſo great as to long for her, whilſt I want Money to purchaſe her.

Pedro. Therefore 'tis loſs of time, unleſs you had the thouſand Crowns to pay.

Will. It may be ſhe may give a Favour, at leaſt I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſaluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. Pox, ſhe'll as ſoon lie with thee, as kiſs thee, and ſooner ſtab than do either ——— you ſhall not go.

Ang. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewoman means well.

Belv. Well, take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next Street. —— Farewell Fool, —— farewell. ——

Will. Buy Colonel —— [*Goes in.*

Fred. The Rogue's ſtark mad for a Wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Willmore, Angelica, *and* Moretta.

Ang. Inſolent Sir, how durſt you pull down my Picture?

Will. Rather, how durſt you ſet it up, to tempt poor Am'rous Mortals with ſo much Excellence? which *I* find you have but too well conſulted by the unmerciful price you ſet upon't. —— Is all this Heaven of Beauty ſhewn to move deſpair in thoſe that cannot buy? And can you think the effects of that Deſpair, ſhou'd be leſs extravagant than *I* have ſhewn.

Ang. *I* ſent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime. —— *I* thought *I* ſhou'd have ſeen you at my Feet imploring it.

Will. You are deceived, *I* came to rail at you, and talk ſuch Truths too, as ſhall let you ſee the vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to ſet ſuch a Price on Sin.

For ſuch it is, whilſt that which is Loves due
Is meanly barter'd for.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, alas good Captain, what pitty 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do no good upon me —— *Moretta!* fetch the Gentleman a Glaſs, and let him ſurvey himſelf. To ſee what Charms he has, —— and gueſs my Buſineſs.

[*Aſide in a ſoft Tone.*

Moret. He knows himſelf of Old, *I* believe thoſe Breeches and he have been acquainted ever ſince he was beaten at *Worceſter*.

Ang. Nay, do not abuſe the poor Creature. ——

Moret. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, though you have of our Charity, but at preſent we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindneſs for God's ſake; in fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high i'th' Month for you, therefore Troop, *I* ſay.

Will. Here, good Fore-Woman of the Shop, ſerve me, and I'll be gone.

Moret. Keep it to pay your Landreſs, your Linnen ſtinks of the Gun-Room; for here's no ſelling by Retail.

Will. Thou haſt ſold plenty of thy ſtale Ware at a cheap Rate.

Moret.

Moret. Ay, the more ſilly kind Heart *I*, but this is an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates. —— In fine, you know the price of this.

Will. *I* grant you 'tis here —— ſet down a thouſand Crowns a Month ———— Bawd, take your black Lead and Sum it up, that *I* may have a Piſtole-worth of theſe vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

Moret. Pox on him, he'll fret me to Death: —— abominable Fellow, *I* tell thee, we only ſell by the whole Piece.

Will. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing —— Faith, Madam, my Stock will not reach it, *I* cannot be your Chapman. ———— Yet *I* have Countrymen in Town, Merchants of Love, like me; I'll ſee if they'l put for a ſhare, we cannot loſe much by it, and what we have no uſe for, we'll ſell upon the *Fridays* Mart, at —— *Who gives more?* *I* am ſtudying Madam, how to purchaſe you, though at preſent *I* am unprovided of Money.

Ang. Sure this from any other Man would anger me ———— nor ſhall he know the Conqueſt he has made ———— poor angry Man, how *I* deſpiſe this railing.

Will. Yes, *I* am poor — but I'm a Gentleman,
And one that ſcorns this baſeneſs which you practice;
Poor as *I* am, *I* would not ſell my ſelf,
No, not to gain your Charming high priz'd Perſon.
Though *I* admire you ſtrangely for your Beauty,
Yet *I* contemn your Mind.
———— And yet *I* wou'd at any rate enjoy you.
At your own rate —— but cannot ———— ſee here
The only Sum *I* can command on Earth;
I know not where to eat when this is gone.
Yet ſuch a Slave *I* am to Love and Beauty,
This laſt I'll ſacrifice to enjoy you.
—— Nay, do not frown, *I* know you are to be bought
And wou'd be bought by me, by me,
For a mean triffling Sum, if *I* could pay it down.
Which happy knowledge *I* will ſtill repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't,
And ſoon will curſe thoſe wounds your Eyes have made.
— And yet — there's ſomething ſo Divinely powerful there —
Nay, *I* will gaze ———— to let you ſee my Strength.
[*Holds her, looks on her, and pawſes, and ſighs.*
— By Heaven, bright Creature —— *I* would not for the World
Thy Fame were half ſo fair as thy Face. [*Turns her away from him.*

Ang. His words go through me to the very Soul. [*Aſide.*
—— If you have nothing elſe to ſay to me.

Will. Yes, you ſhall hear how infamous you are ————
For which *I* do not hate thee, But

But that ſecures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but ſo many Luſts,
I know it by their ſudden bold intruſion.
The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis falſe ———
For had it been the purer flame of Love,
I ſhould have pin'd and languiſht at your Feet,
E're found the impudence to have diſcover'd it.
I now dare ſtand your ſcorn, and your denial.

Moret. Sure ſhe's bewitcht, that ſhe can ſtand thus tamely and hear his ſawcy railing. ——— Sirrah, will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty? — Withdraw. [*To* Mor. —— Pray tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the ſame mercenary Crime?
When a Lady is propoſed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair ——— diſcreet, ——— or virtuous ſhe is; but what's her Fortune ——— which if but ſmall, you cry —— She will not do my buſineſs ——— and baſely leave her, tho' ſhe languiſh for you ——— ſay, is not this as poor?

Will. It is a barbarous Cuſtom, which *I* will ſcorn to defend in our Sex, and do deſpiſe in yours.

Ang. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know,
That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul,
Thou ſhouldſt not buy my Love,
Couldſt thou forget thoſe mean Effects of Vanity
Which ſet me out to ſale, and as a Lover, prize my yielding Joys:
Canſt thou believe they'l be entirely thine,
Without conſidering they were mercenary?

Will. *I* cannot tell, *I* muſt bethink me firſt ——— ha, — Death, I'm going to believe her. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Prithee confirm that Faith ——— or if thou canſt not— flatter me a little, 'twill pleaſe me from thy Mouth.

Will. Curſe on thy charming Tongue! doſt thou return
My feign'd Contempt with ſo much ſubtilty? [*Aſide.*
Thou'ſt found the eaſieſt way into my Heart,
Though *I* yet know that all thou ſay'ſt is falſe.
[*Turning from her in a Rage.*

Ang. By all that's good 'tis real,
I never lov'd before, though oft a Miſtreſs.
——— Shall my firſt Vows be ſlighted?

Will. What can ſhe mean? [*Aſide.*

Ang. *I* find you cannot credit me. ——— [*In an angry tone.*

Will. *I* know you take me for an errant Aſs,
An Aſs that may be ſooth'd into belief,
And then be us'd at pleaſure;
— But, Madam, *I* have been ſo often cheated

By

By perjur'd, ſoft, deluding Hypocrites,
That I've no Faith left for the couzening Sex,
Eſpecially for Women of your Trade.

Ang. The low eſteem you have of me, perhaps
May bring my Heart again:
For I have Pride that yet ſurmounts my Love.
[*She turns with Pride, he holds her.*

Will. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliſs,
And ſhew the power of Love: 'tis with thoſe Arms
I can be only vanquiſht, made a Slave.

Ang. Is all my mighty Expectation vaniſht?
— No, *I* will not hear thee talk, —— thou haſt a Charm
In every word, that draws my Heart away.
And all the Thouſand Trophies *I* deſign'd,
Thou haſt undone. —— Why art thou ſoft?
Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War.
Couldſt thou not ſtorm on ſtill?
I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

Will. Death! how ſhe throws her Fire about my Soul! [*Aſide.*
—— Take heed, fair Creature, how you raiſe my Hopes,
Which once aſſum'd, pretends to all Dominion.
There's not a Joy thou haſt in ſtore
I ſhall not then command.
— For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life!
— Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

Ang. And will you pay me then the price I ask?

Will. Oh, why doſt thou draw me from an awful Worſhip?
By ſhewing thou art no Divinity,
Conceal the Fiend, and ſhew me all the Angel;
Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout
And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.
[*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*

Ang. The pay I mean is, but thy Love for mine.
—— Can you give that?

Will. Intirely — come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows, —— and breath 'em with ſuch Ardour, thou ſhalt not doubt my Zeal.

Ang. Thou haſt a Power too ſtrong to be reſiſted.
[*Ex.* Will. *and* Angellica.

Moret. Now my Curſe go with you — is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love ſuch a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pyrate Beggar, whoſe Buſineſs is to rifle and be gone, a *No Purchaſe, no Pay* Tatterdemalion, an *Engliſh* Piccaroon.

a Rogue

A Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally louſie————Oh, *I* could curſe now, if *I* durſt——— This is the Fate of moſt Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,
Are Spoils to thoſe who couzen us agen.

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, *in Antick different Dreſſes from what they were in before.* Callis *attending.*

Flor. I Wonder what ſhould make my Brother in ſo ill a Humour: I hope he has not found out our Ramble this Morning?

Hell. No, if he had, we ſhould have heard on't at both Ears, and have been mew'd up this Afternoon; which I would not for the World ſhould have happen'd——Hey ho! I'm ſad as a Lovers Lute.

Val. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipſies as readily as if we had been bred upon the Road to *Loretta*; and yet I did ſo fumble, when I told the Stranger his Fortune, that I was afraid I ſhould have told my own and yours by miſtake————but methinks *Hellena* has been very ſerious ever ſince.

Flor. I would give my Garters ſhe were in Love, to be reveng'd upon her, for abuſing me————How is't, *Hellena?*

Hell. Ah!—would I had never ſeen my mad Monſieur——and yet for all your laughing I am not in Love—and yet this ſmall Acquaintance, o' my Conſcience, will never out of my Head.

Val. Ha, ha, ha,——I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover, a fellow that, I warrant, loves every new Face he ſees.

Hell. Hum——he has not kept his Word with me here——and may be taken up————that Thought is not very pleaſant to me——what the duce ſhould this be now that I feel?

Val. What is't like?

Hell. Nay, the Lord knows————but if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot chuſe but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad Fellow ſhould be in love with any Body but me——what to think of my ſelf I know not——would *I* could meet with

with ſome true damn'd Gipſie, that I might know my Fortune.

Val. Know it! why there's nothing ſo eaſie: thou wilt love this wandring Inconſtant till thou find'ſt thy ſelf hang'd about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Flor. Yes, *Valeria*; we ſhall ſee her beſtride his Baggage-horſe, and follow him to the Campaign.

Hell. So, ſo; now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me—But ſince you have ſet my Heart a wiſhing—— I am reſolv'd to know for what; I will not dye of the Pip, ſo I will not.

Flor. Art thou mad to talk ſo? Who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad Wench thou art?

Hell. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me ſhall have me, but he that I like: I ſhould have ſtaid in the Nunnery ſtill, if *I* had lik'd my Lady Abbeſs as well as ſhe lik'd me. No, *I* came thence not (as my wiſe Brother imagines) to take an Eternal Farewel of the World, but to love and to be belov'd; and *I* will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, ſo I will.

Val. Am I put into the number of Lovers?

Hell. You! my Gouz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any Deſign: Thou won't venture a Caſt, tho thou comeſt off a looſer, eſpecially with ſuch a Gameſter.—— I obſerv'd your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art ſoon learnt———that I find. [*Sighs.*

Flor. I wonder how you learnt to love ſo eaſily, I had a thouſand Charms to meet my Eys and Ears, e'er I could yield; and 'twas the knowledge of *Belvile*'s Merit, not the ſurprizing Perſon, took my Soul——thou art too raſh to give a Heart at firſt Sight.

Hell. Hang your conſidering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, ſilly kind of Pleaſure to paſs ones time with, to write little, ſoft, nonſenſical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Anſwers; in which I ſhall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho' little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am deſirable; then *I* have the more Inclination that way, becauſe *I* am to be a Nun, and ſo ſhall not be ſuſpected to have any ſuch earthly Thoughts about me——but when *I* walk thus———and ſigh thus———they'll think my Mind's upon my Monaſtery, and cry, how happy 'tis ſhe's ſo reſolv'd!

———But not a Word of Man.

Flor. What a mad Creature's this!

Hell. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you ſigh, he cries (gravely)——*I* fear you have the indiſcretion to be in love, but take heed of the Honour of our Houſe, and your own unſpotted Fame; and ſo he conjures on till he has laid the ſoft-wing'd God in your Hearts, or broke the Birds-neſt——But ſee here comes your Lover, but where's my inconſtant? let's ſtep aſide, and we may learn ſomething. [*Go aſide.*

Enter Belvile, Fred. *and* Blunt.

Belv. What means this? the Picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the Wench is good natur'd, and will be kind *gratis.* Your Friend's a proper handſom Fellow.

Belv. *I* rather think ſhe has cut his Throat and is fled: *I* am mad he ſhould throw himſelf into Dangers——Pox on't, *I* ſhall want him to night——let's knock and ask for him.

Hell. My Heart goes a-pit, a-pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk of. [*Knock*, Moretta *above.*

Moret. What would you have?

Bell. Tell the Stranger that enter'd here about two Hours ago, that his Friends ſtay here for him.

Moret. A Curſe upon him for *Moretta*, would he were at the Devil——but he's coming to you.

Hel. *I*, *I*, 'tis he: Oh how this vexes me!

Bel. And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune ſmil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raiſe up Altars to her? hah!

Will. Does not my Fortune ſit triumphant on my Brow? doſt not ſee the little wanton God there all gay and ſmiling? Have *I* not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that diſtinguiſh me from the Crowd of common Lovers? By Heav'n, *Cupid*'s Quiver has not half ſo many Darts as her Eyes——Oh ſuch a *Bona Roba*, to ſleep in her Arms is lying in Freſco, all perfum'd Air about me.

Hell. Here's fine Encouragement for me to fool on. [*Aſide.*

Will. Hark ye, where didſt thou purchaſe that rich Canary we drank to Day? Tell me, that *I* may adore the Spigot, and ſacrifice to the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which *I* muſt dip my Roſary, and then bleſs all things that *I* would have bold or fortunate.

Belv. Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of your Succeſs.

Fred. Would not *French* Wine do better?

Will. Damn the hungry Balderdaſh, cheerful Sack has a generous Vertue in't, inſpiring a ſucceſsful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul! and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wiſhes! there's nothing left

left to raiſe a new deſire in me——come let's be gay and wanton——and Gentlemen, ſtudy, ſtudy what you want, for here are Friends,—— that will ſupply, Gentlemen,—— hark! what a charming ſound they make——'tis he and the Gold whilſt here, ſhall beget new Pleaſures every moment.

Blunt. But hark ye Sir, you are not Married, are you?

Will. All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting Friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue!

Will. I am ſo Sir, let theſe—— inform you!—— ha, how ſweetly they Chime! pox of Poverty, it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and Honour ſneak, my Soul grew lean and ruſty for want of Credit.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, this *I* like well, it looks like my lucky Bargain! Oh how *I* long for the approach of my Squire, that is to conduct me to her Houſe again. Whe! here's two provided for.

Fred. By this Light y're happy Men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleaſed to ſmile on us, Gentlemen,—— to ſmile on us.

Enter Sancho, *and pulls* Blunt *by the Sleeve.*

Sancho. Sir, my Lady expects [*They go aſide.*
you—— ſhe has remov'd all that might oppoſe your Will and Pleaſure—— and is impatient till you come.

Blunt. Sir, I'll attend you——oh the happieſt Rogue! I'll take no leave, leſt they either dog me, or ſtay me.
[*Ex. with* Sancho.

Belv. But then the little Gipſie is forgot?

Will. A miſchief on thee for putting her into my thoughts, I had quite forgot her elſe, and this Nights debauch had drunk her quite down.

Hell. Had it ſo, good Captain! [*Claps him on the Back.*

Will. Ha! I hope ſhe did not hear. [*Aſide.*

Hell. What afraid of ſuch a Champion?

Will. Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languiſh a whole day——

Hell. In tedious ſearch of me.

Will. Egad Child thou'rt in the right, hadſt thou ſeen what a Melancholy Dog I have been ever ſince I was a Lover, how I have walkt the Streets like a *Capuchin*, with my Hands in my Sleeves—— Faith Sweetheart thou wouldſt pity me.

Hell. Now, if I ſhou'd be hang'd, I can't be angry with him, he diſſembles ſo heartily——alas good Captain, what pains you have taken——now were I ungrateful not to reward ſo true a Servant.

Will.

Will. Poor Soul! that's kindly ſaid, I ſee thou beareſt a Conſcience —— come then for a beginning ſhew me thy dear Face.

Hell. I'm afraid, my ſmall Acquaintance, you have been ſtaying that ſwinging ſtomach you boaſted of this morning; I then remember my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handſome Face —— is your Stomach ſo queaſie now?

Will. Faith long faſting Child ſpoils a Man's Appetite, —— yet if you durſt treat, I could ſo lay about me ſtill ——

Hell. And would you fall to, before a Prieſt ſays Grace?

Will. Oh fie, fie, what an old out of faſhion'd thing haſt thou nam'd? thou coulſt not daſh me more out of Countenance: ſhoud'ſt thou ſhew me an ugly Face.

[*Whilſt he is ſeemingly Courting* Hellena.

Enter Angellica, Moretta, Biskey, *and* Sebaſtian, *all in Maſquerade*, Ang. *ſees* Will. *and ſtarts.*

Ang. Heavens, is't he! and paſſionately fond to ſee another Woman.

Moret. What cou'd you leſs expect from ſuch a Swaggerer?

Ang. Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire,
Which I had Pride enough to think when e're I gave,
It would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar,
Made him all Soul! and that all ſoft and conſtant.

Hell. You ſee Captain, how willing I am to be friends with you, till time and ill luck make us Lovers, and ask you the Queſtion firſt, rather than put your modeſty to the bluſh, by asking me; (for alas,) I know you Captains are ſuch ſtrict Men, ſevere obſervers of your Vows to Chaſtity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conſcience to Marry a young willing Maid.

Will. Do not abuſe me, for fear I ſhould take thee at thy word, and Marry thee indeed, which I'm ſure will be revenge ſufficient.

Hell. Oh my Conſcience, that will be our Deſtiny, becauſe we are both of one humour; I am as inconſtant as you, for I have conſidered, Captain, that a handſom Woman has a great deal to do whilſt her Face is good, for then is our Harveſt time to gather Friends; and ſhould I in theſe days of my youth, catch a fit of fooliſh Conſtancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: Therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate —— and then —— go hang your ſelf —— for I profeſs my ſelf the gay, the kind, and the inconſtant —— the Devil's in't if this won't pleaſe you.

Will. Oh moſt damnably —— I have a Heart with a hole quite through

through it too, no Priſon mine to keep a Miſtreſs in.

Ang. Perjur'd Man! how I believe thee now. [*Aſide.*

Hell. Well, I ſee our buſineſs as well as humours are alike, yours to couzen as many Maids as will truſt you, and I as many Men as have Faith —— ſee if I have not as deſperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you.

[*Pulls off her Vizard, he ſtarts.*

——— How do you like it Captain?

Will. Like it! by Heav'n, I never ſaw ſo much Beauty! Oh the Charms of thoſe ſprightly black Eyes, that ſtrangely fair Face! full of ſmiles and dimples! thoſe ſoft round melting Cherry Lips! and ſmall even white Teeth! not to be expreſt, but ſilently adored! ——— oh one look more! and ſtrike me dumb, or I ſhall repeat nothing elſe till I am mad.

[*He ſeems to Court her to pull off her Vizar: ſhe refuſes.*

Ang. I can endure no more —— nor is it fit to interrupt him, for if I do, my Jealouſie has ſo deſtroyed my Reaſon, —— I ſhall undo him —— therefore I'll retire, and you, *Sebaſtian*,

[*To one of her* Bravo's.

follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugative, I would ſpeak to him inſtantly.

[*To the other* Bravo. [*Exit.*

[*This while* Flor. *is talking to* Belvile, *who ſtands ſullenly.* Fred. *courting* Valeria,

Val. Prithee dear Stranger, be not ſo ſullen, for though you have loſt your Love, you ſee my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

Bel. Faith Madam, I am ſorry I can't play at her Game.

Fred. Pray leave your interceſſion, and mind your own Affair, they'l better agree apart; he's a modeſt Sigher in Company, but alone no Woman ſcapes him.

Flor. Sure he does but rally —— yet if it ſhould be true — I'll tempt him farther — believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Miſtris —— and for a little proof on't —— wear this Jewel — nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may ſometimes miſcarry.

Belv. Madam, why am I choſe out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?

Val. There's another civil Queſtion askt.

Fred. Pox of's modeſty, it ſpoils his own Markets, and hinders mine.

Flor. Sir, from my Window I have often ſeen you, and Women of Quality have ſo few opportunities for Love, that we ought to loſe none.

Fred. Ay, this is ſomething! here's a Woman! —— when ſhall I be bleſt with ſo much kindneſs from your fair Mouth?— take the Jewel, Fool. [*Aſide to* Belv.

Belv. You tempt me ſtrangely Madam, every way ——

Flor. So, if I find him falſe, my whole Repoſe is gone. [*Aſide.*

Belv. And but for a Vow I've made to a very Lady, this goodneſs had ſubdu'd me.

Fred. Pox on't, be kind, in pitty to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.

Hell. Tell me what you did in yonder Houſe, and I'll unmaſque.

Will. Yonder Houſe —— ch —— I went to — a — to —— why there's a Friend of mine lives there.

Hell. What a She, or a He Friend?

Will. A Man upon Honour! a Man ——— a She Friend —— no, no, Madam, you have done my buſineſs, I thank you.

Hell. And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than *Cupid* carries in's whole Budget of Arrows.

Will. So ———

Hell. Ah ſuch a *Bona Roba!* to be in her Arms is lying in *Freſco*, all perfumed Air about me ——— was this your Man Friend too?

Will. So ———

Hell. That gave you the He, and the She — Gold, that begets young Pleaſures.

Will. Well, well, Madam, then you ſee there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel ——— there are Madam, there are ———

Hell. And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconſtant Fellows as your ſelf, there be Captain, there be, if you go to that now ——— therefore I'm reſolv'd ———

Will. Oh! ———

Hell. To ſee your Face no more ———

Will. Oh!

Hell. Till to morrow.

Will. Egad you frighted me.

Hell. Nor then neither, unleſs you'l ſwear never to ſee that Lady more.

Will. See her: ——— whe! never to think of Womankind again?

Hell. Kneel, — and ſwear — [*Kneels, ſhe gives him her hand.*

Will. I do never to think — to ſee — to love — nor lye with any but thy ſelf.

Hell. Kiſs the Book.

Will. Oh, moſt religiouſly. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Hell.

Hell. Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper Fellow.

Call. Madam, I'll ſtay no longer, 'tis e'en dark. [*To* Flor.

Flor. However, Sir, I'll leave this with you —— that when I'm gone, you may repent the Opportunity you have loſt by your Modeſty.

[*Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture, and* Ex. *he gazes after her.*

Will. 'Twill be an Age till to morrow, ——— and till then I will moſt impatiently expect you —— Adieu, my dear pretty *Angel.* [*Ex. all the Women.*

Belv. Ha! *Florinda*'s Picture! 'twas ſhe her ſelf, — what a dull Dog was I? I would have given the World for one minutes diſcourſe with her. ———

Fred. This comes of your Modeſty, ———, ah pox on your Vow, 'twas ten to one but we had loſt the Jewel by't.

Belv. Willmore! the bleſſed'ſt Opportunity loſt! — *Florinda!* Friends! *Florinda!*

Will. Ah Rogue! ſuch black Eyes, ſuch a Face, ſuch a Mouth, ſuch Teeth, ——— and ſo much Wit!

Belv. All, all, and a thouſand Charms beſides.

Will. Why doſt thou know her?

Belv. Know her! ay, ay, and a Pox take me with all my Heart for being Modeſt.

Will. But hearke ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? And have I been only beating the Buſh all this while?

Belv. I underſtand thee not — I'm mad — ſee here ———

[*Shews the Picture.*

Will. Ha! whoſe Picture is this? ——— 'tis a fine Wench.

Fred. The Collonel's Miſtriſs, Sir.

Will. Oh, oh, here ——— I thought 't had been another prize ——— come, come, a Bottle will ſet thee right again.

[*Gives the Picture back.*

Belv. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our Deſign.

Will. Agreed.

Love does all day the Soul's great Empire keep,
But Wine as Night lulls the ſoft God aſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Lucetta's *Houſe.*

Enter Blunt *and* Lucetta *with a Light.*

Luc. Now we are ſafe and free, no fears of the coming home of my old jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful

when you came in firſt ——— but now Love is all the buſineſs of my Soul.

Blunt. I am tranſported ——— Pox on't, that I had but ſome fine things to ſay to her, ſuch as Lovers uſe, ——— I was a Fool not to learn of *Fred.* a little by Heart before I came ——— ſomething I muſt ſay. ——— [*Aſide.*

'Sheartlikins, ſweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honeſt Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

Luc. I have nothing to pay for ſo great a Favour, but ſuch a Love as cannot but be great, ſince at firſt ſight of that ſweet Face and Shape it made me your abſolute Captive.

Blunt. Kind heart, how prettily he talks! Egad I'll ſhew her Husband a *Spaniſh* Trick; ſend him out of the World, and marry her: ſhe's damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind Settlements, and ſo there's that ſav'd. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Well, Sir, I'll go and undreſs me, and be with you inſtantly.

Blunt. Make haſt then, for 'dſheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canſt not gueſs at the pain of a longing Lover, when his Joys are drawn within the compaſs of a few minutes.

Luc. You ſpeak my Sence, and I'll make haſte to provide it. [*Aſide.*

Blunt. 'Tis a rare Girl, and this one nights enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever paſt in *Eſſex*, ——— would ſhe'd go with me into *England*, though to ſay truth, there's plenty of Whores already. ——— But a Pox on 'em, they are ſuch mercenary prodigal Whores, that they want ſuch a one as this, that's free and generous to give 'em good Examples: ——— Whe, what a Houſe ſhe has! how rich and fine!

Sancho. Sir, my Lady has ſent me to conduct you to her Chamber. [*Ex.* Sancho.

Blunt. Sir, I ſhall be proud to follow ——— here's one of her Servants too: 'dſheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity he might be a Juſtice of Peace in *Eſſex*, and is but a Pimp here. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove-Bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta *in Bed. Enter* Sancho *and* Bunt, *who takes the Candle of* Sancho *at the Door.*

Sanch. Sir, my Commiſſion reaches no farther.

Blunt. Sir, I'll excuſe your Complement: ——— what, in Bed, my ſweet Miſtris?

Luc. You ſee, I ſtill out-do you in kindneſs.

Blunt. And thou ſhalt ſee what haſte I'll make to quit ſcores— oh the luckieſt Rogue! [*Undreſſes himſelf.*

Luc.

Luc. Shou'd you be falſe or cruel now!

Blunt. Falſe, 'Sheartlikins, what doſt thou take me for? *Jew?* an inſenſible Heathen —— a Fox of thy old Jealous Husband, an he were dead, Egad, ſweet Soul, it ſhou'd be none of my fault, if I did not Marry thee.

Luc. It never ſhou'd be mine.

Blunt. Good Soul! I'm the fortunateſt Dog!

Luc. Are you not undreſt yet?

Blunt. As much as my Impatience will permit.

[*Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.*

Luc. Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us elſe.

Blunt. Any thing, I need no other Light, but that of thine Eyes! ——— 'ſheartlikins, there I think I had it.

[*Puts out the Candle, the Bed deſcends, he groaps about to find it.*

——— Whe —— whe —— where am I got? what not yet?— where are you ſweete[illegible]? ——— ah, the Rogue's ſilent now — a pretty Love trick this —— how ſhe'll laugh at me anon! —— you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on a fire already ——— come, come, now call me in pity, ——— Sure I'm Enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed ——— I lockt the Door, I'm ſure ſhe cannot go that way ——— or if ſhe cou'd, the Bed cou'd not ——— Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jeſt too far —— ha, Betraid! Dogs! Rogues! Imps! help! help!

[*Lights on a Trap, and is let down.*

Enter Lucetta, Phillippo, *and* Sancho *with a Light.*

Phill. Ha, ha, ha, he's diſpatcht finely.

Luc. Now, Sir, had I been Coy, we had miſt of this Booty.

Phill. Nay, when I ſaw 'twas a ſubſtantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Cloaths, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

Luc. You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear *Philippo*, but with your ſelf — but come let's ſee what we have got by this.

Phill. A rich Coat! ——— Sword and Hat! ——— theſe Breeches too ——— are well lin'd! ——— ſee here a Gold Watch! ——— a Purſe ——— ha! ——— Gold! ——— at leaſt two hundred Piſtoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms! ——— a Gold Box! —— with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture! ——— theſe were ſacred Reliques, believe me! ——— ſee, the Waſteband of his Breeches have a Mine of Gold! ——— Old Queen *Beſſe*'s, we have a Quarrel to her ever ſince *Eighty Eight*, and may therefore juſtifie the Theft, the Inquiſition might have committed it.

Luc. ——— See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, theſe his Siſter ty'd about his Arm at parting ——— but well ——— for all this, I fear his being a Stranger, may make a noiſe and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Phill. That's our ſecurity; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too ——— the Common Shoar into which he is deſcended, thou know'ſt, conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again —— he knows neither your Name, nor that the Street where your Houſe is, nay, nor the way to his own Lodgings.

Luc. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this? ——— I ſhould not have been ſuch a *Jew*.

Phill. Blame not *Lucetta*, to keep as much of thee as I can to my ſelf ——— come, that thought makes me wanton, ——— let's to Bed, —— *Sancho*, lock up theſe.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,
Deſign'd for witty Men to ſhare. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Blunt, *creeping out of a Common-Shoar, his Face, &c. all dirty.*

Blunt. Oh Lord! [*Climbing up.*
I am got out at laſt, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue ——— and now to Damning and Curſing, ——— but if that would eaſe me, where ſhall I begin? with my Fortune, my ſelf, or the Queen that couzen'd me —— what a Dog was I to believe in Women? Oh Coxcomb —— Ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy ſhe cou'd be enamour'd with my Perſon, at the firſt ſight enamour'd —— Oh, I'm a curſed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, ſhe perceiv'd it, ——— ſaw the *Eſſex* Calf there —— for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, becauſe I'm acquainted with it —— oh, dull ſilly Dog! to be thus ſooth'd into a Couzening! had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Queen! —— but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing *Engliſh* Country Fop —— but my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worſt of all ——— then a Ballad will be Sung to Morrow on the *Prado*, to a louſie Tune of the Enchanted 'Squire, and the annihilated Damſel ——— but *Fred.* that Rogue! and the Colonel, will abuſe me beyond all Chriſtian patience ——— had ſhe left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have ſav'd my Credit ——— but now all hope is taken from me —— well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Conſolation, that I am not the firſt kind believing Coxcomb;

but

but there are, Gallants, many ſuch good Natures amongſt ye.

And though you've better Arts to hide your Follies,
Adſheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

SCENE. *The Garden, in the Night.*

Enter Florinda *in an Undreſs, with a Key, and a little Box.*

Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to happineſs; I have got my ſelf free from *Callis*; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is got into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door, —— I'll open it, to prevent *Belvile*'s knocking, —— a little noiſe will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [*Unlocks the Door.*] —— Heark, —— what noiſe is that? —— Oh, 'twas the Wind that plaid amongſt the Boughs. —— *Belvile* ſtays long, methinks —— it's time —— ſtay —— for fear of a ſurprize, —— I'll hide theſe Jewels in yonder Jeſſimin.

[*She goes to lay down the Box.*

Enter Willmore *drunk.*

Will. What the Devil is become of theſe Fellows, *Belvile* and *Frederick*? They promis'd to ſtay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon? —— Now — whereabouts am I! — hah —— what have we here, a Garden! — a very convenient place to ſleep in — hah — what has God ſent us here! —— a Female —— by this light, a Woman: —— I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench. —

Flor. He's come! —— hah —— who's there?

Will. Sweet Soul, let me ſalute thy Shoe-ſtring.

Flor. 'Tis not my *Belvile* —— good Heavens, I know him not. —— Who are you, and from whence come you?

Will. Prithee —— prithee Child —— not ſo many hard Queſtions —— let it ſuffice I am here, Child —— Come, come kiſs me.

Flor. Good Gods! what luck is mine?

Will. Only good luck Child, paſſous good luck. —— Come hither, —— 'tis a delicate ſhining Wench, —— by this Hand ſhe's perfum'd, and ſmells like any Noſegay. —— Prithee, dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and loſe time, —— precious time —— for as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'm as honeſt a Fellow as breathes, though I am a little diſguis'd at preſent. —— Come, I ſay, —— whe, thou may'ſt be free with me, I'll be very ſecret.

I'll not boaſt who 'twas oblig'd me, not I ——— for hang me if I know thy Name.

Flor. Heavens! what a filthy Beaſt is this?

Will. I am ſo, and thou oughtſt the ſooner to lye with me for that Reaſon, ——— for look you Child, there will be no ſin in't, becauſe 'twas neither deſign'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both ſides —— that's a certain thing now ——— indeed ſhould I make Love to you, and you vow Fidelity —— and ſwear and lye till you believ'd and yielded ——— Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Chriſtian) oblig'd in Conſcience to deny me nothing. Now ——— come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

Flor. Oh, I am ruin'd, ——— wicked Man, unhand me.

Will. Wicked! Egad Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and ſaw thoſe Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the firſt blow ——— the firſt provocation. —— Come, prithee let's loſe no time, *I* ſay ——— this is a fine convenient place.

Flor. Sir, let me go, *I* conjure you, or I'll call out.

Will. Ay, ay, you were beſt to call Witneſs, to ſee how finely you treat me ——— do. ———

Flor. I'll cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not inſtantly let me go.

Will. A Rape, come, come, you lye you Baggage, you lye: What, I'll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not ſo forward as *I*. No, not you, ——— why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door ſet open, dear Spider ——— but to catch Flyes? ——— Hah come —— or *I* ſhall be damnably angry. ——— Whe, what a Coyl is here. —

Flor. Sir, can you think. ———

Will. That you'd do it for nothing? oh, oh, *I* find what you'd be at ——— look here, here's a Piſtole for you —— here's a work indeed, —— here, —— take it, *I* ſay. ———

Flor. For Heavens ſake Sir, as you're a Gentleman ——

Will. So —— now —— ſhe would be wheedling me for more —— what you will not take it then —— you're reſolv'd you will not. ——— Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, *I* never give more. ——— Whe, how now Miſtris, are you ſo high i'th' Mouth a Piſtole wont down with you? ——— hah, ——— whe, what a work's here —— in good time ——— come, no ſtruggling, be gone —— But an y'are good at a dumb Wreſtle, I'm for ye, ——— look ye, — I'm for ye. —— [*She ſtruggles with him.*

Enter Belvile *and* Frederick.

Belv. The Door is open, a Pox of this mad Fellow, I'm angry

gry that we've loſt him, *I* durſt have ſworn he had follow'd us.

Fred. But you were ſo haſty, Colonel, to be gone.

Flor. Help, help, ——— Murder! ——— help ——— oh, I'm ruin'd.

Belv. Ha, ſure that's *Florinda*'s Voice. [*Come up to them.*

——— A Man, Villain, let go that Lady. [*A noiſe.*

[Will. *turns and draws*, Fred. *interpoſes.*

Flor. Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impoſſible to eſcape. —— *Belvile*, I conjure you to walk under my Chamber-window, from whence I'll give you ſome inſtructions what to do —— this rude Man has undone us. [*Exit.*

Will. Belvile!

Enter Pedro, Stephano, *and other Servants with Lights.*

Ped. I'm betray'd; run *Stephano*, and ſee if *Florinda* be ſafe. [*Exit* Steph.

So whoe'er they be, all is not well, I'll to *Florinda*'s Chamber.

[*They fight, and* Pedro's *Party beats 'em out; going out, meets* Stephano.

Steph. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's faſt aſleep, and thinks no harm, *I* wou'd not awake her Sir, for fear of frighting her with your danger.

Ped. I'm glad ſhe's there —— Raſcals, how came the Garden Door open?

Steph. That Queſtion comes too late, Sir, ſome of my fellow Servants Maſquerading I'll warrant.

Ped. Maſquerading, a lude Cuſtom to debauch our Youth, — there's ſomething more in this than *I* imagine. [*Exeunt,*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Belvile *in Rage.* Fred. *holding him, and* Willmore *Melancholy.*

Will. Whe, how the Devil ſhou'd *I* know *Florinda*?

Belv. Ah plague of your ignorance, if it had not been *Florinda*, muſt you be a Beaſt? —— a Brute, a ſenſeleſs Swine?

Will. Well, Sir, you ſee *I* am endu'd with Patience —— *I* can bear —— though Egad y're very free with me methinks. — *I* was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my ſide, for ſo uncivily interrupting me.

Belv. Peace Brute, whilſt thou'rt ſafe ——— oh I'm diſtracted.

Will. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dog, that's certain.

Belv. Ah curſe upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatſoever other influence that makes me ſtill ſo wretched.

Will. Thou breakſt my Heart with theſe Complaints; there

is

is no Star in fault, no Influence but Sack, the curſed Sack *I* drank.

Fred. Whe, how the Devil came you ſo drunk?

Will. Whe, how the Devil came you ſo ſober?

Belv. A curſe upon his thin Skull, he was always before-hand that way.

Fred. Prithee dear Colonel forgive him, he's ſorry for his fault.

Belv. He's always ſo after he has done a miſchief — a plague on all ſuch Brutes.

Will. By this Light *I* took her for an errant Harlot.

Belv. Damn your debaucht Opinion, tell me Sot, hadſt thou ſo much ſenſe and light about thee to diſtinguiſh her Woman, and coud'ſt not ſee ſomething about her Face and Perſon, to ſtrike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

Will. Faith no, *I* conſider'd her as meer a Woman as *I* cou'd wiſh.

Belv. 'Sdeath *I* have no patience —— draw, or I'll kill you.

Will. Let that alone till to Morrow, and if *I* ſet not all right again, uſe your Pleaſure.

Belv. To Morrow, damn it.
The ſpightful Light will lead me to no happineſs.
To Morrow is *Antonio*'s, and perhaps
Guides him to my undoing; —— oh that *I* could meet
This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

Will. What then?

Belv. Let thy own Reaſon, or my Rage inſtruct thee.

Will. I ſhall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me Colonel —— hear me —— ſhew me the Man and I'll do his Buſineſs.

Belv. *I* know him no more than thou, or if *I* did, *I* ſhould not need thy aid.

Will. This you ſay is *Angellica*'s Houſe, *I* promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her to Night. [*Offers to go in.*

Enter Antonio *and his Page.* Ant. *knocks on the Hilt of's Sword.*

Ant. You paid the thouſand Crowns *I* directed?

Page. To the Ladies old Woman, Sir, *I* did.

Will. Who the Devil have we here?

Belv. I'll now plant my ſelf under *Florinda*'s Window, and if *I* find no comfort there, I'll dye. [*Ex.* Belv. *and* Fred.

Enter Moretta.

Moret. Page!

Page. Here's my Lord.

Will.

Will. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate! here's one Chaſe-Gun for you.

[*Drawing his Sword, juſtles* Ant. *who turns and draws. They fight,* Ant. *falls.*

Moret. Oh, bleſs us, we are all undone!

[*Runs in, and ſhuts the Door.*

Page. Help, Murder!

[Belvile *returns at the noiſe of fighting.*

Belv. Ha, the mad Rogue's engag'd in ſome unlucky Adventure again.

Enter two or three Maſquerade rs.

Maſq. Ha, a Man kill'd!

Will. How! a Man kill'd! then I'll go home to ſleep.

[*Puts up, and reels out.* Ex. *Maſquers another way.*

Belv. Who thou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is ſafe, for all my Quarrel to him. [*As* Belvile *is groping about, enter an Officer and ſix Soldiers.*

Sold. Who's there?

Offic. So, here's one diſpatcht —— ſecure the Murderer.

Belv. Do not miſtake my Charity for Murder. I came to his Aſſiſtance. [*Soldiers ſeize on* Belvile.

Offic. That ſhall be tried, Sir, —— St. *Jago,* Swords drawn in the Carnival time! [*Goes to* Antonio.

Ant. Thy Hand prithee.

Offic. Ha, Don *Antonio*! look well to the Villain there. —— how is't, Sir?

Ant. I'm hurt.

Belv. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

Offic. Away with him.

Belv. What a curſt Chance is this?

[*Ex. Soldiers with* Belv.

Ant. This is the Man that has ſet upon me twice —— carry him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me.

[*To the Officer.* Ex. Ant. *led.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE. I. *A fine Room.*

Diſcovers Belvile, *as by Dark alone.*

Belv. WHen ſhall *I* be weary of railing on Fortune, who is reſolv'd never to turn with Smiles upon me —— Two ſuch Defeats in one Night —— none but the Devil and that mad Rogue could have contriv'd to have plagued me with —— *I* am here a Priſoner —— but where —— Heavens knows —— and if there be Murder done, *I* can ſoon decide the Fate of a Stranger in a Nation without Mercy — yet this is nothing to the Torture my Soul bows with, when *I* think of loſing my fair, my dear *Florinda* —— heark —— my Door opens — a Light — a Man —— and ſeems of Quality —— arm'd too, —— now ſhall *I* dye like a Dog without defence.

Enter Antonio *in a Night-Gown, with a Light; his Arm in a Scarf, and a Sword under his Arm: He ſets the Candle on the Table.*

Ant. Sir, *I* come to know what injuries *I* have done you, that could provoke you to ſo mean an Action, as to Attack me baſely, without allowing time for my Defence.

Belv. Sir, for a Man in my Circumſtances to plead Innocence, would look like fear —— but view me well, and you will find no marks of a Coward on me; nor any thing that betrays that Brutality you accuſe me with.

Ant. In vain, Sir, you impoſe upon my ſenſe,
You are not only he who drew on me laſt Night,
But yeſterday before the ſame Houſe, that of *Angellica.*
Yet there is ſomething in your Face and Mein.

Belv. *I* own *I* fought to day in the defence of a friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the ſame) and your Party were firſt engag'd.
Perhaps you think this Crime enough to kill me,
But if you do, *I* cannot fear you'l do it baſely.

Ant. No Sir, *I* ll make you fit for a defence with this.
[*Gives him the Sword.*

Belv. This Gallantry ſurprizes me —— nor know *I* how to uſe this Preſent, Sir, againſt a Man ſo brave.

Ant. You ſhall not need;
For know, *I* come to ſnatch you from a danger
That is decreed againſt you:

Per-

Perhaps your Life, or [illegible]
And 'twas with ſo much Courage you offended
I cannot ſee you puniſht.
Belv. How ſhall *I* pay this Generoſity?
Ant. 'Twad been ſafer have to kill'd another,
Than have attempted me:
To ſhew your Danger, Sir, I'll let you know my Quality;
And 'tis the Vice-Roy's Son, whom you have wounded.
Belv. The Rice-Roy's Son!
Death and Confuſion! was this Plague reſerved [*Aſide.*
To compleat all the reſt ——— oblig'd by him!
The Man of all the World *I* wou'd deſtroy.
Ant. You ſeem'd diſorder'd, Sir,
Belv. Yes, truſt me, Sir, *I* am, and 'tis with pain
That Man receives ſuch Bounties,
Who wants the pow'r to pay 'em back again.
Ant. To gallants Spirits 'tis indeed uneaſie;
——— But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.
Belv. Then *I* am well ——— kind Heaven! but ſet us even,
That *I* may fight with him and keep my honour ſafe. [*Aſide.*
——— Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be diſcounting
The mighty Debt *I* owe you, Command me quickly ——
Ant. *I* have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir,
About the Maid we love.
Belv. Death, 'tis *Florinda* he means ——
That Thought deſtroys my Reaſon, [*Aſide.*
And *I* ſhall kill him ———
Ant. My Rival, Sir,
Is one has all the Virtues Man can boſt of ———
Belv. Death! who ſhou'd this be? [*Aſide.*
He challeng'd me to meet him on the *Molo*,
As ſoon as Day appear'd, but laſt Nights quarrel
Has made my Arm unfit to guide a Sword.
Belv. *I* apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the Man
That lays a claim to the Maid you ſpeak of.
—— I'll do't —— *I'll* fly to do it!
Ant. Sir, do you know her?
Belv. ——— No, Sir, but 'tis enough ſhe is admired by you.
Ant. Sir, I ſhall rob you of the Glory on't,
For you muſt fight under my Name and Dreſs.
Belv. That Opinion muſt be ſtrangely obliging that makes
You think *I* can perſonate the brave *Antonio*,
Whom *I* can but ſtrive to imitate.
Ant. You ſay too much to my Advantage;
—— Come, Sir, the Day appears that calls you forth.
—— Within, Sir, is the Habit [*Exit* Antonio.

Belv.

Belv. Fantaſtick Form of thou deceitful Light,
That cheats the wearier Traveller by Night.
Though on a Precipice each ſtep you tread,
I am reſolved to follow where you lead. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Molo.*

Enter Florinda *and* Callis *in Maſques, with* Stephano.

Flor. I'm dying with my fears, *Belvile*'s not coming [*Aſide.*
As *I* expected under my Window,
Makes me believe that all thoſe Fears are true.
—— Canſt thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

Steph. No Madam, they were both in Maſquerade, *I* was by when they challeng'd one another, and they had decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by ſome Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now — but *I* am ſure 'tis about you they fight.

Flor. Nay then 'tis with *Belvile*, for what other Lover have *I* that dares fight for me, except *Antonio*? and he is too much in favour with my Brother —— if it be he, for whom ſhall *I* direct my Prayers to Heaven?

Steph. Madam, *I* muſt leave you, for if my Maſter ſee me, *I* ſhall be hang'd for being your Conductor —— eſcapt narrowly for the excuſe *I* made for you laſt night i'th' Garden.

Flor. And I'll reward thee for't —— prithee no more.
[*Exit* Steph.

Enter Don Pedro *in his Maſque Habit.*

Pedro. *Antonio*'s late to day, the place will fill, and we may be prevented. [*Walks about.*

Flor. *Antonio*, ſure *I* heard amiſs. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. But who will not excuſe a happy Lover,
When ſoft fair Arms confine the yielding Neck;
And the kind whiſper languiſhingly breathes.
—— Muſt you be gone ſo ſoon ——
Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Boſome.
—— But ſtay, he's here.

Enter Belvile *dreſt in* Antonio's *Cloathes.*

Flor. 'Tis not *Belvile*, half my fears are vaniſht.

Pedro. *Antonio*! ——

Belv. This muſt be he [*Aſide.*
You're early, Sir, —— *I* do not uſe to be out-done this way.

Pedro. The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and 'tis enough
You've the advantage of me in *Angellica.*

Belv.

Belv. *Angelica!* or *I've* miſtook my Man! or elſe *Antonio.* [*Aſide*
—— Can he forget his *Intereſt* in *Florinda*,
And fight for common Prize?

Pedro. Come, Sir, you know our terms ——

Belv. By Heaven, not *I.* [*Aſide.*
—— No talking, *I* am ready Sir. (*Offers to fight.* Flor. *runs in.*

Flor. Oh, hold! who e're you be, *I* do conjure you hold!

Pedro. *Florinda!* [*To* Belv.

Belv. *Florinda* imploring for my Rival!

Pedro. Away, this kindneſs is unſeaſonable.
[*Puts her by, they fight; ſhe runs in juſt as* Belv. *diſarms* Pedro.

Flor. Who are you, Sir, that dare deny my Prayers?

Belv. Thy Prayers deſtroy him, if thou wouldſt preſerve him,
Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curſe him. [*She holds him.*

Flor. By all you hold moſt dear, by her you love,
I do conjure you, touch him not

Belv. By her *I* love!
See —— *I* obey —— and at your Feet reſign
The uſeleſs Trophy of my Victory. [*Lays his Sword at her feet.*

Pedro. *Antonio*, you've done enough to prove you love *Florinda.*

Belv. Love *Florinda!*
Does Heaven love Adoration! Pray'r! or Pennitence! Love her! here Sir, —— your Sword again.
[*Snatches up the Sword and gives it him.*
Upon this truth *I'll* fight my Life away.

Pedro. No, you've redeem'd my Siſter, and my Friendſhip!

Belv. *Don Pedro!*
[*He gives him* Flor. *and pulls off his Vizard to ſhew his Face, and puts it on again.*

Pedro. Can you reſign your Claims to other Women,
And give your Heart intirely to *Florinda?*

Belv. Intire! as dying Saint's Confeſſions are!
I can delay my happineſs no longer.
This minute! let me make *Florinda* mine.

Pedro. This minute let it be —— no time ſo proper,
This Night my Father will arrive from *Rome*,
And poſſibly may inder what we propoſe!

Flor. Oh Heavens! this Minute!
[*Enter Maſqueraders and paſs over.*

Belv. Oh, do not ruin me!

Pedro. The place begins to fill, and that we may not be obſerv'd, do you walk off to St. *Peter's* Church, where *I* will meet you, and conclude your Happineſs.

Belv. I'll meet you there —— if there be no more Saints Churches in *Naples.* [*Aſide.*

Flor.

Flor. Oh ſtay Sir, and recall your haſty Doom!
Alas I have not yet prepar'd my Heart
To entertain ſo ſtrange a Gueſt.
Pedro. Away, this ſilly modeſty is aſſum'd too late.
Belv. Heaven, Madam! what do you do?
Flor. Do! deſpiſe the Man that lays a Tyrant's claim
To what he ought to Conquer by ſubmiſſion.
Belv. You do not know me ——— move a little this way.
[*Draws her aſide.*
Flor. Yes, you may even force me to the Altar,
But not the holy Man that offers there
Shall force me to be thine. [Pedro *talks to* Callis *this while.*
Belv. Oh do not loſe ſo bleſt an opportunity!
——— See ——— 'tis your *Belvile* ——— not *Antonio.*
Whom your miſtaken Scorn and Anger ruins.
[*Pulls off his Vizard.*
Flor. Belvile!
Where was my Soul it cou'd not meet thy Voice!
And take this knowledge in.
[*As they were talking, Enter* Willmore *finely dreſt, and* Frederick.
Will. No Intelligence! no News of *Belvile* yet ——— well I am the moſt unlucky Raſcal in Nature —— ha —— am I deceived —— or is it he —— look.
Fred. —— 'tis he —— my dear *Belvile.*
[*Vizard falls out on's hand, runs and embraces him.*
Belv. Hell and Confuſion ſeize thee!
Pedro. Ha! *Belvile!* I beg your pardon Sir.
[*Takes* Flor. *from him.*
Belv. Nay, touch her not, ſhe's mine by Conqueſt, Sir,
I won her by my Sword.
Will. Did'ſt thou ſo ——— and Egad Child we'll keep her by the Sword. [*Draws on* Pedro. Belv. *goes between.*
Belv. Stand off.
Thou'rt ſo prophanely Lew'd, ſo curſt by Heaven,
All Quarrels thou eſpouſeſt muſt be Fatal.
Will. Nay, an you be ſo hot, my Valours coy, and ſhall be Courted when you want it next. [*Puts up his Sword.*
Belv. You know I ought to claim a Victor's Right, [*To* Pedro.
But you're the Brother to Divine *Florinda.*
To whom I'm ſuch a Slave —— to purchaſe her,
I durſt not hurt the Man ſhe holds ſo dear.
Pedro. 'Twas by *Antonio's*, not by *Belvile's* Sword,
This Queſtion ſhould have been decided, Sir:
I muſt confeſs much to your Bravery's due,
Both now, and when I met you laſt in Arms.

Put

But I am nicely punctual in my word,
As Men of Honour ought, and beg your Pardon.
—— For this miſtake another time ſhall clear.
—— This was ſome Plot between you and *Belvile*.
But I'll prevent you. [*Aſide to* Flor. *as they are going out.*
[Belv. *looks after her, and begins to walk up and down in a Rage.*

Will. Do not be Modeſt now, and loſe the Woman, but if we ſhall fetch her back ſo ——

Belv. Do not ſpeak to me ——

Will. Not ſpeak to you, —— Egad I'll ſpeak to you, and will be anſwer'd too.

Belv. Will you, Sir, ——

Will. I know I've done ſome miſchief, but I'm ſo dull a Puppey, that I am the Son of a Whore, if I know how, or where—prithee inform my Underſtanding ——

Belv. Leave me I ſay, and leave me inſtantly.

Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my Crime.

Belv. Death I'll tell you, Sir ——
[*Draws and runs at* Will. *he runs out,* Belv. *after him,* Fred. *interpoſes.*

Enter Angellica, Moretta, *and* Sebaſtian

Ang. Ha —— *Sebaſtian* ——
Is not that *Willmore?* —— haſte —— haſte, and bring him back.

Fred. The Colonel's mad —— I never ſaw him thus before, I'll afrer 'em, leſt he do ſome miſchief, for I am ſure *Willmore* will not draw on him. [*Exit.*

Ang. I am all Rage! my firſt deſires defeated
For one for ought he knows that has no
Other Merit than her Quality.
—— Her being *Don Pedro*'s Siſter —— he loves her!
I know 'tis ſo —— dull, dull, Inſenſible ——
He will not ſee me now though oft invited;
And broke his Word laſt Night —— falſe perjur'd Man!
—— He that but yeſterday fought for my Favours,
And would have made his Life a Sacrifice
To've gain'd one Night with me,
Muſt now be hir'd and courted to my Arms.

Moret. I told you what wou'd come on't, but *Moretta*'s an old doating Fool —— why did you give him five hundred Crowns, but to ſet himſelf out for other Lovers! you ſhou'd have kept him poor, if you had meant to have had any good from him.

Ang. Oh, name not ſuch mean trifles; —— had I given him all

My Youth has earn'd from Sin,
I had not loſt a thought nor ſigh upon't.
But I have given him my Eternal Reſt,
My whole repoſe, my future joys, my heart!
My Virgin heart, *Moretta!* oh 'tis gone!
Moret. Curſe on him, here he comes;
How fine ſhe has made him too!

Enter Willmore *and* Sebaſt. Ang. *turns and walks away.*

Will. How now, turn'd Shadow?
Fly when I purſue! and follow when I fly!

Stay gentle ſhadow of my Dove, [Sings.
And tell me e're I go,
Whether the Subſtance may not prove
A Fleeting thing like you.

There's a ſoft kind look remaining yet.
[*As ſhe turns ſhe looks on him.*

Ang. Well, Sir, you may be gay, all happineſs, all joys purſue you ſtill, Fortune's your Slave, and gives you every hour choice of new Hearts and Beauties, till you are cloy'd with the repeated Bliſs, which others vainly languiſh for. ——— But know, falſe Man, that I ſhall be revenged. [*Turns away in Rage.*

Will. So, 'gad, there are of thoſe faint-hearted Lovers, whom ſuch a ſharp Leſſon next their Hearts would make as impotent as Fourſcore ——— pox o' this whining, ——— my Bus'neſs is to laugh and love, ——— a pox on't; I hate your ſullen Lover, a Man ſhall loſe as much time to put you in humour now, as would ſerve to gain a new Woman.

Ang. I ſcorn to cool that Fire I cannot raiſe,
Or do the Drudgery of your Virtuous Miſtris.

Will. A Virtuous Miſtris! Death, what a thing thou haſt found out for me! why what the Devil ſhould I do with a Virtuous Woman? ——— a ſort of ill-natur'd Creatures, that take a Pride to torment a Lover. Virtue is but an Infirmity in Women, a Diſeaſe that renders even the handſome ungrateful; whilſt the ill-favour'd, for want of Sollicitations and Addreſs, only fancy themſelves ſo. ——— I have lain with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.

Ang. I will not anſwer for your Miſtris's Virtue,
Though ſhe be young enough to know no Guilt;
And *I* could wiſh you would perſwade my Heart
'Twas the two hundred thouſand Crowns you courted.

Will. Two hundred thouſand Crowns, what Story's this? —— what Trick? ——— what Woman? ——— ha.

Ang. How ſtrange you make it, have you forgot the Creature you entertain'd on the *Piazo* laſt Night? *Will.*

Will. Ha, my Gipſie worth two hundred thouſand Crowns?—oh how I long to be with her ——— pox, I knew ſhe was of Quality. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Falſe man, I ſee my ruine in thy Face.
How many Vows you breath'd upon my Boſom,
Never to be unjuſt —— have you forgot ſo ſoon?

Will. Faith no, I was juſt coming to repeat 'em ——— but here's a humour indeed —— would make a Man a Saint —— wou'd ſhe'd be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Hellena, *dreſt in Mans Cloathes.*

Hell. This muſt be *Angellica*, I know it by her mumping Matron here ——— Ay, ay, 'tis ſhe; my mad Captain's with her too, for all his ſwearing ——— how this inconſtant humour makes me love him: ——— pray, good grave Gentlewoman, is not this *Angellica?*

Moret. My too young Sir, it is —— I hope 'tis one from Don *Antonio.* [*Goes to* Angellica.

Hell. Well, ſomething I'll do to vex him for this. [*Aſide.*

Ang. I will not ſpeak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover?

Will. Not ſpeak with him! whe, I'll be gone —— and wait your idler minutes ——— Can I ſhew leſs Obedience to the thing I love ſo fondly. [*Offers to go.*

Ang. A fine Excuſe this —— ſtay ———

Will. And hinder your Advantage: ſhould I repay your Bounties ſo ungratefully?

Ang. Come hither, Boy, —— that I may let you ſee
How much above the Advantages you name
I prize one minutes Joy with you.

Will. Oh, you deſtroy me with this Endearment.
[*Impatient to be gone.*
—— Death, how ſhall I get away? —— Madam, 'twill not be fit I ſhould be ſeen with you —— beſides, it will not be convenient —— and I've a Friend —— that's dangerouſly ſick.

Ang. I ſee you're impatient ——— yet you ſhall ſtay.

Will. And miſs my Aſſignation with my Gipſie.
[*Aſide, and walks about impatiently.*

Hell. Madam, [Morerta *brings* Hellena, *who addreſſes her ſelf to* Angellica.
You'l hardly pardon my intruſion,
When you ſhall know my buſineſs;
And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
But there muſt be a wondrous ſtore of goodneſs
Where ſo much Beauty dwells.

Ang. A pretty Advocate, whoever ſent thee.
——Prithee proceed —— Nay, Sir, you ſhall not go.
[*To* Will. *who is ſtealing off.*

Will. Then I ſhall loſe my dear Gipſie for ever.
—— Pox on't, ſhe ſtays me out of ſpight. [*Aſide.*

Hell. I am related to a Lady, Madam,
Young, rich, and nobly born, but has the fate
To be in love with a young *Engliſh* Gentleman.
Strangely ſhe loves him, at firſt ſight ſhe lov'd him,
But did adore him when ſhe heard him ſpeak;
For he, ſhe ſaid, had Charms in every word,
That fail'd not to ſurprize, to wound, and conquer. ——

Will. Ha, Egad I hope this concerns me. [*Aſide.*

Ang. 'Tis my falſe man, he means, — wou'd he were gone.
This Praiſe will raiſe his Pride and ruine me —— well,
Since you are ſo impatient to be gone
I will releaſe you, Sir. [*To* Will.

Will. Nay, then *I'm* ſure 'twas me he ſpoke of, this cannot be the effects of Kindneſs in her. [*Aſide.*
——No, Madam, I've conſider'd better on't,
And will not give you cauſe of Jealouſie.

Ang. But, Sir, I've —— buſineſs, that ——

Will. This ſhall not do, I know 'tis but to try me.

Ang. Well, to your Story, Boy, — tho' 'twill undo me. [*Aſide.*

Hell. With this addition to his other Beauties,
He won her unreſiſting tender Heart,
He vow'd and ſigh'd, and ſwore he lov'd her dearly;
And ſhe believ'd the cunning Flatterer,
And thought her ſelf the happieſt Maid alive:
To day was the appointed time by both,
To conſummate their Bliſs;
The Virgin, Altar, and the Prieſt were dreſt,
And whilſt ſhe languiſht for the expected Bridegroom,
She heard, he paid his broken Vows to you.

Will. So, this is ſome dear Rogue that's in love with me,
And this way lets me know it; or if it be not me, ſhe means
Some one whoſe place I may ſupply.

Ang. Now *I* perceive
The cauſe of thy impatience to be gone,
And all the buſineſs of this glorious Dreſs,

Will. Damn the young Prater, I know not what he means.

Hell. Madam,
In your fair Eyes I read too much concern
To tell my farther buſineſs.

Ang. Prithee ſweet Youth talk on, thou may'ſt perhaps
Raiſe here a Storm that may undo my Paſſion,
And then I'll grant thee any thing.

Hel.

Hell. Madam, 'tis to intreat you, (oh unreaſonable)
You wou'd not ſee this Stranger;
For if you do, ſhe vows you are undone,
Tho Nature never made a Man ſo excellent,
And ſure he'ad been a God, but for inconſtancy,
Will. Ah, Rogue, haw finely he's inſtructed! [*Aſide.*
—— 'Tis plain ſome Woman that has ſeen me *en paſſant.*
Ang. Oh, I ſhall burſt with Jealouſie! do you know the man you ſpeak of? ——
Hell. Yes, Madam, he us'd to be in Buff and Scarlet.
Ang. Thou, falſe as Hell, what canſt thou ſay to this? [*To Will.*
Will. By Heaven ——
Ang. Hold, do not damn thy ſelf. ——
Hell. Nor hope to be believ'd. — [*He walks about, they follow.*
Ang. Oh, perjur'd Man!
Is't thus you pay my generous Paſſion back?
Hell. Why wou'd you, Sir, abuſe my Ladies Faith —
Ang. And uſe me ſo inhumanly?
Hell. A Maid ſo young, ſo innocent ——
Will. Ah, young Devil!
Ang. Doſt thou not know thy Life is in my power?
Hell. Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?
Will. So, ſo, the Storm comes finely on. [*Aſide.*
Ang. Now thou art ſilent, Guilt has ſtruck thee dumb.
Oh, hadſt thou ſtill been ſo, I'd liv'd in ſafety.
[*She turns away and weeps.*
Will. Sweetheart, the Lady's Name and Houſe — quickly:
I'm impatient to be with her. ——
[*Aſide to* Hellena, *looks towards* Angel. *to watch her turning, and as ſhe comes towards them, he meets her.*
Hell. So, now is he for another Woman. [*Aſide.*
Will. The impudent'ſt young thing in nature!
I cannot perſwade him out of his Error, Madam.
Ang. *I* know he's in the right, — yet thou'ſt a Tongue
That wou'd perſwade him to deny his Faith. [*In rage walks away.*
Will. Her Name, her Name, dear Boy — [*Said ſoftly to* Hell.
Hell. Have you forgot it, Sir?
Will. Oh, *I* perceive he's not to know *I* am a ſtranger to his Lady. [*Aſide.*
— Yes, yes, *I* do know — but — *I* have forgot the ——
[Angel. *turns,*
—— By Heaven, ſuch early confidence I never ſaw.
Ang. Did I not charge you with this Miſtris, Sir?
Which you denied, though *I* beheld your Perjury.
This little generoſity of thine has render'd back my Heart.
[*Walks away*

Will. So, you have made ſweet work here, my little Miſchief; Look your Lady be kind and good natur'd now, or I ſhall have but a curſed Bargain on't.

[Ang. *turns towards them.*

—— The Rogue's bred up to Miſchief,
Art thou ſo great a Fool to credit him?

Ang. Yes, I do; and you in vain impoſe upon me.
——Come hither, Boy,—— is not this he you ſpeak of?

Hell. I think — it is, I cannot ſwear, but I vow he has juſt ſuch another lying Lover's look.

[Hell. *looks in his Face, he gazes on her.*

Will. Hah! do not I know that Face?——
By Heaven, my little Gipſie; what a dull Dog was I,
Had *I* but lookt that way, I'd known her.
Are all my hopes of a new Woman baniſht? [*Aſide.*
——— Egad, if *I* don't fit thee for this, hang me.
—— Madam, I have found out the Plot.

Hell. Oh Lord, what does he ſay? am *I* diſcover'd now?

Will. Do you ſee this young ſpark here?

Hell. He'll tell her who I am.

Will. — Who do you think this is?

Hell. Ay, ay, he does know me. ——— Nay, dear Captain, I'm undone if you diſcover me.

Will. Nay, nay, no cogging; ſhe ſhall know what a precious Miſtris *I* have.

Hell. Will you be ſuch a Devil?

Will. Nay, nay, I'll teach you to ſpoil ſport you will not make. ——— This ſmall Ambaſſador comes not from a perſon of Quality, as you imagine, and he ſays; but from a very errant Gipſie, the talkingſt, pratingſt, cantingſt little Animal thou ever ſaw'ſt.

Ang. What news you tell me! that's the thing *I* mean.

Hell. Wou'd *I* were well off the place, if ever *I* go a Captain-hunting again. [*Aſide.*

Will. Mean that thing? that Gipſie thing? thou mayſt as well be jealous of thy Monkey, or Parrot, as her, a *German* Motion were worth a dozen of her, and a Dream were a better enjoyment, a Creature of a Conſtitution fitter for Heaven than Man.

Hell. Though I'm ſure he lies, yet this vexes me. [*Aſide.*

Ang. You are miſtaken, ſhe's a *Spaniſh* Woman
Made up of no ſuch dull Materials.

Will. Materials, Egad, an ſhe be made of any that will either diſpence, or admit of Love, I'll be bound to continuance.

Hell. Unreaſonable Man, do you think ſo? [*Aſide to him.*

Will. You may return, my little Brazen Head, and tell your Lady, that till ſhe be handſom enough to be belov'd, or I dull enough

nough to be Religious, there will be ſmall hopes of me.

Ang. Did you not promiſe then to marry her?

Will. Not *I* by Heaven.

Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vow'd you will not marry her.

Hell. If he ſwears that he'll be reveng'd on me indeed, for all my Rogueries. [*Aſide.*

Ang. I know what Arguments you'll bring againſt me, Fortune and Honour. ———

Will. Honour, *I* tell you, *I* hate it in your Sex, and thoſe that fancy themſelves poſſeſt of that Foppery, are the moſt impertinently troubleſome of all Woman-kind, and will tranſgreſs Nine Commandments to keep One, and to ſatisfie your Jealouſie *I* ſwear. ———

Hell. Oh, no ſwearing dear Captain —— [*Aſide to him.*

Will. If it were poſſible, *I* ſhould ever be inclin'd to marry, it ſhou'd be ſome kind young Sinner, one that has Generoſity enough to give a favour handſomely to one that can ask it diſcreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an *Intriegue* of Love ——— oh, how civil ſuch a Wench is, to a Man that does her the Honour to marry her.

Ang. By Heaven there's no Faith in any thing he ſays.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Madam, *Don Antonio.* ———

Ang. Come hither.

Hell. Ha, *Antonio*, he may be coming hither, and he'll certainly diſcover me; I'll therefore retire without a Ceremony. [*Exit* Hellena.

Ang. I'll ſee him, get my Coach ready.

Sebaſt. It waits you, Madam.

Will. This is luckey: what, Madam, now *I* may be gone and leave you to the enjoyment of my Rival?

Ang. Dull Man, that canſt not ſee how ill, how poor,
That falſe diſſimulation looks —— be gone
And never let me ſee thy couzning Face again,
Leſt *I* relapſe and kill thee.

Will. Yes, you can ſpare me now, ——— farewell till you are in better Humour ——— I'm glad of this releaſe ———
Now for my Gipſie:
For though to worſe we change, yet ſtill we find
New Joys, new Charms, in a new Miſs that's kind. [*Ex.* Will.

Ang. He's gone, and in this Ague of my Soul
The ſhivering Fit returns;
Oh with what willing haſte, he took his leave,
As if the long'd-for Minute were arriv'd;

Of ſome bleſt Aſſignation.
In vain *I* have conſulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd,
My Eyes cou'd kindle any laſting Fires;
I had forgot my Name, my Infamy,
And the reproach that Honour lays on thoſe
That dare pretend a ſober paſſion here.
Nice Reputation, though it leave behind
More Vertues than inhabit where that dwells;
Yet that once gone, thoſe Virtues ſhine no more.
—— Then ſince *I* am not fit to be belov'd,
I am reſolv'd to think on a revenge
On him that ſooth'd me thus to my undoing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda *and* Valeria *in Habits different from what they have been ſeen in.*

Flor. We're happily eſcapt, yet *I* tremble ſtill.

Val. A Lover and fear! whe, *I* am but half an one, and yet *I* have Courage for any attempt, would *Hellena* were here, *I* wou'd fain have had her as deep in this Miſchief as we, ſhe'll fair but ill elſe *I* doubt.

Flor. She pretended a Viſit to the *Auguſtine* Nuns, but *I* believe ſome other deſign carried her out, pray Heavens we light on her.

—— Prithee what didſt do with *Callis*?

Val. When *I* ſaw no Reaſon wou'd do good on her, *I* follow'd her into the Wardrobe, and as ſhe was looking for ſomething in a great Cheſt, *I* topled her in by the Heels, ſnatcht the Key of the Apartment where you were confin'd, lockt her in, and left her bawling for help.

Flor. 'Tis well you reſolve to follow my Fortunes, for thou dareſt never appear at home again after ſuch an Action.

Val. That's according as the young Stranger and *I* ſhall agree. —— But to our buſineſs —— *I* deliver'd your Letter, your Note to *Belvile*, when *I* got out under pretence of going to Maſs, *I* found him at his Lodging, and believe me it came ſeaſonably; for never was Man in ſo deſperate a Condition, *I* told him of your Reſolution of making your eſcape to day, if your Brother would be abſent long enough to permit you; if not, die rather than be *Antonio*'s.

Flor. Thou ſhou'd have told him *I* was confin'd to my Chamber upon my Brother's ſuſpicion, that the buſineſs on the *Molo* was a Plot laid between him and *I*,

Val.

Val. I ſaid all this, and told him your Brother was now gone to his Devotion, and he reſolves to viſit every Church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but careſs him ſo as ſhall delay his return home.

Flor. Oh Heavens! he's here, and *Belvile* with him too.

[*They put on their Vizards.*

Enter Don Pedro, Belvile, Willmore. Belvile *and* Don Pedro *ſeeming in ſerious Diſcourſe.*

Val. Walk boldly by them, and I'll come at a diſtance, leſt he ſuſpects us. [*She walks by them, and looks back on them.*

Will. Ha, Woman, and of an excellent Mien.

Ped. She throws a kind look back on you.

Will. Death, 'tis a likely Wench, and that kind look ſhall not be caſt away ——— I'll follow her.

Belv. Prithee do not.

Will. Do not! By Heavens to the Antipodes, with ſuch an Invitation. [*She goes out, and* Will. *follows her.*

Belv. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

Enter Fred.

Fred. Oh Col. ſuch News!

Belv. Prithee what?

Fred. News that will make you laugh in ſpight of Fortune.

Belv. What, *Blunt* has had ſome damn'd Trick put upon him, Cheated, Bang'd, or Clapt.

Fred. Cheated, Sir, rarely cheated of all but his Shirt and Drawers, the unconſcionable Whore too turn'd him out before Conſummation, ſo that traverſing the Streets at Midnight, the Watch found him in this *Freſco*, and conducted him home: By Heaven 'tis ſuch a ſlight, and yet I durſt as well have been hang'd as laught at him, or pity him; he beats all that do but ask him a Queſtion, and is in ſuch an Humour.

Ped. Who is't has met with this ill uſage, Sir?

Belv. A Friend of ours whom you muſt ſee for Mirths ſake; I'll imploy him to give *Florinda* time for an eſcape. [*Aſide.*

Ped. What is he?

Belv. A young Countryman of ours, one that has been Educated at ſo plentiful a rate, he yet ne'er knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jeſt to ſee how ſimply he'll look without it; for my part I'll lend him none, and the Rogue knows not how to put on a borrowing Face, and ask firſt, I'll let him ſee how good 'tis to play our parts whilſt I play his — prithee *Fred.* do you go home and keep him in that poſture till we come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Florinda *from the farther end of the* Scene, *looking behind her.*

Flor. I am follow'd ſtill———hah———my Brother too advancing this way, good Heavens defend me from being ſeen by him. [*She goes off.*

Enter Willmore, *and after him* Valeria, *at a little diſtance.*

Will. Ah! There ſhe ſails, ſhe looks back as ſhe were willing to be boarded, I'll warrant her Prize.

[*He goes out,* Valeria *following.*

Enter Hellena, *juſt as he goes out, with a Page.*

Hell. Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chaſe?—'tis not *Angellica*; Boy, follow thoſe People at a diſtance, and bring me an Account where they go in———I'll find his Haunts, and plague him every where——ha——my Brother.

[*Exit Pag.*

[Bel. Wil. Ped. *croſs the Stage:* Hell. *runs off.*

Scene *changes to another Street. Enter* Florinda.

Flor. What ſhall I do, my Brother now purſues me,
Will no kind Power protect me from his Tyranny?
——hah, here's a Door open, I'll venture in, ſince nothing can be worſe than to fall into his Hands, my Life and Honour are at ſtake, and my Neceſſity has no choice. [*She goes in.*

Enter Valeria *and* Hellena's *Page peeping after* Florinda.

Pag. Here ſhe went in, I ſhall remember this Houſe.

[*Exit Boy.*

Val. This is *Belvile*'s Lodging; ſhe's gone in as readily as if ſhe knew it—— hah—— here's that mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in———I'll watch my Opportunity. [*Goes aſide.*

Enter Willmore, *gazing about him.*

Will. I have loſt her hereabouts—Pox on't ſhe muſt not ſcape me ſo. [*Goes out.*

Scene changes to Blunt's *Chamber, diſcovers him ſitting on a Couch in his Shirt and Drawers, reading.*

Blunt. So, now my Mind's a little at Peace, ſince I have reſolv'd Revenge—a Pox on this Tayler tho', for not bringing home the Cloaths I beſpoke; and a Pox of all poor Cavaliers, a Man can never keep a ſpare Suit for 'em; and I ſhall have theſe Rogues come in and find me naked; and then I'm undone; but

I'm

I'm reſolv'd to arm my ſelf——— the Raſcals ſhall not inſult over me too much. [*Puts on an old ruſty Sword and Buff Belt.* ———Now, how like a Morrice-Dancer *I* am Equipt——— a fine Lady-like Whore to cheat me thus, without affording me a Kindneſs for my Money, a Pox light on her, I ſhall never be reconciled to the Sex more, ſhe has made me as faithleſs as a Phyſician, as uncharitable as a Churchman, and as ill natur'd as a Poet. Oh how I'll uſe all Women-kind hereafter! what wou'd I give to have one of 'em within my reach now! any Mortal thing in Petticoats, kind Fortune, ſend me; and I'll forgive thy laſt Nights Malice——— here's a curſed Book too, (a warning to all young Travellers) that can inſtruct me how to prevent ſuch Miſchiefs now 'tis too late, well 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as Hawk and Hunt. [*Sits down again and Reads.*

Enter to him Florinda.

Flor. This Houſe is hunted ſure, 'tis well furniſht and no living thing inhabits it—hah—a Man, Heavens how he's attir'd! ſure 'tis ſome Rope-dancer, or Fencing Maſter; I tremble now for fear, and yet I muſt venture now to ſpeak to him——— Sir, if I may not interrupt your Meditations———

[*He ſtarts up and gazes.*

Blunt. Hah— what's here? Ate my Wiſhes granted? And is not that a ſhe Creature? adſheartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou———hah!

Flor. Charitable, Sir, you've told your ſelf already what I am; a very wretched Maid, forc'd by a ſtrange unlucky Accident, to ſeek a ſafety here, and muſt be ruin'd, if you do not grant it.

Blunt. Ruin'd! Is there any Ruin ſo inevitable as that which now threatens thee? doſt thou know, miſerable Woman, into what Den of Miſchiefs thou art fall'n? what a Bliſs of Confuſion———hah———doſt not ſee ſomething in my looks that frights thy guilty Soul, and makes thee wiſh to change that Shape of Woman for any humble Animal, or Devil? for thoſe were ſafer for thee, and leſs miſchievous.

Flor. Alas, what mean you, Sir? I muſt confeſs your Looks have ſomething in 'em, makes me fear, but I beſeech you, as you ſeem a Gentleman, pity a harmleſs Virgin, that takes your Houſe for Sanctuary.

Blunt. Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my faith return. Do, flatter me out of my Senſes again——— a harmleſs Virgin with a Pox, as much one as t'other, adsheartlikins. Whe, what the Devil can I not be ſafe in my Houſe for you, not in my Chamber, nay, even being naked too, cannot ſecure me; this

is

is an Impudence greater then has invaded me yet——Come no Reſiſtance. [*Pulls her rudely.*

Flor. Dare you be ſo cruel?

Blunt. Cruel, adsheartlikins as a Gally-ſlave, or a *Spaniſh* Whore: Cruel, yes, I will kiſs and beat thee all over; kiſs, and ſee thee all over; thou ſhalt lie with me too, not that I care for the Injoyment, but to let you ſee *I* have tain deliberated Malice to thee, and will be revenged on one Whore for the Sins of another; I will ſmile and deceive thee, flatter thee, and beat thee, kiſs and ſwear, and lie to thee, imbrace thee and rob thee, as ſhe did me, fawn on thee, and ſtrip thee ſtark naked, then hang thee out at my Window by the Heels, with a Paper of Scurvey Verſes faſten'd to thy Breaſt, in praiſe of damnable Women—Come, come along.

Flor. Alas Sir muſt I be ſacrific'd for the Crimes of the moſt infamous of my Sex, I never underſtood the Sins you name.

Blunt. Do, perſwade the Fool you Love him, or that one of you can be juſt or honeſt; tell me I was not an eaſie Coxcomb, or any ſtrange impoſſible Tale: it will be believ'd ſooner than thy falſe Showers or Proteſtations. A Generation of damn'd Hypocrites, to flatter my very Cloaths from my back, diſſembling Witches, are theſe the Returns you make an honeſt Gentleman that truſts, believes, and loves you——but if I be not even with you——Come along, or I ſhall——

[*Pulls her again.*

Enter Fredrick.

Fred. Hah, what's here to do?

Blunt. Adsheartlikins, *Fred.* I am glad thou art come, to be a Witneſs of my dire Revenge.

Fred. What's this, a Perſon of Quality too, who is upon the Ramble to ſupply the Defects of ſome grave impotent Huſband?

Blunt. No, this has another Pretence, ſome very unfortunate Accident brought her hither, to ſave a Life purſued by *I* know not who, or why, and forc'd to take Sanctuary here at Fools Haven. Adsheartlikins to me of all Mankind for Protection? is the Aſs to be Cajol'd again, think ye? No, young one, no Prayers or Tears ſhall mitigate my Rage; therefore prepare for both my Pleaſure of Enjoyment and Revenge, for *I* am reſolved to make up my Loſs here on thy Body, I'll take it out in kindneſs and in beating.

Fred. Now Miſtreſs of mine, what do you think of this?

Flor. *I* think he will not——dares not be ſo barbarous.

Fred. Have a care *Blunt*, ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, ſhe is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers, ſhe'll ſtrip thee even of that,

that, there are of her Calling ſuch unconſcionable Baggage, and ſuch dextrous Thieves, they'll flea a Man and he ſhall ne'er miſs his Skin, till he feels the Cold. There was a Country-man of ours robb'd of a Row of Teeth whilſt he was a ſleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak'd——— you ſee Lady how little Reaſon we have to truſt you.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, whe, this is moſt abominable.

Flor. Some ſuch Devils there may be, but by all that's Holy, I am none ſuch, I entered here to ſave a Life in Danger.

Blunt. For no goodneſs, I'll warrant her.

Fred. Faith, Damſel, you had e'en confeſs the plain Truth, for we are Fellows not to be caught twice in the ſame Trap: Look on that Wreck, a tite Veſſel when he ſet out of Haven, well Trim'd and Loaden, and ſee how a Female Piccaroon of this Iſland of Rogues has ſhatter'd him, and canſt thou hope for any Mercy?

Blunt. No, no, Gentlewoman, come along, adsheartlikins we muſt be better acquainted——— we'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.

Fred. I'm ready to ſerve you in matters of Revenge, that has a double Pleaſure in't.

Blunt. Well ſaid. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by publick Vote to the Bed within, there's no reſiſting your Deſtiny, Sweetheart. [*Pulls her.*

Flor. Stay, Sir, I have ſeen you with *Belvile*, an *Engliſh* Cavalier, for his Sake uſe me kindly; you know how, Sir.

Blunt. Belvile, whe yes, Sweeting, we do know *Belvile*, and wiſh he were with us now, he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon, he'd have a Limb or two of thee my Virgin Pullet, but 'tis no matter, we'll leave him the Bones to pick.

Flor. Sir, if you have any Eſteem for that *Bevile*, I conjure you to treat me with more gentleneſs; he'll thank you for the Juſtice.

Fred. Harkey, *Blunt*, I doubt we are miſtaken in this matter.

Flor. Sir, if you find me not worth *Belvile*'s Care, uſe me as you pleaſe, and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten———pray take this Preſent———

[*Gives him a Ring: He looks on it.*

Blunt. Hum———A Diamond! whe, 'tis a wonderful Vertue now that lies in this Ring, a mollifying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more perſwaſive Rhetorick in't, than all her Sex can utter.

Fred. I begin to ſuſpect ſomething; and 'twou'd anger us vilely to be truſt up for a Rape upon a Maid of Quality, when we only believe we ruffle a Harlot.

Blunt

Blunt. Thou art a credulous Fellow, but adsheartlikins I have no Faith yet; whe, my Saint prattled as parlouſly as this does, ſhe gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her, but I ſent my Man to ſell it to Day for Neceſſaries, and it prov'd as Counterfeit as her Vows of Love.

Fred. However let it reprieve her till we ſee *Belvile.*

Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is juſt come with his new Friend and a *Spaniard* of Quality, and talks of having you to Dinner with 'em.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, I'm undone——I would not ſee 'em for the World: Harkye, *Fred.* lock up the Wench in your Chamber.

Fred. Fear nothing, Madam, what e'er he threatens, you are ſafe whilſt in my Hands. [*Exit* Fred. *and* Flor.

Blunt. And, Sirrah——upon your Life, ſay——I am not at home——or that I am aſleep—or— or any thing—away—I'll prevent their coming this way. [*Locks the Door and Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE. I. Blunt's *Room.*

After a great knocking at his Chamber-doot, enter Blunt *ſoftly, croſſing the Stage in his Shirt and Drawers, as before.*

NED, *Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.* [*Call within.*

Blunt. The Rogues are up in Arms, 'dſheartlikins, this villanous *Frederick* has betray'd me, they have heard of my bleſſed Fortune.

Ned Blunt, Ned Ned—— [*and knocking within.*

Belv. Whe, he's dead, Sir, without diſpute dead, he has not been ſeen to day, let's break open the Door—here—Boy——

Blunt. Ha, break open the Door! 'dſheartlikins that mad Fellow will be as good as his word.

Belv. Boy, bring ſomething to force the Door.

[*A great noiſe within at the Door again.*

Blunt. So, now muſt I ſpeak in my own Defence, I'll try what Rhetorick will do—hold—hold, what do you mean Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Belv. Oh Rogue, art alive, prithee open the Door, and convince us. [*within.*

Blunt. Yes, I am alive Gentlemen——but at preſent a little buſie. *Belv.*

Belv. How! *Blunt* grown a man of Buſineſs! come, come, open, and let's ſee this Miracle. [*within.*

Blunt. No, no, no, no Gentlemen, 'tis no great Buſineſs — but ——— I am ——— at ——— my Devotion, ——— 'dſheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

Belv. Turn'd Religious! a greater Wonder than the firſt, therefore open quickly, or we ſhall unhinge, we ſhall. [*within.*

Blunt. This won't do ——— Whe, hark ye, Colonel; to tell you the plain Truth, I am about a neceſſary Affair of Life.— I have a Wench with me ——— you apprehend me? the Devil's in't if they be ſo uncivil as to diſturb me now.

Will. How, a Wench! Nay, then we muſt enter and partake; no Reſiſtance, ——— unleſs it be your Lady of Quality, and then we'll keep our diſtance.

Blunt. So, the Buſineſs it out.

Will. Come, come, lends more hands to the Door, —— now, heave all together ——— ſo, well done, my Boys ——— [*Breaks open the Door.*

Enter Belvile, Willmore, Fred. *and* Pedro: Blunt *looks ſimply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to* Willmore.

Blunt. Heark ye, Sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, d'ye hear, and be gone, I ſhall ſpoil your ſport elſe; 'dſheartlikins, Sir, I ſhall ——— the Jeſt has been carried on too long, —— a Plague upon my Taylor ——— [*Aſide.*

Will. 'Sdeath, how the Whore has dreſt him! Faith, Sir, I'm ſorry.

Blunt. Are you ſo, Sir? keep't to your ſelf then Sir, I adviſe you, d'ye hear? for I can as little endure your Pity as his Mirth. [*Lays his hand on's Sword.*

Belv. Indeed, *Willmore*, thou wert a little too rough with *Ned Blunt*'s Miſtris, call a Perſon of Quality Whore, and one ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo eloquent — ha, — ha, he.——

Blunt. Heark ye, Sir, you know me, and know I can be angry; have a care ——— for 'dſheartlikins *I* can fight too — *I* can Sir, ——— do you mark me ——— no more.

Belv. Why ſo peeviſh, good *Ned?* ſome diſappointments, I'll warrant —— What! did the jealous Count her Husband return juſt in the nick?

Blunt. Or the Devil, Sir, ——— d'ye laugh? [*They laugh.*] Look ye, ſettle me a good ſober Countenance, and that quickly too, or you ſhall know *Ned Blunt* is not ——

Belv. Not every Body, we know that.

Blunt. Not an Aſs, to be laught at, Sir.

Will.

Will. Unconſcionable Sinner, to bring a Lover ſo near his happineſs, a vigorous paſſionate Lover, and then not only cheat him of his Moveables, but his Deſires too.

Belv. Ah, Sir, a Miſtris is a Trifle with *Blunt*, he'll have a dozen the next time, he looks abroad; his Eyes have Charms not to be reſiſted: There needs no more than to expoſe that taking Perſon to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph.

Ped. Sir, though I'm a ſtranger to you, I'm aſham'd at the rudeneſs of my Nation, and could you learn who did it, would aſſiſt you to make an Example of 'em.

Blunt. Whe, ay, there's one ſpeaks ſence now, and handſomly; and let me tell you Gentlemen, I ſhould not have ſhew'd my ſelf like a Jack-Pudding, thus to have made you Mirth, but that I have revenge within my power; for know, I have got into my poſſeſſion a Female, who had better have fallen under any Curſe, than the ruine I deſign her: 'dſheartlikins, ſhe aſſaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and had doubtleſs committed a Rape upon me, had not this Sword defended me.

Fred. I knew not that, but o' my Conſcience thou hadſt raviſht her, had ſhe not redeem'd her ſelf with a Ring ——— let's ſee't *Blunt*. [Blunt *ſhews the Ring.*

Belv. Hah! ——— the Ring I gave *Florinda* when we exchang'd our Vows! ——— hark ye *Blunt*, ———

[*Goes to whiſper to him.*

Will. No whiſpering good Col. there's a Woman in the caſe, no whiſpering.

Belv. Hark ye, Fool, be adviſ'd, and conceal both the Ring and the Story, for your Reputation's ſake; don't let People know what deſpis'd Cullies we *Engliſh* are, to be cheated and abus'd by one Whore, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, is an Infamy to our Nation.

Will. Come, come, where's the Wench, we'll ſee her, let her be what ſhe will, we'll ſee her?

Ped. Ay, ay, let us ſee her, I can ſoon diſcover whether ſhe be of Quality, or for your Diverſion.

Blunt. She's in *Fred.*'s Cuſtody.

Will. Come, come, the Key. [*To* Fred. *who gives him the Key, they are going.*

Belv. Death! what ſhall I do? ——— ſtay Gentlemen ——— yet if I hinder 'em, I ſhall diſcover all. ——— hold, let's go one at once —— give me the Key.

Will. Nay, hold there Col. I'll go firſt.

Fred. Nay, no Diſpute, *Ned* and I have the propriety of her.

Will. Damn Propriety —— then we'll draw Cuts.

[**Belv.** *goes to whiſper* Will.

—— Nay,

——Nay, no Corruption good Col. come, the longeſt Sword carries her.——

[*They all draw, forgetting* Don Pedro, *being a Spaniard, had the longeſt.*

Blunt. I yield up my Intereſt to you Gentlemen, and that will be Revenge ſufficient.

Will. The Wench is yours—— (*To* Ped.) Pox of his *Toledo*, I had forgot that.

Fred. Come Sir, I'll conduct you to the Lady.——

[*Exit* Fred. *and* Ped.

Belv. To hinder him will certainly diſcover——(*aſide*) Doſt know, dull Beaſt, what Miſchief thou haſt done?

[Wil. *walking up and down out of Humour.*

Wil. Ay, ay, to truſt our Fortune to Lots, a Devil on't, 'twas madneſs, that's the Truth on't.

Belv. Oh intolerable Sott!

Enter Florinda, *running maſqu'd*, Pedro *after her*, Will. *gazing round her.*

Flor. Good Heaven, defend me from diſcovery. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you are fallen to my Lot.

Belv. Sure ſhe is undiſcover'd yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off.

Wil. Whe, what a Pox, is not this my Woman, the ſame *I* follow'd but now?

[Ped. *talking to* Florinda, *who walks up and down.*

Ped. As if I did not know ye, and your Buſineſs here.

Flor. Good Heaven! *I* fear he does indeed—— [*Aſide.*

Ped. Come, pray be kind, I know you meant to be ſo when you enter'd here, for theſe are proper Gentlemen.

Will. But Sir——perhaps the Lady will not be impos'd upon, ſhe'll chuſe her Man.

Ped. I am better bred, than not to leave her Choice free.

Enter Valeria, *and is ſurpriz'd at the Sight of Don* Pedro.

Val. Don *Pedro* here! there's no avoiding him. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Valeria! then I'm undone—— [*Aſide.*

Val. Oh! have I found you, Sir——

[*To* Pedro, *running to him.*

——The ſtrangeſt Accident——if *I* had breath—— to tell it.

Ped. Speak——is *Florinda* ſafe? *Hellena* well?

Val. Ay, ay Sir——*Florinda*——is ſafe——from any fears of you.

Ped. Why, where's *Florinda*?——ſpeak

Val. Ay, where indeed Sir, *I* wiſh *I* could inform you,

——But to hold you no longer in doubt——

Flor. Oh what will she say? [*Aside.*

Val. She's fled away in the Habit of one of her Pages, Sir—but *Callis* thinks you may retreive her yet, if you make haste away; she'll tell you, Sir, the rest —— if you can find her out. [*Aside.*

Fed. Dishonourable Girl, she has undone my Aim——Sir—you see my necessity of leaving you, and I hope you'll pardon it; my Sister, I know, will make her flight to you; and if she do, I shall expect she should be render'd back.

Belv. I shall consult my Love and Honour Sir, [*Ex.* Fed.

Flor. My dear Preserver, let me imbrace thee. [*To* Val.

Will. What the Devil's all this?

Blunt. Mystery by this Light.

Val. Come, come, make haste and get your selves married quickly, for your Brother will return again.

Belv. I am so surpriz'd with Fears and Joys, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce perswade my Heart into a Faith of what I see——

Will. Harkey, Colonel, is this that Mistress who has cost you so many Sighs, and me so many Quarrels with you?

Belv. It is—— Pray give him the Honour of your Hand. [*To* Flor.

Will. Thus it must be receiv'd then. [*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*

And with it give your Pardon too.

Flor. The Friend to *Belvile* may command me any thing.

Will. Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty. [*Aside.*

Belv. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly. [*Ex. Boy.*

Fred. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to Plead my own Cause with: by this Hand, Madam, I was never throughly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with Confidence, till you are pleas'd to Pardon me.

Flor. Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one Condition, that you'll follow the Example of your Friend, in Marrying a Maid that does not hate you, and whose Fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

Fred. Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands.

Belv. Who, *Fred.* marry; he has so few Inclinations for Womankind, that had he been possest of Paradise, he might have continu'd there to this Day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have disinherited him.

Fred. Oh, I do not use to boast of my Intreagues.

——

Belv. Boast

Belv. Boast, why thou do'st nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as Innocent from the Sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in *Eden* which our first Parents lost by too much Loving.

Fred. I wish this Lady would think me so modest a Man.

Val. She shou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I shou'd be loath to break my Word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine are agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I. [*She gives him her Hand.*

Fred. Bear witness Colonel, 'tis a Bargain. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Blunt. I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I am a Dog if I can say any thing to purpose. [*To* Florinda.

Flor. Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

Blunt. That's nobly said, sweet Lady——*Belvile*, prithee present her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self. [*Gives him the Ring, he givesit to* Florinda.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.

Belv. 'Tis well, and now my dear *Florinda*, let's fly to compleat that mighty Joy we have so long wish'd and sigh'd for. ——Come *Fred.* you'll follow?

Fred. Your Example Sir, 'twas ever my Ambition in War, and must be so in Love.

Will. And must not I see this juggling knot ty'd?

Belv. No, thou shalt do us better Service, and be our Guard, least *Don Pedro*'s suddain return interrupt the Ceremony.

Will. Content——I'll secure this pass.

[*Ex.* Bel. Flor. Fred. *and* Vall.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd speak to you. [*To* Will.

Will. Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Post.

Boy. And Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

Blunt. Some comfort yet, I shall not dance naked at the Wedding. [*Ex.* Blunt *and Boy.*

Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angellica *in a Masquing Habit and a Vizard.* Will. *runs to her.*

Will. This can be none but my pretty Gipsie——Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly——Come, confess thy self the most malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with *Angellica*.——

Ang. Stand off, baſe Villain——

[*She draws a Piſtol, and holds to his Breaſt.*

Will. Hah, 'tis not ſhe, who art thou? and what's thy Buſineſs?

Ang. One thou haſt injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

Will. What the Devil canſt thou mean?

Ang. By all my Hopes to kill thee——

[*Holds ſtill the Piſtol to his Breaſt, he going back, ſhe following ſtill.*

Will. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

Ang. Behold this Face!——ſo loſt to thy Remembrance,
And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul, [*Pulls off her Vizard.*
And let 'em dye with thee.

Will. Angellica!

Ang. Yes, Traytor,
Does not thy guilty blood run ſhivering through thy Veins?
Haſt thou no horrour at this Sight, that tells thee,
Thou haſt not long to boaſt thy ſhameful Conqueſt?

Will. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows ſtill, and that uſual heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a kindneſs, had I but opportunity.

Ang. Devil! Doſt wanton with my Pain——— have at thy Heart.

Will. Hold, dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little,
I am not now at leaſure to be kill'd——hold and hear me——
Death, *I* think ſhe's in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Oh if I take not heed,
My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy.

[*Aſide, turning from him.*

——What have you, Sir, to ſay?——but ſhou'd I hear thee,
Thoud'ſt talk away all that is brave about me:

[*Follows him with the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

And *I* have vow'd thy death, by all that's Sacred.

Will. Whe, then there's an end of a proper handſome Fellow,
That might a liv'd to have done good Service yet;
———That's all I can ſay to't.

Ang. Yet—— *I* wou'd give thee—— time for Penitence.

[*Pauſingly.*

Will. Faith Child, I thank God, *I* have ever took
Care to lead a good, ſober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion
That teaches me to believe, I ſhall depart in Peace.

Ang. So will the Devil! tell me
How many poor believing Fools thou haſt undone?
How many Hearts thou haſt betray'd to ruin!
—Yet theſe are little Miſchiefs to the Ills
Thou'ſt taught mine to commit: thou'ſt taught it Love.

Will.

Will. Egad 'twas ſhrewdly hurt the while.

Ang.———Love, that has robb'd it of its unconcern
Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it.
And in its room
A mean ſubmiſſive Paſſion was convey'd,
That made me humbly bow, which I ne're did
To any thing but Heaven.
——Thou, perjur'd Man, didſt this, and with thy Oaths,
Which on thy Knees, thou didſt devoutly make,
Soften'd my yielding Heart——And then, *I* was a Slave——
Yet ſtill had been content to've worn my Chains.
Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever,
Hadſt thou not broke thoſe Vows that put them on.
———'Twas then I was undone.

[*All this while follows him with a Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Will. Broke my Vows! whe, where haſt thou liv'd?
Amongſt the Gods: For I never heard of mortal Man,
That has not broke a thouſand Vows.

Ang. Oh, Impudence!

Will. Angellica! that Beauty has been too long tempting,
Not to have made a thouſand Lovers languiſh,
Who in the Amorous Favour, no doubt have ſworn
Like me: did they all dye in that Faith? ſtill Adoring?
I do not think they did.

Ang. No, faithleſs Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine,
I wou'd have kill'd the ingrateful that had abandon'd me.

Will. This Old General has quite ſpoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman ſo vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever ſupplies the Defects of Age, with intollerable Dotage, vaſt Charge, and that which you call Conſtancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth, upbraiding him ſtill with the Defects of Age, and Cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the Gay, Young, Briſk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart for Dart, he'll be as nice as you ſometimes.

Ang. All this thou'ſt made me know, for which *I* hate thee.
Had *I* remain'd in innocent Security,
I ſhou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves,
And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes,
To have deſtroy'd at Pleaſure when offended:
——But when Love held the Mirror, the undeciving Glaſs
Reflected all the weakneſs of my Soul, and made me know
My richeſt Treaſure being loſt, my Honour,
All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth
The Conqueror's Care or Value

——Oh how *I* fell like a long worſhip'd Idol
Diſcovering all the Cheat.
Wou'd not the Incenſe and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars,
Have fall'n to thee?
Why woud'ſt thou then deſtroy my fancy'd Power?

Will. By Heaven thou art brave, and *I* admire thee ſtrangely.
I wiſh *I* were that dull, that conſtant thing
Which thou woud'ſt have, and Nature never meant me:
I muſt, like chearful Birds, ſing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,
Billing the next kind ſhe that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Neſt with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And ſtill reſerve a Tributary Flame.
——To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.
[*Offers her a Purſe of Gold*

Ang. Oh that thou wert in earneſt!
So mean a Thought of me,
Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I ſhou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick Safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare—— [*Follows ſtill, as before.*
——I will no more be tempted with Replies.

Will. Sure——

Ang. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.

Anto. Hah! *Angellica!*
[*She follows him with the Piſtol ready to ſhoot; he retires ſtill amaz'd.*

Enter Don Antonio, *his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold on the Piſtol.*

Ang. Antonio! What the Devil brought thee hither?

Ant. Love and Curioſity ſeeing your Coach at Door.
Let me diſarm you of this unbecoming inſtrument of Death.—
[*Takes away the Piſtol.*
Amongſt the Number of your Slaves, was there not one worthy the Honour to have fought your Quarrel?
——Who are you Sir, that are ſo very wretched
To merit Death from her?

Will. One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an Amorous Quarrel without you, than with you.

Ang. Sure 'tis ſome Rival—— hah—— the very Man took down her Picture yeſterday——the very ſame that ſet on me laſt

last night—blest Opportunity—— [*Offers to shoot him.*

Ang. Hold, you're mistaken Sir.

Ant. By Heaven the very same!
——Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?

Will. Sir, I don't use to be examin'd, and am ill at all Disputes but this—— [*Draws, Anton. offers to shoot.*

Ang. Oh, hold! you see he's arm'd with certain Death:
[*To* Will.
——And you, *Antonio*; I command you hold,
By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.

Enter Don Pedro, *sees* Antonio, *and stays.*

Ped. Hah, *Antonio!* and *Angellica!* [*Aside.*

Ant. When I refuse Obedience to your Will,
May you destroy me with your mortal Hate.
By all that's Holy I adore you so,
That even my Rival, who has Charms enough
To make him fall a Victim to my Jealousie
Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on still.

Ped. What's this I hear? [*Aside.*

Ang. Ah thus! 'twas thus! he talk'd, and I believ'd.
[*Pointing to* Will.
——(*Antonio,*) yesterday,
I'd not have sold my Interest in his Heart,
For all the Sword has won and lost in Battle.
——But now to show my utmost of Contempt,
I give thee Life—— which if thou would'st preserve,
Live where my Eyes may never see thee more,
Live to undo some one, whose Soul may prove,
So bravely constant to revenge my Love.
[*Goes out,* Ant. *follows, but* Ped. *pulls him back.*

Ped. Antonio——stay.

Ant. Don Pedro——

Ped. What Coward Fear was that prevented thee
From meeting me this Morning on the *Molo?*

Anto. Meet thee?

Ped. Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.

Anto. Hast thou so often seen me fight in War,
To find no better Cause to excuse my Absence?
——I sent my Sword and one to do thee Right,
Finding my self uncapable to use a Sword.

Ped. But 'twas *Florinda's* Quarrel that we fought,
And you to shew how little you esteem'd her,
Sent me your Rival, giving him your Interest.
——But I have found the Cause of this Affront,
And when I meet you fit for the Dispute,
——I'll tell you my Resentment.

Ant. I ſhall be ready, Sir, e'er long to do you Reaſon.

[*Exit* Anto.

Ped. If I cou'd find *Fiorinda*, now whilſt my Angers high, I think I ſhou'd be kind, and give her to *Belvile* in Revenge.

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe the Prieſt within has been ſo kind.

Ped. How! my Siſter married?

Will. I hope by this time ſhe is, and bedded too, or he has Not my longings about him.

Ped. Dares he do thus! Does he not fear my Pow'r?

Will. Faith not at all, if you will go in, and thank him for the Favour he has done your Siſter; ſo, if not, Sir, my Power's greater in this Houſe than yours; I have a damn'd ſurly Crew here, that will keep you till the next Tide, and then clap you on board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the *Molo*, and we ſhall ſhow your Donſhip a damn'd *Tramontana* Rovers Trick.

Enter Belvile.

Belv. This Rogue's in ſome new Miſchief——hah, *Pedro* return'd!

Ped. Colonel *Belvile*, I hear you have married my Siſter?

Bel. You have heard truth then, Sir.

Ped. Have I ſo? then, Sir, I wiſh you Joy.

Bel. How!

Ped. By this imbrace I do, and I am glad on't,

Bel. Are you in earneſt?

Ped. By our long Friendſhip and my Obligations to thee, I am,
The ſuddain Change, I'll give you Reaſons for anon.
Come lead me to my Siſter,
That ſhe may know, I now approve her Choice.

[*Exit* Bel. *with* Ped.

[*Will. goes to follow them. Enter* Hellena *as before in Boys Cloathes, and pulls him back.*

Will. Ha! my Gipſie——Now a thouſand Bleſſings on thee for this Kindneſs, Egad Child I was e'en in Deſpair of ever ſeeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

Hell. Hah! I thought they had ſerv'd me ſome ſuch Trick!

Will. And I was e'en reſolv'd to go aboard, condemn my ſelf to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

Hell. And cou'd you have left me behind, wou'd you have been ſo ill natur'd?

Will. Whe, 'twou'd have broke my Heart Child——but ſince we are met again, I deſie foul Weather to part us.

Hell.

Hell. And wou'd you be a faithful Friend, now if a Maid ſhou'd truſt you?

Will. For a Friend I cannot promiſe, thou art of a Form ſo excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendſhip; I am parlouſly afraid of being in Love Child, and you have not forgot how ſeverely you have us'd me?

Hell. That's all one, ſuch Uſage you muſt ſtill look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, becauſe no Body elſe will love.

Will. But haſt thou no better Quality, to recommend thy ſelf by?

Hell. Faith none Captain——Whe,'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Miſtreſs, I am a lone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover, and why ſhou'd I die a Maid, and in a Captains Hands too, I do not underſtand.

Will. Egad, *I* was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before, thou haſt one Vertue I adore, good Nature; I hate a Coy demure Miſtreſs, ſhe's as troubleſome as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Miſtreſs when mew'd, and in flying on I dare truſt upon the Wing, that whilſt ſhe's kind will come to the Lure.

Hell. Nay as kind as you will good Capt. whilſt it laſts, but let's loſe no time.

Will. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore dear Creature, ſince we are ſo well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou wert treated with ſuch Savory Love!——Come— My Bed's prepar'd for ſuch a Gueſt all clean and ſweet as thy fair ſelf, I love to ſteal a Diſh and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces— Come let's retire and fall too.

Hell. 'Tis but getting my Conſent, and the Buſineſs is ſoon done; let but old Gaffer *Hymen* and his Prieſt, ſay Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or bluſhing.

Will. Hold, hold, no Bugg Words Child, Prieſt and *Hymen*, prithee add a Hang-man to 'em to make up the Conſort—— No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witneſs but the Lover, the kind Deity injoins naught but Love! and injoy! *Hymen* and Prieſt wait ſtill upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies, Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendſhip: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho' I could be content to turn Gipſie, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleaſure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother,

if

if you durſt venture; 'tis upſe Gipſie that, and if I miſs, I'll loſe my Labour.

Hell. And if you do not loſe, what ſhall I get? A Cradle full of Noiſe and Miſchief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Incle to paſs my time with? 'Tis upſe Gipſie that too.

Will. I can teach thee to weave a true Loves Knot better.

Hell. So can my Dog.

Will. Well, I ſee we are both upon our Guards, and I ſee there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding——here——give me thy Hand——one Kiſs and I am thine——

Hell. One Kiſs! How like my Page he ſpeaks; I am reſolv'd you ſhall have none, for asking ſuch a ſneaking Sum——He that will be ſatisfied with one Kiſs, will never dye of that Longing; good Friend, ſingle Kiſs, is all your talking come to this?——A Kiſs, a Caudle! farewel Captain, ſingle Kiſs.

[*Going out he ſtays her.*

Will. Nay if we part ſo, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriffs Charge. By Heaven, both the *Indies* ſhall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are ſo of one Humour, it muſt be a Bargain—give me thy Hand——

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worſt.

Hell. Whe, God a mercy Captain!

Will. But harkey——The Bargain is now made; but is it not fit we ſhou'd know each others Names? That when we have Reaſon to curſe one another hereafter (and People ask me who 'tis *I* give to the Devil) I may at leaſt be able to tell, what Family you came of.

Hell. Good reaſon, Captain; and where I have cauſe, (as *I* doubt not but *I* ſhall have plentiful) that *I* may know at whom to throw my——Bleſſings——*I* beſeech ye your Name.

Will. I am call'd *Robert the Conſtant.*

Hell. A very fine Name; pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that chriſten'd you? Do they not uſe to whiſtle when they call you?

Will. I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without croſſing himſelf, you are ſo merry with mine.

Hell. I am call'd *Hellena the Inconſtant.*

Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valleria.

Ped. Hah! *Hellena!*

Florin. Hellena.

Hell. The very ſame—hah my Brother! now Captain ſhew your Love and Courage; ſtand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or *I* am loſt for ever.

Ped.

Ped. What's this I hear! falſe Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Buſineſs? Speak. [*Goes roughly to her.*

Will. Hold off Sir, you have leave to parly only. [*Puts himſelf between.*

Hell. I had e'en as good tell it, as you gueſs it. Faith Brother my Buſineſs is the ſame with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and beloved, and here's the Man.

Ped. Perfidious Maid, haſt thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy ſelf and Heaven.

Hell. 'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that. Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

Ped. Belvile, I did not expect this falſe Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain, *Florinda* (which I pardon'd,) but your lewd Friends too muſt be inrich'd with the Spoils of a Noble Family?

Belv. Faith Sir, I am as much ſurpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to eſteem'd for their Misfortunes, ſince they have the Glory to ſuffer with the beſt of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, yet a Prince aboard his little wooden World.

Ped. What's this to the maintenance of a Woman of her Birth and Quality.

Will. Faith Sir, I can boaſt of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e're I come, and has defended a worſe Cauſe than a Womans; and ſince I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I muſt purſue my Reſolution, and marry her.

Ped. And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Deſire of Man?

Hell. Whe——I have conſider'd the matter Brother, and find, the Three hundred thouſand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account——let moſt Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

All cry, A Captain, a Captain.

Hell. Look ye Sir, 'tis a clear Caſe.

Ped. Oh I am mad——if I refuſe, my Life's in Danger—— [*Aſide.*

——Come——There's one motive induces me——take her—— I ſhall now be free from Fears of her Honour, guard it you now, if you can, I have been a Slave to't long enough. [*Gives her to him.*

Will. Faith Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of Opinion a Womans Honour is not worth guarding when ſhe has a mind to part with it.

Hell. Well ſaid Captain.

Ped. This

Ped. This was your Plot Miſtreſs, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my Quarrel to you——— [*To* Valleria.

Val. There's no altering Deſtiny, Sir.

Ped. Sooner than a Womans Will, therefore I forgive you all——and wiſh you may get my Father's Pardon as eaſily; which I fear.

Enter Blunt *dreſt in a* Spaniſh *Habit, looking very ridiculouſly; his Man a juſting his Band.*

Man. Tis very well Sir.

Blunt. Well Sir, 'dſheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable Ill Sir———a Spaniſh Habit good Lord! Cou'd the Devil and my Taylor deviſe no other Puniſhment for me, but the Mode of a Nation I abominate?

Bell. What's the matter, *Ned?*

Blunt. Pray view me round, and judge—— [*Turns round.*

Bell. I muſt confeſs thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

Blunt. In a Spaniſh Habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the Inquiſition for Judaiſme, than in this Doublet and Breeches, a Pillory were an eaſie Coller to this, three Handfuls high; and theſe Shoes, too, are worſe than the Stocks, with the Sole an Inch ſhorter than my Foot: In fine Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a Bag of Bayes ſtuff'd full of Fools Fleſh.

Bell. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look *en Cavalier:* Come, Sir, ſettle your Face, and ſalute our Friends, Lady——

Blunt. Hah!——Say'ſt thou ſo my little Rover——[*To* Hell. Lady——(if you be one) give me leave to kiſs your Hand, and tell you, adſheartlikins, for all I look ſo, *I* am your humble Servant——A Pox of my *Spaniſh* Habit.

Will. Hark——what's this? [*Muſick is heard to play.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, as the Cuſtom is, the gay People in Maſquerade who make every Man's Houſe their own, are coming up.

Enter ſeveral Men and Women in maſquing Habits, with Muſick, they put themſelves in order and Dance.

Blunt. Adſheartlikins, wou'd twere lawful to pull off their falſe Faces, that I might ſee if my Doxie were not amongſt 'em.

Bell. Ladies and Gentlemen, ſince you are come ſo *a propo*, you muſt take a ſmall Collation with us. [*To the Maſquers.*

Will. Whilſt

Will. Whilſt we'll to the Good Man within, who ſtays to give us a Caſt of his Office. [*To* Hell.

——Have you no trembling at the near approach?

Hell. No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempeſt.

Will. Egad thou'rt a brave Girl, and *I* admire thy Love and Courage.

Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o' th' Marriage Bed. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE baniſht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!
A popiſh Carnival! A Maſquerade!
The Devil's in't if this will pleaſe the Nation,
In theſe our bleſſed Times of Reformation,
When Conventickling is ſo much in Faſhion.
And yet——
That mutinous Tribe leſs Factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in Wit;
Your Judgment's (as your Paſſions) a Diſeaſe:
Nor Muſe nor Miſs your Appetite can pleaſe,
You're grown as nice as queaſie Conſciences.
Who's each Convulſion, when the Spirit moves,
Damns every thing, that Maggot diſapproves.
With canting Rule you wou'd the Stage refine,
And to dull Method all our Senſe confine.
With th' Inſolence of Common-wealths you rule
Where each gay Fop, and politick brave Fool
On Monarch Wit impoſe without controul.
As for the laſt who ſeldom ſees a Play,
Unleſs it be the old Black Fryers way,
Shaking his empty Noddle o'er Bamboo,
He crys—Good Faith, theſe Plays will never do.
—Ah, Sir, in my young days, what lofty Wit,
What high ſtrain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:
Theſe are ſlight airy Toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the Houſe of Commons *done to day?*
Then ſhews his Politicks, to let you ſee:
Of State Affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of Wit *and Poetry.*

EPILOGUE.

The younger Sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry———
Pox o'your gentle things give us more Sport;
—Damn me, I'm sure 'twill never please the Court.
Such Fops are never pleas'd, unless the Play
Be stuff'd with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:
Such might the Half-Crown spare, and in a Glass
At home behold a more Accomplisht Ass,
Where they may set their Cravats, Wigs and Faces,
And practice all their Buffoonry Grimaces:
See how this—Huff becomes—this Damny—stare—
Which they at home may act, because they dare,
But—must with prudent Caution do elsewhere.
Oh that our Nokes, *or* Tony Lee *cou'd show*
A Fop but half so much to th' Life as you.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

IN vain we labour to reform the Stage,
Poets have caught too the Diſeaſe o'th' Age,
That Peſt, Of not being quiet when they're well,
That reſtleſs Fever, in the Brethren Zeal:
In publick Spirits call'd, Good o'th' Commonweal.
Some for this Faction cry, others for that,
The pious Mobile for they know not what:
So tho by different ways the Fever ſeize,
In all 'tis one and the ſame mad Diſeaſe.
Our Author too, as all new Zealots do,
Full of Conceit and Contradiction too,
'Cauſe the firſt Project took, is now ſo vain,
T'attempt to play the old Game o're again:
The Scene is only chang'd, for who wou'd lay
A Plot, ſo hopeful, juſt the ſame dull way.
Poets, like Stateſmen, with a little change,
Paſs off old Politicks for new and ſtrange,
Tho' the few Men of Senſe decry't aloud,
The Cheat will paſs with the unthinking Crowd:
The Rabble 'tis we Court, thoſe powerful things,
Whoſe Voices can impoſe even Laws on Kings.
A Pox of Senſe and Reaſon, or dull Rules,
Give us an Audience that declares for Fools;
Our Play will then ſtand fair, we've Monſters too,
Which far exceed your City Pope for Show.
Almighty Rabble, 'tis to you this Day
Our humble Author Dedicates the Play,
From thoſe who in our lofty Tyre ſit,
Down to the dull State-Cullies of the Pit,
Who have much Money, and but little Wit.
Whoſe uſeful Purſes, and whoſe empty Skulls
To private Int'reſt make ye Publick Tools:
To work on Projects which the wiſer frame,
And of fine Men of Buſineſs get the Name.
You who have left Caballing here of late,
Imploy'd in matters of a mightier weight;
To you we make our humble Application,
You'd ſpare ſome time from your dear new Vocation:
(Of drinking deep, then ſettling the Nation,)
To countenance us, whom Commonwealths of old
Did the moſt politick Diverſion hold.

Plays

Plays were so useful thought to Government,
That Laws were made for their Establishment;
Howe're in Schools differing Opinions jar,
Yet all agree in the crowded Theatre,
Which none forsook in any Change or War.
That, like their Gods, unviolated stood,
Equally needful to the publick Good.
Throw then, Great Sirs, some vacant hours away,
And your Petitioners shall humbly pray, &c.

Dramatis Personæ.

Willmore, The Rover, in Love with *La Nuche*. Mr. *Smith*.
Beaumond, The *English* Ambassadors Nephew, in Love with *La Nuche*, Contracted to *Ariadne*. Mr. *Williams*.
Ned Blunt, An *English* Country Gentleman. Mr. *Underhil*.
Nicholas Fetherfool, An *English* Esq; his Friend. Mr. *Nokes*.
Shift, An *English* Lieutenant. Mr. *Wiltshier*.
Hunt, An Ensign, Friends and Officers to *Willm*. Mr. *Richards*.
Harlequin, *Willmore*'s Man.
Abevile, Page to *Beaumond*.
Don *Carlo*, An old Grandee, in Love with *La Nuche*. Mr. *Norice*.

Ariadne, The *English* Ambassador's Daughter-in-law, in Love with *Willmore*. Mrs. *Corror*.
Lucia, Her Kinswoman, a Girl. Mrs. *Norice*.
La Nuche, A *Spanish* Courtezan, in Love with the *Rover*. Mrs. *Barrey*.
Petronella Elenora, Her Bawd. Mrs. *Norice*.
Aurelia, Her Woman. Mrs. *Crofts*.
Sancho, Her Bravo.
An old *Jew*, Guardian to the two Monsters. Mr. *Freeman*.
A Woman *Giant*.
A *Dwarf* her Sister.

Scaramouche, Servants, Musicians, Operators and Spectators.

SCENE, *Madrid*.

THE

THE ROVER.

PART II.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

Enter Willmore, Blunt, Fetherfool, *and* Hunt, *two more in Campania Dresses*, Rag *the Captain's Boy.*

Will. STAY, this is the *Engliſh* Ambaſſadors, I'll inquire if *Beaumond* be return'd from *Paris*.

Feth. Prithee dear Captain no more Delays, unleſs thou thinkeſt he will invite us to Dinner; for this fine thin ſharp Air of *Madrid* has a moſt notable Faculty of provoking an Appetite: Prithee let's to the Ordinary.

Will. I will not ſtay—— [*Knocks, enter a Porter.*

——Friend, is the Ambaſſadors Nephew, Mr. *Beaumond*, return'd to *Madrid* yet? If he be, I would ſpeak with him.

Port. I'll let him know ſo much. [*Goes in, ſhuts the Door.*

Blunt. Whe, how now, What's the Door ſhut upon us?

Feth. And reaſon *Ned*, 'tis Dinner-time in the Ambaſſadors Kitchen, and ſhould they let the Savory ſteem out, what a world of Caſtilians would there be at the Door feeding upon't.

——Oh there's no living in *Spain* when the Pot's uncover'd.

Blunt. Nay, 'tis a Nation of the fineſt clean Teeth——

Feth. Teeth, 'Gad and they uſe their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard will laſt an Age.

Enter Shift *from the Houſe.*

Will. Honeſt Lieutenant———

Shift. My noble Captain——Welcom to *Madrid.* What Mr. *Blunt*, and my honoured Friend *Nicholas Fetherfool*, Eſq;

Feth. Thy Hand, honeſt *Shift*—— [*They embrace him.*

Will. And how Lieutenant, how ſtands Affairs in this unſanctify'd Town?—— How does Loves great Artillery, the fair *La Nuche!* from whoſe bright Eyes the little wanton God throws Darts to wound Mankind.

Shift. Faith, ſhe carries all before her ſtill; undoes her Fellow-traders in Loves Art: And amongſt the Number, old *Carlo de Minalva Segoſa* pays high for two Nights in a Week.

Will. Hah——*Carlo!* Death, what a greeting's here? *Carlo* the happy Man! A Dog! a Raſcal, gain the bright *La Nuche!* Oh Fortune! Curſed blind miſtaken Fortune: eternal Friend to Fools! Fortune! That takes the noble Rate from Man, to place it on her Idol Intereſt.

Shift. Whe faith Captain, I ſhould think her Heart might ſtand as fair for you as any, could you be leſs Satyrical— but by this Light, Captain, you return her Raillery a little too roughly.

Will. Her Raillery: By this Hand I had rather be handſomly abus'd than dully flatter'd; but when ſhe touches on my Poverty, my honourable Poverty, ſhe preſſes me too ſenſibly ——for nothing is ſo nice as Poverty———but damn her, I'll think of her no more: For ſhe's a Devil though her Form be Angel! Is *Beaumond* come from *Paris* yet?

Shift. He is, I came with him; he's impatient of your Return: I'll let him know you're here. [*Exit* Shift.

Feth. Whe, what a Pox ails the Captain o'th' ſuddain? He looks as ſullenly as a routed General, or a Lover, after hard Service.

Blunt. Oh——ſomething the Lieutenant has told him about a Wench, and when Cupid's in his Breeches the Devil's ever in's Head——how now— What a pox is the matter with you, you look ſo ſcurvily now———What's the Gentlewoman otherwiſe provided, has ſhe caſhier'd ye for want of Pay? Or what other dire Miſchance——hah——

Will. Do not trouble me———

Blunt. Adſheartlikins, but I will, and beat thee too, but I'll know the Cauſe. I heard *Shift* tell thee ſomething about *La Nuche*, a Damzel I have often heard thee Fool enough to ſigh for.

Will. Confound the mercenary Jilt!

Blunt.

Blunt. Nay, adſhartlikins they are all ſo; though I thought you had been Whore-proof; 'tis enough for us Fools, Country Gentlemen, Eſquires, and Cullies, to miſcarry in their Amorous Adventures, you Men of Wit weather all Storms you.

Will. Oh Sir, you're become a new Man, wiſe and wary, and can no more be couzen'd.

Blunt. Not by Woman-kind, and for Man I think my Swod will ſecure me, Pox *I* thought a two Months abſence and a Siege would have put ſuch Triſles out of thy Head: You do not uſe to be ſuch a Miracle of Conſtancy.

Will. That Abſence makes me think of her ſo much; and all the Paſſions thou find'ſt about me are to the Sex alone! give me a Woman *Ned*, a fine young Amorous Wanton, who would allay this Fire that makes me rave thus, and thou ſhouldſt find me no longer particular; and cold as Winter Nights to this *La Nuche*: Yet ſince I loſt my little charming Gipſey, nothing has gone ſo near my Heart as this.

Blunt. Ay there was a Girl, the only ſhe thing that could reconcile me to the Petticoats agen after my *Naples* Adventure, when the Quean rob'd and ſtript me.

Will. Oh name not *Hellena!* She was a Saint to be ador'd on Holy-days.

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Willmore! my careleſs wild Inconſtant——how is't my lucky Rover? [*Imbracing.*

Will. My Life! my Soul! How glad am *I* to find thee in my Arms again——and well——When left you *Paris? Paris* that City of Pottage and Crab-Wine, ſwarming with Lacquies and Philoes, whoſe Government is carried on by moſt Hands, not moſt Voices——and prethee how does *Belvill* and his Lady?

Beau. I left 'em both in Health at St. *Germans.*

Will. Faith *I* have wiſht my ſelf with ye at the old Temple of *Bacchus*, at St. *Clo*, to ſacrifice a Bottle and a Damzel to his Diety.

Beau. My conſtant Place of Worſhip whilſt there, tho' for want of new Saints my Zeal grew ſomething cold, which *I* was ever fain to ſupply with a Bottle, the old Remedy when *Phillis* is ſullen or abſent.

Will. Now thou talk'ſt of *Phillis*, prithee dear *Harry* what Women haſt in ſtore?

Beau. I'll tell thee; but firſt inform me whom theſe two Sparks are.

Will. Egad and ſo they are Child: Salute 'em——They are my Friends——True Blades *Hal*, highly guilty of the Royal Crime, poor and brave, loyal Fugitives.

Beau. I Love and Honour 'em, Sir, as ſuch—[*Bowing to* Blunt.

Blunt. Sir, there's neither Love nor Honour loſt.

Feth. Sir, I ſcorn to be behind hand in Civilities.

Beau. At firſt Sight I find I am much yours, Sir. [*To* Feth.

Feth. Sir, I Love and Honour any Man that's a Friend to Captain *Willmore*———and therefore I am Yours———

Enter Shift.

—Well honeſt Lieutenant how does thy Body——When ſhall *Ned*, and thou and *I*, crack a Biſket o'er a Glaſs of Wine, have a Slice of Treaſon, and ſettle the Nation, hah?

Lieu. You know, Squire I am devoted yours. [*They talk aſide.*

Beau. Prithee who are theſe?

Will. Whe, the firſt you ſaluted is the ſame *Ned Blunt* you have often heard *Belvill* and I ſpeak of: The other is a Rarity of another Nature, one Squire *Fetherfool* of *Croydon*, a tame Juſtice of Peace, who liv'd as innocently as Ale and Fool could keep him, till for a miſtaken Kindneſs to one of the Royal Party, he loſt his Commiſſion, and got the Reputation of a Sufferer: He's Rich, but covetous as an Alderman.

Beau. What a Pox do'ſt keep 'em Company for, who have neither Wit enough to divert thee, nor good Nature enough to ſerve thee?

Will. Faith *Harry* 'tis true, and if there were no more Charity than Profit in't, a Man would ſooner keep a Cough o'th' Lungs than be troubled with 'em, but the Raſcals have a blind ſide as all conceited Coxcombs have, which when I've nothing elſe to do, *I* ſhall expoſe to advance our Mirth; the Rogues muſt be couzen'd, becauſe they're ſo poſitive they never can be ſo—but I am now for ſofter Joys, for Woman, for Woman in abundance——Dear *Hall* inform me where *I* may ſafely unlaid my Heart.

Beau. The ſame Man ſtill, wild and wanton!

Will. And would not change to be the Catholick King.

Beau. I perceive Marriage has not tam'd you, nor a Wife who had all the Charms of her Sex.

Will. Ay———ſhe was too good for Mortals.

[*With a ſham Sadneſs.*

Beau. I think thou hadſt her but a Month, prithee how dy'd ſhe?

Will. Faith, e'en with a fit of Kindneſs poor Soul———ſhe would to Sea with me, and in a Storm———far from Land, ſhe gave up the Ghoſt——'twas a Loſs, but *I* muſt bear it with a Chriſtian Fortitude.

Beau. Short Happineſſes vaniſh like to dreams.

Will. Ay faith, and nothing remains with me but the ſad Remembrance——not ſo much as the leaſt Part of her hundred thouſand Crowns; *Bruxels* that inchanted Court has eas'd me

of

of that Grief, where our Hero's Act *Tantalus* better than ever *Ovid* deſcrib'd him, condemn'd daily to ſee an Apparition of Meat, Food in Viſion only: Faith *I* had Bowels, was good natur'd, and lent upon the publick Faith as far as 'twill go—— but come— let's leave this mortifying Diſcourſe, and tell me how the price of Pleaſure goes.

Beau. At the old Rates ſtill, he that gives moſt is happieſt, ſome few there are for Love!

Will. Ah, one of the laſt, dear *Beaumond*, and if a Heart or Sword can purchaſe her, I'll bid as fair as the beſt. Damn it, I hate a Whore that asks me Money.

Beau. Yet I have known thee venture all thy Stock for a new Woman.

Will. Ay, ſuch a Fool I was in my dull Days of Conſtancy, but *I* am now for Change, (and ſhould I pay as often, 'twould undo me)——for Change, my Dear, of Place, Cloaths, Wine, and Women. Variety is the Soul of Pleaſure, a good unknown and we want Faith to find it.

Beau. Thou wouldſt renounce that fond Opinion, *Willmore*, didſt thou but ſee a Beauty here in Town, whoſe Charms have Power to fix inconſtant Nature or Fortune were ſhe tottering on her Wheel.

Will. Her Name, my Dear, her Name!

Beau. *I* would not breath it even in my Complaints, leſt amorous Winds ſhould bear it o'er the World, and make Mankind her Slaves.

But that it is a Name too cheaply known,
And She that owns it may be as cheaply purchas'd.

Will. Hah! cheaply purchas'd too: *I* languiſh for her.

Beau. Ay, there's the Devil on't, She is—a Whore—

Will. Ah, what a charming Sound that mighty Word bears!

Beau. Damn her, ſhe'll be thine or any Bodies.

Will. *I* die for her——

Beau. Then for her Qualities——

Will. No more———ye Gods, I ask no more.
Be ſhe but fair and much a Whore———come let's to her.

Beau. Perhaps to morrow you may ſee this Woman.

Will. Death, 'tis an Age.

Feth. Oh, Captain, the ſtrangeſt News, Captain.

Will. Prithee what?

Feth. Whe, Lieutenant *Shift* here tells us of two Monſters arriv'd from *Mexico*, Jews of vaſt Fortunes, with an old Jew Uncle their Guardian; they are worth a hundred thouſand Pounds a piece———Mercy upon's, whe, 'tis a Sum able to purchaſe all *Flanders* again from his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.

Will. Ha, ha, ha, Monſters.

Beau. He tells you Truth, *Willmore*.

Blunt.

Blunt. But harkye, Lieutenant, are you ſure they are not married?

Beau. Marry'd! who the Devil would venture on ſuch formidable Ladies?

Feth. How, venture on 'em, by the Lord *Harry*, and that would I, though I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, and they be Jews, (which to a Chriſtian is a thouſand Reaſons.)

Blunt. Is the Devil in you to declare our Deſign. [*Aſide.*

Feth. Mum, as cloſe as a Jeſuit.

Beau. I admire your Courage, Sir, but one of them is ſo little, and ſo deform'd, 'tis thought ſhe is not capable of Marriage; and the other is ſo huge an overgrown Gyant, no Man dares venture on her.

Will. Prithee let's go ſee 'em; what do they pay for going in?

Feth. Pay————I'd have you to know they are Monſters of Quality.

Shift. And not to be ſeen but by particular Favour of their Guardian, whom I am got acquainted with, from the Friendſhip I have with the Merchant where they lay. The Gyant, Sir, is in love with me, the Dwarf with Enſign *Hunt*, and as we manage matters it may prove lucky.

Beau. And didſt thou ſee the Show; the Elephent and the Mouſe?

Shift. Yes, and pleas'd 'em wondrouſly with News I brought 'em of a famous Mountebank who is coming to *Madrid*, here are his Bills————who amongſt other his marvellous Cures, pretends to reſtore Miſtakes in Nature, to newmould a Face and Body through never ſo miſhapen, to exact Proportion and Beauty. This News has made me gracious to the Ladies, and I am to bring 'em word of the Arrival of this famous Empirick, and to negotiate the Buſineſs of their Reformation.

Will. And do they think to be reſtor'd to moderate ſizes?

Shift. Much pleas'd with the Hope, and are reſolv'd to try at any Rate.

Feth. Mum, Lieutenant————not too much of their Tranſformation; we ſhall have the Captain put in for a Share, and the Devil would not have him his Rival: *Ned* and I are reſolv'd to venture a Caſt for 'em as they are————Hah, *Ned.*

[*Will. and* Beau. *read the Bill.*

Blunt. Yes, if there were any Hopes of your keeping a Secret.

Feth. Nay, nay, *Ned*, the World knows I am a plaguy Fellow at your Secrets; that, and my Share of the Charge ſhall be my Part, for *Shift* ſays the Guardian muſt be brib'd for Conſent:

ſent: Now the other moyety of the Money and the Speeches ſhall be thy part, for thou haſt a pretty knack that way. Now *Shift* ſhall bring matters neatly about, and we'll pay him by the Day, or in groſs, when we are marry'd———hah *Shift*.

Shift. Sir, I ſhall be reaſonable.

Will. I am ſure *Fetherfool* and *Blunt* have ſome wiſe Deſign upon theſe two Monſters———it muſt be ſo———and this Bill has put an extravagant Thought into my Head—harkye *Shift*—

[*Whiſpers to him.*

Blunt. The Devil's in't if this will not redeem my Reputation with the Captain, and give him to underſtand that all the Wit does not lye in the Family of the *Willmore*'s, but that this Noddle of mine can be fruitful too upon Occaſion.

Feth. Ay, and Lord how we'll domineer, *Ned*, hah—over *Willmore* and the reſt of the Renegado Officers, when we have married theſe Lady Monſters, hah, *Ned!*

Blunt. ———Then to return back to *Eſſex* worth a Million.

Feth. And I to *Croyden*———

Blunt. ——Lolling in Coach and Six———

Feth. ——Be dub'd Right Worſhipful——

Blunt. And ſtand for Knight of the Shire.

Will. Enough——I muſt have my Share of this Jeſt, and for divers and ſundry Reaſons thereunto belonging, muſt be this very Mountebank expected.

Shift. Faith, Sir, and that were no hard matter, for a day or two the Town will believe it, the ſame they look for; and the Bank Operators and Muſick are all ready.

Will. Well enough, add but a *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, and I ſhall mount in querpo.

Shift. Take no Care for that, Sir, your Man, and Enſign *Hunt*, are excellent at thoſe two; I ſaw 'em Act 'em the other day to a wonder, they'll be glad of the Employment, my ſelf will be an Operator.

Will. No more, get it ready, and give it out, the Man of Art's arriv'd: Be diligent and ſecret, for theſe two politick Aſſes muſt be couzen'd.

Shift. I will about the Buſineſs inſtantly. [*Ex.* Shift.

Beau. This Fellow will do Feats if he keeps his Word.

Beau. I'll give you mine he ſhall———but, dear *Beaumond*, Where ſhall we meet anon?

Beau. I thank ye for that—'Gad, ye ſhall dine with me.

Feth. A good Motion———

Will. I beg your Pardon now, dear *Beaumond*—I having lately nothing elſe to do, took a Command of Horſe from the General at the laſt Siege, from which I am juſt arriv'd, and my Baggage is behind, which I muſt take order for.

Feth. Pox on't now there's a Dinner loſt, 'twas ever an unlucky Raſcal.

Beau. To tempt thee more, thou ſhalt ſee my Wife that is to be.

Will. Pox on't, I am the lewdeſt Company in Chriſtendom with your honeſt Women——but——What art thou to be noos'd then?

Beau. Tis ſo deſign'd by my Uncle, if an old Grandee my Rival prevent it not; the Wench is very Pretty, Young, and Rich, and lives in the ſame Houſe with me, for 'tis my Aunts Daughter.

Will. Much good may it d'ye *Harry*, I pity you, but 'tis the common Grievance of you happy Men of Fortune.

[*Goes towards the Houſe Door with* Beau.

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Petronella, Sancho, *Women veil'd a little.*

Aur. Heavens, Madam, is not that the *Engliſh* Captain? [*Looking on* Will.

La Nu. 'Tis, and with him *Don Henrick* the Ambaſſadors Nephew——how my Heart pants and heaves at ſight of him! ſome Fire of the old Flame's remaining, which I muſt ſtrive to extinguiſh. For I'll not bate a Ducat of this Price I've ſet upon my ſelf, for all the Pleaſures Youth or Love can bring me——for ſee *Aurelia*——the ſad Memento of a decay'd poor old forſaken Whore, in *Petronella*, conſider her, and then commend my Prudence.

Will. Hah, Women!——

Feth. Egad and fine ones too, I'll tell you that.

Will. No matter, Kindneſs is better Sawce to Woman than Beauty! By this Hand ſhe looks at me——Why doſt hold me? [Feth. *holds him.*

Feth. Whe, what a Devil art mad?

Will. Raging! as vigorous Youth kept long from Beauty: Wild for the charming Sex, eager for Woman! I long to give a Looſe to Love and Pleaſure.

Blunt. Theſe are not Women, Sir, for you to ruffle——

Will. Have a care of your Perſons of Quality, *Ned!* [*Goes to* La Nuche.

——Thoſe lovely Eyes were never made to throw their Darts in vain!

La. Nu. The Conqueſt would be hardly worth the Pain——

Will. Hah, *La Nuche*, with what a proud Diſdain ſhe flung away——ſtay, I will not part ſo with you—— [*Holds her.*

Enter

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia *with Footmen.*

Aria. Who are theſe before us, *Lucia?*

Luci. I know not, Madam, but if you make not haſte home you'll be troubled with *Carlo* your importunate Lover! Who is juſt behind us?

Aria. Hang me, a lovely Man! what Lady's that, ſtay.

Ped. What Inſolence is this? This Villain will ſpoil all——

Feth. Whe, Captain, are you quite diſtracted?——doſt know where thou art? Prithee be civil——

Will. Go Proud and Cruel! [*Turns her from him.*

Enter Carlo, *and two or three* Spaniſh *Servants following:* Petronella *goes to him.*

Car. Hah, affronted by a drunken Iſlander, a ſawcy Tramontane!——Draw—— [*To his Servants whilſt he takes.*
Whilſt I lead her off——fear not, Lady, you have the Honour of my Sword to guard ye!

Will. Hah *Carlo*——ye lye——it cannot guard the boaſting Fool that wears it——be gone——and look not back upon this Woman—— [*Snatches her from him.*
One ſingle Glance deſtroys thee——

[*They Draw and Fight*; Carlo *getting hindmoſt of his* Spaniards, *the* Engliſh *beat 'em off: The Ladies run away, all but* Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Luci. Heav'ns, Madam, why de ye ſtay?

Aria. To pray for that dear Stranger!——and ſee my Prayers are heard, and he's return'd in ſafety——this Door ſhall ſhelter me to o're-hear the Quarrel. [*Steps aſide.*

Enter Wil. Blunt, Feth. *looking big, and putting up his Sword.*

Feth. The noble Captain be affronted by a ſtarch'd Ruff and Beard, a Coward in querpo, a walking Bunch of Garlick, a pickle Pilchard! abuſe the Noble Captain, and bear it off in State, boto a Chriſtmas Sweet-heart, theſe things muſt not be whilſt *Nicholas Fetherfool* wears a Sword.

Blunt. Pox o' theſe Women, I thought no good would come on't; beſides, where's the Jeſt in affronting honeſt Women, if there be ſuch a thing in the Nation.

Feth. Hang't, 'twas the Devil and all——

Wil. Ha, ha, ha! Why gook honeſt homeſpun Countrey Gentlemen, Who do you think thoſe were?

Feth. Were! whe, Ladies of Quality going to their Devotion; who ſhould they be?

Blunt. Whe, faith, and ſo I thought too.

Wil. Whe, that very one Woman I ſpoke too, is ten Whores in *Surrey*.

Feth. Prithee ſpeak ſoftly Man: 'Slife, we ſhall be Poniarded for keeping thee Company.

Wil. Wiſe Mr. Juſtice, give me your Warrant, and if I do not prove 'em Whores, whip me.

Feth. Prithee hold thy ſcandalous blaſphemous Tongue, as if I did not know Whores from Perſons of Quality.

Wil. Will you believe me when you lie with her; for thou'rt a rich Aſs, and may'ſt do it.

Feth. Whores——ha, ha——

Wil. 'Tis ſtrange Logick now, becauſe your Band is better than mine, I muſt not know a Whore better than you.

Blunt. If this be a Whore, as thou ſay'ſt, I underſtand nothing——by this Light ſuch a Wench would paſs for a Perſon of Quality in *London*.

Feth. Few Ladies I have ſeen at a Sheriff's Feaſt have better Faces, or worn ſo good Cloaths, and by the Lord *Harry*, if theſe be of the Gentle Craft, I'd not give a Real for an honeſt Woman for my uſe.

Wil. Come follow me into the Church, for thither I am ſure they're gone; And I will let you ſee what a wretched thing you had been had you liv'd ſeven Years longer in *Surrey*, ſtew'd in Ale and Beef-broath.

Feth. O dear *Wilmore*, name not thoſe ſavory things, there's no Jeſting with my Stomach; it ſleeps now, but if it wakes, wo be to your Shares at the Ordinary.

Blunt. I'll ſay that for *Fetherfool*, if his Heart were but half ſo good as his Stomach, he were a brave Fellow, [*Aſide. Exeunt.*

Aria. I am reſolv'd to follow——and learn, if poſſible, who 'tis has made this ſudden Conqueſt o're me. [*All go off.*

[*Scene Draws, and diſcovers a Church, a great many People at Devotion, ſoft Muſick playing. Enter* La Nuch, Aurelia, Petron. *and* Sancho: *To them* Wilmore, Feth. Blunt; *then* Ariadne, Lucia: Feth. *bows to* La Nuche *and* Petronella.

Feth. Now as I hope to be ſav'd *Blunt*, ſhe's a moſt melodious Lady! Would I were worthy to purchaſe a Sin or ſo with her. Would not ſuch a Beauty reconcile thy Quarrel to the Sex?

Blunt. No, were ſhe an Angel in that Shape.

Feth. Why, what a pox couldſt not lie with her if ſhe'd let thee? By the Lord *Harry*, as errant a Dog as I am, I'd fain ſee any of *Cupid*'s Cook-maids put me out of Countenance with ſuch a Shoulder of Mutton.

Aria. See

Aria. See how he gazes on her—— *Lucia* go nearer and o'rehear 'em. [Lucia *liſtens.*

Wil. Death, how the charming Hypocrite looks to day, with ſuch a ſoft Devotion in her Eyes, as if even now ſhe were a praiſing Heav'n for all th'advantages t'has bleſt her with.

Blunt: Look how *Willmore* eyes her, the Rogue's ſmitten heart-deep——VVhores—

Feth: Only a Trick to keep her to himſelf—— he thought the Name of a *Spaniſh* Harlot would fright us from attempting—— I muſt divert him——how is't, Captain——Prithee mind this Muſick—— Is it not moſt Seraphical?

Wil. Pox, let the Fidlers mind and tune their Pipes, I've higher Pleaſures now.

Feth. Oh have ye ſo'; what with VVhores Captain—— 'Tis a moſt delicious Gentlewoman. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Pray, Madam, mind that Cavalier, who takes ſuch pains to recommend himſelf to you?

La Nu. Yes, for a fine conceited Fool——

Pet. Catſo, a Fool, what elſe?

La Nu. Right, they are our nobleſt Chapmen; a Fool, and a rich Fool, and an *Engliſh* rich Fool——

Feth. 'Sbud ſhe eyes me, *Ned*, I'll ſet my[illegible]n order, it may take—hah— [*Sets himſelf.*

Pet. Let me alone to manage him, I'll to him——

La Nu. Or to the Devil, ſo I had one Minute's time to ſpeak to *Willmore* in.

Pet. And accoſting him thus——Tell him——

La Nu. in a haſty Tone.] —I am deſperately in love with him, and am Daughter, Wife, or Miſtreſs to ſome Grandee— bemoan the Condition of Women of Quality in *Spain*, who by too much Conſtraint are obliged to ſpeak firſt——but were we bleſt like other Nations where Men and Women meet——

[*Speaking ſo faſt, ſhe offering to put in her word, is ſtill prevented by t'others running on.*

Pet. What Herds of Cuckolds would *Spain* breed—'Slife, I could find in my Heart to forſwear your Service: Have I taught ye your Trade to become my Inſtructor, how to couzen a dull Phlegmatick greaſie-brain'd Engliſh-man—go and expect your Wiſhes.

Wil. So, ſhe has ſent her Matron to our Coxcomb; ſhe ſaw he was a Cully fit for Game——who would not be a Raskal to be rich, a Dog, an Aſs, a beaten harden'd Coward— by Heaven, I will poſſeſs this gay Inſenſible, to make me hate her— moſt extremely curſe her—ſee——if ſhe be not fallen to Pray'r again, from thence to Flattery, Jilting and Purſe-taking, to make the Proverb good—— my fair falſe *Sybil*, what Inſpirati-

ons

ons are you waiting for from Heaven, new Arts to cheat Mankind!——Tell me, with what Face can'ſt thou be devout, or ask any thing from thence, who haſt made ſo lewd a uſe of what it has already laviſh'd on thee?

La Nu. Oh my careleſs Rover! I perceive all your Shot is not yet ſpent in Battel, you have a Volley in reſerve for me ſtill———Faith, Officer, the Town has wanted Mirth in your Abſence.

Wil. And ſo might all the wiſer part for thee, who haſt no Mirth, no Gayety about thee, but when thou wouldſt deſign ſome Coxcombs ruin; to all the reſt, a Soul thou haſt ſo dull, that neither Love nor Mirth, nor Wit or Wine can wake it to good Nature———thou'rt one who lazily work'ſt in thy Trade, and ſell'ſt for ready Money ſo much Kindneſs; a tame cold Sufferer only, and no more.

La Nu. What, you would have a Miſtreſs like a Squirrel in a Cage, always in Action——one who is as free of her Favours as I am ſparing of mine——well, Captain, I have known the time when *La Nuche* was ſuch a Wit, ſuch a Humour, ſuch a Shape, and ſuch a Voice, (tho' to ſay truth I ſing but ſcurvily) 'twas Com[illegible] ſee and hear me!

Wil. VV[illegible] Faith for once thou wer't, and for once may'ſt be a[illegible] till thou know'ſt thy Man, and know'ſt him to be Poor; at firſt you lik'd me too! you ſaw me Gay! no marks of Poverty dwelt in my Face or Dreſs! and then I was the deareſt lovelieſt Man———all this was to my out-ſide; Death, you made love to my Breeches, careſs'd my Garniture and Feather, an Engliſh Fool of Quality you thought me——'Sheart, I have known a VVoman doat on Quality, tho' he has ſtunk thro' all his Perfumes; one who never went all to Bed to her, but left his Teeth, an Eye, falſe Back and Breaſt, ſometimes his Palate too upon her Toylete, whilſt her fair Arms hug'd the diſmember'd Carcaſe, and ſwore him all Perfection, becauſe of Quality.

La Nu. But he was rich, good Captain, was he not?

Wil. Oh moſt damnably, and a confounded Blockhead, two certain Remedies againſt your Pride and Scorn.

La Nu. Have you done, Sir?

Wil. VVith thee and all thy Sex, of which I've try'd an hundred, and found none true or honeſt.

La Nu. Oh, I doubt not the number? for you are one of thoſe healthy ſtomacht Lovers, that can digeſt a Miſtreſs in a Night, and hunger again next Morning; a Pox of your whining Conſumptive Conſtitution, who are only conſtant for want of Appetite: you have a ſwinging Stomach to Variety, and VVant having ſet an Edge upon your Invention, (with which you

you cut through all Difficulties) you grow more impudent by Succeſs.

VVil. I am not always ſcorn'd then.

La Nu. I have known you as confidently put your Hand into your Pockets for Money in a Morning, as if the Devil had been your Banker, when you knew you put 'em off at Night as empty as your Gloves.

VVil. And it may be found Money there too.

La Nu. Then with this Poverty ſo proud you are, you will not give the VVall to the Catholick King, unleſs his Picture hung upon't; no Servants; no Money, no Meat, always on Foot, and yet undaunted ſtill.

Will. Allow me that, Child.

La Nu. I wonder what the Devil makes you ſo termagant on our Sex, 'tis not your high feeding, for your Grandees only dine, and that but when Fortune pleaſes—for your Parts, who are the poor Dependant, brown Bread and old *Adams* Ale is only currant amongſt ye, yet if little *Eve* walk in the Garden, the ſtarv'd lean Rogues neigh after her, as if they were in Paradiſe.

Wil. Still true to Love you ſee———

La Nu. I heard an *Engliſh* Capuchin ſwear, that if the Kings Followers could be brought to pray as well as faſt, there would be more Saints among 'em than the Church has ever canonis'd.

Will. All this with Pride I own, ſince 'tis a Royal Cauſe I ſuffer for, go purſue your Buſineſs your own way, inſnare the Fool—I ſaw the Toyls you ſet, and how that Face was ordered for the Conqueſt, your Eyes brimful of dying lying Love? and now and then a wiſhing Glance or Sigh thrown as by chance! which when the happy Coxcomb taught—you feign'd a Bluſh, as angry and aſham'd of the Diſcovery, and all this Cunning's for a little Mercenary Gain—fine Cloaths, perhaps ſome Jewels too, whilſt all the Finery cannot hide the Whore!

La Nu. There's your eternal Quarrel to our Sex, 'twere a fine Trade indeed to keep a Shop and give your Ware for Love, would it turn to account think ye, Captain, to trick and dreſs, to receive all wou'd enter, faith, Captain try the Trade.

Pet. What in Diſcourſe with this Railer——come away——Poverty's catching,

[*Returns from Diſcourſe with* Feth. *ſpeaks to* San.

Wil. So is the Pox, good Matron, of which you can afford good Penniworths.

La Nu. He charms me even with his angry Looks, and will undo me yet.

Pet. Let's leave this Place, I'll tell you my Succeſs as we go.

[*Ex. all, ſome one way, ſome another, the Forepart of the Church ſhuts over, except* Wil. Blunt, Aria. *and* Luc.

Wil. She's gone, and all the Plagues of Pride go with her.

Blunt. Heartlikins follow her——— Pox on't, an I'd but as good a Hand at this Game as thou haſt, I'd venture upon any Chance———

Wil. Damn her, come let's to Dinner, Where's *Fetherfool?*

Blunt. Follow'd a good Woodman, who gave him the Sign, he'll lodg the Deer e're Night.

Wil. Follow'd her——he durſt not, the Fool wants Confidence enough to look on her.

Blunt. Oh you know not how a Country Juſtice may be improv'd by Travel; the Rogue was hedg'd in at home with the Fear of his Neighbours and the Penal Statutes, now he's broke looſe, he runs neighing like a Stone-Horſe upon the Common.

Wil. However I'll not believe this———let's follow 'em.

[*Ex.* Wil. *and* Blunt.

Aria. He is in Love, but with a Curtizan—ſome Comfort that.
VVe'll after him———'Tis a faint hearted Lover
VVho for the firſt Diſcouragement gives over.

[*Exit* Ariadne *and* Lucia

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Fetherfool *and* Sancho, *paſſing over the Stage; after them* VVillmore *and* Blunt, *follow'd by* Ariadne *and* Lucia.

VVill. 'TIS ſo, by Heaven, he's chaffering with her Pimp. I'll ſpare my Curſes on him, for having her, he has a Plague beyond 'em.

———Harkye, I'll never love, nor lie with VVomen more, thoſe Slaves to Luſt, to Vanity and Intereſt.

Blunt. Ha, Captain! [*Shaking his Head and ſmiling.*

VVil. Come, let's go drink Damnation to 'em all.

Blunt. Not all, good Captain.

VVil. All, for I hate 'em all———

Aria. Heavens! if he ſhould indeed! [*Aſide.*

Blunt. But, *Robert*, I have found you moſt inclined to a Damſel when you had a Bottle in your Head.

VVil. Give me thy Hand, *Ned*——Curſe me, deſpiſe me, point me out for Cowardize if e're thou ſee'ſt me Court a VVoman more: Nay, when thou knoweſt I ask any of the Sex a civil Queſtion again—a Plague upon 'em, how they've handled me—come, let's go drink, I ſay—Confuſion to the Race—

a VVoman!————no, I will be burnt with my own Fire to Cinders e're any of the brood ſhall lay my Flame————

Aria. He cannot be ſo wicked to keep this Reſolution ſure—

[*She paſſes by.*

Faith I muſt be reſolv'd—you've made a pious Reſolution, Sir, had you the Grace to keep it————

[*Paſſing on he pauſes and looks on her.*

Wil. Hum————What's that?

Blunt. That——O——nothing——but a Woman——come away.

Will. A Woman! Damn her, what Miſchief made her croſs my way juſt on the Point of Reformation.

Blunt. I find the Devil will not loſe ſo hopeful a Sinner. Hold, hold, Captain, have you no Regard to your own Soul, 'Dſheartlikins 'tis a Woman, a very errant Woman.

Aria. Your Friend informs you right, Sir, I am a Woman.

Will. Ay Child, or I were a loſt Man—therefore dear lovely Creature————

Aria. ————How can you tell, Sir.

Will. Oh, *I* have naturally a large faith, Child, and thou'ſt a promiſing Form, a tempting Motion, clean Limbs, well dreſt, and a moſt damnable inviting Air.

Aria. I am not to be ſold, and ſo fond of Praiſe, I merit not.

Wil. How, not to be ſold too! By this light, Child, thou ſpeakeſt like a Cherubim, I have not heard ſo obliging a Sound from the Mouth of Woman-kind this many a Day————I find we muſt be better acquainted, my Dear.

Aria. Your Reaſon, good Familiar Sir, I ſee no ſuch Neceſſity.

Wil. Child, you are miſtaken, I am in great Neceſſity; for firſt *I* love thee—deſperatly—have *I* not damn'd my Soul already for thee, and wouldſt thou be ſo wicked to refuſe a little Conſolation to my Body? Then Secondly, I ſee thou art frank and good natur'd, and wilt do Reaſon gratis.

Aria. How prove ye that, good Mr. Philoſopher.

Wil. Thou ſay'ſt thou'rt not to be ſold, and I'm ſure thou'rt to be had—that lovely Body of ſo divine a Form, thoſe ſoft ſmooth Arms and Hands, were made t'imbrace as well as be imbrac'd, that delicate white riſing Boſom to be preſt, and all thy other Charms to be injoy'd.

Aria. By one that can eſteem 'em to their worth, can ſet a Value and a Rate upon 'em.

Will. Name not thoſe Words, they grate my Ears like Jointure, that dull conjugal Cant that frights the generous Lover! Rate—Death, let the old Dotards talk of Rates, and pay it t'attone for the

the Defects of Impotence. Let the ſly Stateſman, who Jilts the Commonwealth with his grave Politicks, pay for the Sin, that he may doat in Secret; let the brisk Fool Inch out his ſcanted Senſe with a large Purſe more eloquent than he: But tell not me of Rates who bring a Heart, Youth, Vigor, and a Tongue to ſing the Praiſe of every ſingle Pleaſure thou ſhalt give me.

Aria. Then if I ſhould be kind, I perceive you would not keep the Secret.

Wil. Secreſie is a damn'd ungrateful Sin, Child, known only where Religion and Small-beer are currant, deſpis'd where *Apollo* and the Vine bleſs the Country, you find none of *Jove*'s Miſtreſſes hid in Roots and Plants; but fixt Stars in Heaven for all to gaze and wonder at——and though I am no God, my Dear, I'll do a Mortals Part, and generouſly tell the admiring World what hidden Charms thou haſt: Come, lead me to ſome Place of Happineſs——

Blunt. Prithee, honeſt Damſel, be not ſo full of Queſtions, will a Piſtole or two do thee any hurt?

Luc. None at all, Sir——

Blunt. Thou ſpeaks like a Hearty Wench—and I believe haſt not been one of *Venus* Hand-maids ſo long, but thou underſtandſt thy Trade——in ſhort, fair Damzel, this honeſt Fellow here who is ſo Termagant upon thy Lady, is my Friend, my particular Friend, and therefore *I* would have him handſomly, and well-favour'dly abus'd—you conceive me.

Luc. Truly, Sir, a friendly Requeſt——but in what Nature abus'd?

Blunt. Nature!——why any of your Tricks would ſerve—but if he could be conveniently ſtrip'd and beaten, or toſt in a Blanket, or any ſuch trivial Buſineſs, thou wouldſt do me a ſingular Kindneſs; as for Robbery he defies the Devil: an empty Pocket is an Antidote againſt that Ill.

Luc. Your Money, Sir? and if he be not couzen'd, ſay a *Spaniſh* Woman has neither Wit nor Invention upon Occaſion.

Blunt. Shartlikins, how I ſhall Love and Honour thee for't——here's earneſt——

[*Talks to her with Joy, and Grimace.*

Aria. But who was that you entertain'd at Church but now?——

Will. Faith one, who for her Beauty merits that glorious Title ſhe wears, it was——a Whore, Child.

Aria. That's but a ſcurvy Name; yet, if I'm not miſtaken, in thoſe falſe Eyes of yours, they look with longing Love upon that——Whore, Child.

Wil. Thou art i'th' right, and by this hand, my Soul was full

full as wiſhing as my Eyes: but a Pox on't, you Women have all a certain Jargon, or Gibberiſh, peculiar to your ſelves; of Value, Rate, Preſent, Intereſt, Settlement, Advantage, *Price*, Maintenance, and the Devil and all of Fopperies, which in plain Terms ſignifie Ready Money, by way of Fine before Entrance, ſo that an honeſt well-meaning Merchant of Love finds no Credit amongſt ye, without his Bill of Lading.

Aria. VVe are not all ſo cruel——— but the Devil on't is, your good-natur'd Heart is likely accompanied with an ill Face—and worſe VVit.

Will. Faith, Child, a ready Diſh when a Man's Stomach is up, is better than a tedious Feaſt. I never ſaw any Man yet cut my piece; ſome are for Beauty, ſome are for VVit, and ſome for the Secret, but I for all, ſo it be in a kind Girl: and for VVit in VVoman, ſo ſhe ſay pretty fond things, we underſtand, though true or falſe, no matter.

Aria. Give the Devil his due, you are a very conſcientious Lover: I love a Man that ſcorns to impoſe dull Truth and Conſtancy on a Miſtreſs.

Will. Conſtancy, that currant Coin with Fools! No Child, Heaven keep that Curſe from our Doors.

Aria. Hang it, it loſes Time and *Profit*, new Lovers have new Vows and new *Preſents*, whilſt the old feed upon dull repetition of what they did when they were Lovers; 'tis like eating the cold Meat ones ſelf, after having given a Friend a Feaſt———

Will. —Yes, that's the thrifty Food for the Family when the Gueſts are gone. Faith, Child, thou haſt made a neat and a hearty Speech: But prithee, my Dear, for the future, leave out that ſame *Profit* and *Preſent*, for I have a natural Averſion to hard words; and for matter of quick Diſpatch in the Buſineſs——give me thy Hand, Child———let us but ſtart fair, and if thou outſtripſt me, thou'rt a nimble Racer.

[Lucia *ſees* Shift.

Luc. Oh, Madam, let's be gone: yonder's Lieutenant *Shift*, who, if he ſees us, will certainly give an Account of it to Mr. *Beaumond*. Let's get in through the Garden, I have the key—

Aria. Here's Company coming, and for ſeveral Reaſons *I* wou'd not be ſeen. [*Offers to go.*

Will. Gad, Child, not I; Reputation is tender——therefore prithee let's retire——— [*Offers to go with her.*

Aria. You muſt not ſtir a ſtep.

Will. Not ſtir! no Magick Circle can detain me if you go.

Aria. Follow me then at a diſtance, and obſerve where I enter; and at Night, (if your *Paſſion* laſts ſo long) return, and

you ſhall find Admittance into the Garden. [*Speaking haſtily.*

[*He runs out after her.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. VVell, *Sir*, the Mountebank's come, and juſt going to begin in the *Piazza:* I have order'd Matters, that you ſhall have a Sight of the Monſters, and leave to Court 'em, and when won, to give the Guardian a fourth part of the Portions.

Blunt. Good: But Mum——here's the Captain, who muſt by no means know our good Fortune, till he ſee us in State——

Enter Willmore, Shift *goes to him.*

Shift. All things are ready, Sir, for our Deſign, the Houſe prepar'd as you directed me, the Guardian wrought, by the Perſwaſions of the two Monſters, to take a Lodging there, and try the Bath of Reformation: The Bank's preparing, and the Operators andMuſick all ready, and the impatient Town flockt together to behold the Man of Wonders, and nothing wanting but your Donſhip and a proper Speech.

Will. 'Tis well, I'll go fit my ſelf with a Dreſs, and think of a Speech the while: In the mean time, go you and amuſe the gaping Fools that expect my coming. [*Goes out.*

Enter Fetherfool *Singing and Dancing.*

Feth. *Have you heard a* Spaniſh *Lady,*
How ſhe woo'd an Engliſh *Man;*

Blunt. Whe how now *Fetherfool?*

Feth. *Garments gay, and rich as may be*
Deckt with Jewels, had ſhe on.

Blunt. Whe how now, Juſtice, what, run mad out of the Dog-days?

Feth. *Of a comely Countenance and Grace is ſhe,*
A ſweeter Creature in the World there could not be.

Shift. Whe what the Devil's the matter, Sir?

Blunt. Stark mad, 'dſhartlikins.

Feth. *Of a comely Countenance*—— well, Lieutenant, the moſt Heroick and Illuſtrious Madona! Thou ſaw'ſt her, *Ned: And of a comely Counte*——— The moſt Magnetick Face——— well——— I knew the Charms of theſe Eyes of mine were not made in vain: I was deſign'd for great things, that's certain——— *And a ſweeter Creature in the World there could not be.*

[Singing.

Blunt. What, then the two Lady Monſters are forgotten? the Deſign upon the Million of Money, the Coach and Six, and *Patent* for Right Worſhipful? All drown'd in the Joy of this new Miſtreſs.

Blunt

Blunt. But well, Lieutenant, ſince he is ſo well provided for, you may put in with me for a Monſter; ſuch a Jeſt, and ſuch a Sum is not to be loſt.

Shift. Nor ſhall not, or I have loſt my Aim. [*Aſide.*

Feth. (*Putting off his Hat*) Your Pardons, good Gentlemen, and tho I perceive I ſhall have no great need for ſo trifling a Sum as a hundred thouſand Pound, or ſo, yet a Bargain's a Bargain, Gentlemen.

Blunt. Nay, 'Dſhartlikins, the Lieutenant ſcorns to do a foul thing, d'ye ſee, but we would not have the Monſters ſlighted.

Feth. Slighted! no, Sir, I ſcorn your VVords, I'd have ye to know, that I have as high a Reſpect for Madam Monſter, as any Gentleman in Chriſtendom, and ſo *I* deſire ſhe ſhould underſtand.

Blunt. VVhe, this is that that's handſom.

Shift. VVell, the Mountebank's come, Lodgings are taken at his Houſe, and the Guardian prepar'd to receive you, on the aforeſaid Terms, and ſome fifty *Piſtols* to the Mountebank to ſtand your Friend, and the Buſineſs is done.

Feth. Which ſhall be perform'd accordingly, I have it ready about me.

Blunt. And here's mine, put 'em together, and let's be ſpeedy, leſt ſome ſhould bribe higher, and put in before us.

[Feth. *takes the Money, and looks pitiful on't.*

Feth. 'Tis a plaguy round Sum, *Ned*, pray God it turn to Account.

Blunt. Account, 'Dſhartlikins, 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal man to couzen 'me.

Shift. Oh, fie, Sir, couzen you, *Sir*,——well, you'll ſtay here and ſee the Mountebank, he's coming forth.

[*A Hollowing. Enter from the Front a Bank, a Pageant, which they fix on the Stage at one ſide: a little Pavillion on't, Muſick Playing, and Operators round below or Antiquers.*

[*Muſick Plays, and an Antique Dance.*

Enter Willmore *like a Mountebank, with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Viol in the other*; Carlo *with other* Spaniards *below, and Rabble,* Ariadne *and* Lucia *above in the Ballcony, others on the other ſide,* Fetherfool *and* Blunt *below.*

Wil. (*bowing*) Behold this little Viol, which contains in its narrow Bounds, what the whole Univerſe cannot purchaſe, if ſold to its true Value; this admirable, this miraculous Elixer, drawn from the Hearts of Mandrakes, Phenix Livers, and Tongues of Maremaids, and diſtill'd by contracted Sun-Beams; has, beſides

ſides the unknown Vertue of curing all Diſtempers both of Mind and Body: that Divine one of animating the Heart of Man to that Degree, that however remiſs, cold and cowardly by Nature, he ſhall become vigorous and brave. Oh ſtupid and inſenſible Man, when Honour and ſecure Renown invites you, to treat it with Neglect, even when you need but paſſive Valour, to become the Heroes of the Age; receive a thouſand wounds, each of which wou'd let out fleeting Life: Here's that can ſnatch the parting Soul in its full Career, and bring it back to its Native Manſion; baffles grim Death, and diſappoints even Fate.

Feth. Oh Pox, and a Man were ſure of that now.

Wil. Behold, here's Demonſtration———

[Harliquin *ſtabs himſelf, who falls as dead.*

Feth. Hold, hold, whe, what the Devil, is the Fellow mad?

Blunt. Why, do'ſt think he'as hurt himſelf.

Feth. Hurt himſelf! whe he's murder'd Man; 'tis flat *Felo de ſe*, in any ground in *England*, if I underſtand Law, and I have been a Juſtice o'th' Peace.

Wil. See, Gentlemen, he's dead———

Feth. Look ye there now, I'll be gone leſt I be taken as an Acceſſary. [*Going out.*

Wil. Coffin him, Inter him, yet after four and twenty Hours, as many Drops of this divine Elixer gives him new Life again; this will recover whole Fields of ſlain, and all the Dead ſhall riſe and fight again——'twas this that made the Roman Legions numerous, and now makes *France* ſo formidable, and this alone——may be the Occaſion of the loſs of *Germany*.

[*Pours in* Harliquin's *Wound, he riſes.*

Feth. Whe this Fellow's the Devil, *Ned*, that's for certain.

Blunt. Oh plague, a damn'd Conjurer, this———

Wil. Come, buy this Coward's Comfort, quickly buy; what Fop would be abus'd, mimick'd and ſcorn'd, for fear of Wounds can be ſo eaſily cured? Who is't wou'd bear the Inſolence and Pride of domineering great Men, proud Officers or Magiſtrates? or who wou'd cringe to States-Men out of Fear? What Cully wou'd be cuckolded? What fooliſh Heir undone by cheating Gameſters? What Lord wou'd be Lampoon'd? What Poet fear the Malice of his Satyrical Brother, or Atheiſt fear to fight for fear of Death. Come, buy my Cowards Comfort, quickly buy.

Feth. Egad, *Ned*, a very excellent thing this; I'll lay out ten Reals upon this Commodity.

[*They buy, whilſt another Part of the Dance is danc'd.*

Will. Be

Wil. Behold, this little Paper, which contains a Powder whoſe Value ſurmounts that of Rocks of Diamonds and Hills of Gold; 'twas this made *Venus* a Goddeſs, and given her by *Apollo*, from her deriv'd to *Helen*, and in the Sack of *Troy* loſt, till recover'd by me out of ſome Ruins of *Aſia*. Come, buy it, Ladies, you that wou'd be fair and wear eternal Youth; and you in whom the Amorous Fire remains, when all the Charms are fled: You that dreſs young and gay, and would be thought ſo, that *Patch* and *Paint*, to fill up ſometimes old Furrows on your Brows, and ſet your ſelves for Conqueſt, though in vain; here's that will give you aubern Hair, white Teeth, red Lips, and Dimples on your Cheeks: Come, buy it all you that are paſt bewitching, and wou'd have handſom, young and active Lovers.

Feth. Another good thing, *Ned*.

Car. I'll lay out a *Piſtole* or two in this, if it have the ſame Effect on Men.

Wil. Come, all your City Wives, that wou'd advance your Husbands to Lord Mayors, come, buy of me new Beauty; this will give it though now decay'd, as are your Shop Commodities; this will retrieve your Cuſtomers, and vend your falſe and out of faſhion'd Wares: cheat, lye, proteſt and couzen as you pleaſe, a handſom Wife makes all a lawful Gain. Come, City Wives, come, buy.

Feth. A moſt prodigious Fellow.

[*They buy, he ſits, the other Part is danc'd.*

Wil. But here, behold the Life and Soul of Man! this is the Amorous Powder, which *Venus* made and gave the God of Love, which made him firſt a Deity; you talk of Arrows, Bow, and killing Darts; Fables, Poetical Fictions, and no more: 'tis this alone that wounds and fires the Heart, makes Women kind, and equals Men to Gods! 'tis this that makes your great Lady doat on the ill-favour'd Fop; your great Man be jilted by his little Miſtreſs, the Judge cajol'd by his Semſtreſs, and your Politician by his Comedian: your young Lady doat on her decripit Husband, your Chaplain on my Ladies Waiting-Woman, and the young Squire on the Landry-Maid—in fine Meſſieurs

'Tis this that Cures the Lover's Pain,
And Celia *of her cold Diſdain.*

Feth. A moſt devilliſh Fellow this!

Blunt. Hold, ſhartlikins, *Fetherfool*, let's have a Doſe or two of this Powder for quick Diſpatch with our Monſters.

Feth. Who Pox, Man, Jugg, my Giant, would ſwallow a whole Cart-Load before 'twould operate.

Blunt. No hurt in trying a Paper or two however.

Car. A moſt admirable Receipt, I ſhall have need on't.

Will. I need ſay nothing of my Divine Baths of Reformation, nor the wonders of the old Oracle of the Box, which Reſolves all Queſtions, my Bills ſufficiently declare their Vertue.

[*Sits down.*

[*They buy.*

Enter Petronella Elenora *carried in a Chair, Dreſs'd like a Girl of Fifteen.*

Shift. Room there, Gentlemen, room for a Patient.

Blunt. Pray, Seignior, who may this be thus muzl'd by old Gaffer Time?

Car. One *Petronella Elenora*, Sir, a famous out-worn Curtezan.

Blunt. Elenora, ſhe may be that of *Troy* for her Antiquity, though fitter for God *Priapus* to raviſh than *Paris*.

Shift. Hunt, a word, doſt thou ſee that ſame formal Politician yonder, on the Jennet, the nobler Animal of the two?

Hunt. What of him?

Shift. 'Tis the ſame drew on the Captain this Morning, and I muſt revenge the Affront.

Hunt. Have a care of Revenges in *Spain*, upon Perſons of his Quality.

Shift. Nay —— I'le only ſteal his Horſe from under him.

Hunt. Steal it, thou may'ſt take it by force perhaps, but how ſafely is a Queſtion?

Shift. I'le warrant thee —— ſhoulder you up one ſide of his great Saddle, I'le do the like on t'other; then heaving him gently up, *Harliquin* ſhall lead the Horſe, from between his Worſhip's Legs: All this in the Crowd will not be perceiv'd, where all Eyes are imploy'd on the Mountebank.

Hunt. I apprehend you now ——

[*Whilſt they are lifting* Petronella *on the Stage of the Mountbank, they go into the Crowd, ſhoulder up* Carlo's *Saddle,* Harliquin *leads the Horſe forward, whilſt* Carlo *is gazing, and turning up his Muſtacho's —— they hold him up a little while, then let him drop —— he riſes and ſtares about for his Horſe ——*

Car. This flat Conjuration.

Shift. What's your Worſhip on foot?

Hunt. I never ſaw his Worſhip on foot before.

Car. Sirra, none of your Jeſts, this muſt be by Diabolical Art, and ſhall coſt the Seignior dear—Men of my Garb Affronted — my Jennet vaniſht —— moſt miraculous, by St. *Jago*, I'le be revenged —— hah, what here —— *La Nuche* ——

[*Surveys her at a diſtance.*

Enter

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Sancho.

La Nu. We are purſu'd by *Beaumond*, who will certainly hinder our ſpeaking to *Willmore*, ſhould we have the good fortune to ſee him in this Crowd——and yet there's no avoiding him.

Beau. 'Tis ſhe, how carefully ſhe ſhuns me?

Aure. I'm ſatisfied he knows us by that jealous Concern which appears in that prying Countenance of his.

Beau. Stay, Cruel, Is it Love or Curioſity, that wings thoſe nimble Feet? [*Holds her.*

[Lucia *above and* Ariadne.] *Aria. Beaumond* with a Woman—

Beau. Have you forgot this is the glorious Day that uſhers in the Night ſhall make you mine? the happieſt Night that ever favour'd Love!

La Nu. Or if I have, I find you'll take care to remember me.

Beau. Sooner I could forget the Aids of Life, ſooner forget how firſt that Beauty charm'd me.

La Nu. Well, ſince your Memory's ſo good, I need not doubt your coming.

Beau. Still cold and unconcern'd! How have I doated, and how ſacrific'd, regardleſs of my Fame, lain idling here, when all the Youth of *Spain* were gaining Honour, valuing one Smile of thine above their Laurels?

La Nu. And in return, I do ſubmit to yield, preferring you above thoſe fighting Fools,

Who ſafe in Multitudes reap Honour cheaper.

Beau. Yet there is one—one of thoſe fighting Fools which ſhould'ſt thou ſee, I fear I were undone; brave, handſome, gay, and all that Women doat on, unfortunate in every good of Life, but that one Bleſſing of obtaining Women: Be wiſe, for if thou ſeeſt him thou art loſt———Why doſt thou bluſh?

La Nu. Becauſe you doubt my Heart, 'tis *Willmore* that he means. [*Aſide.*

——We've Eyes upon us, *Don Carlo* may grow Jealous, and he's a powerful Rival———at Night I ſhall expect ye.

Beau. Whilſt I prepare my ſelf for ſuch a Bleſſing. [*Ex.* Beau.

Car. Hah! a Cavalier in conference with *La Nuche*? and entertain'd without my knowledge! I muſt prevent this Lover, for he's young—and this Night will ſurpriſe her——— [*Aſide.*

Will. And you would be reſtor'd. [*To* Petro.

Pet. Yes, if there be that Divinity in your Baths of Reformation.

Will. There are.

New Flames ſhall ſparkle in thoſe Eyes;
And theſe Grey Hairs flowing and bright ſhall riſe:
Theſe Cheeks freſh Buds of Roſes wear,
And all your wither'd Limbs ſo ſmooth and clear,

As ſhall a general Wonder move,
And wound a thouſand Hearts with Love.

Blunt. A Bleſſing on you, Sir, there's fifty Piſtoles for you, and as I earn it you ſhall have more. [*They lift her down.*

[*Exit* Willmore *bowing.*

Shift. Meſſieurs, 'tis late, and the Seignior's Patients ſtay for him at his Laboratory, to Morrow you ſhall ſee the concluſion of this Experiment, and ſo I humbly take my leave at this time.

Enter Willmore, *below ſees* La Nuche, *makes up to her, whilſt the laſt part of the Dance is Dancing.*

La Nu. What makes you follow me, Sir?

[*She goes from him, he purſues.*

Will. Madam, I ſee ſomething in that lovely Face of yours, which if not timely prevented, will be your ruin: I'm now in haſte, but I have more to ſay——— [*Goes off.*

La Nu. Stay, Sir,—he's gone—and fill'd me with a curioſity that will not let me reſt till it be ſatisfied: Follow me, *Aurelia*, for I muſt know my Deſtiny. [*Goes out.*

[*The Dance ended, the Bank removes, the People go off.*

Feth. Come, *Ned*, now for our Amorous Viſit to the two Lady Monſters. [*Ex.* Feth. *and* Blunt.

SCENE *Changes to a fine Chamber.*

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Aria. I'm thoughtful: Prithee, Couſin, ſing ſome fooliſh Song———

SONG.

Phillis *whoſe Heart was unconfin'd,*
And free as Flowers *on Meads and Plains.*
None boaſted of her being kind,
'Mongſt all the Languiſhing and Amorous Swains:
No Sighs nor Tears the Nimph could move [Bis.
To pity, or return their Love.

'Till on a time, the hapleſs Maid
Retir'd, to ſhun the heat o'th' Day,
Into a Grove beneath, whoſe Shade
Strephon, *the carleſs Shepherd, ſleeping lay:*
But oh ſuch Charms the Youth adorn, [Bis.
Love is reveng'd for all her ſcorn.

Her

Her Cheeks with Bluſhes covered were,
And tender Sighs her Boſom warm;
A ſoftneſs in her Eyes appear,
Unuſual Pains ſhe feels from every Charm:
To Woods and Ecchoes now ſhe cries, [Bis.
For Modeſty to ſpeak denies.

Aria. Come, help to undreſs me, for I'le to this Mountebank, to know what ſucceſs I ſhall have with my Cavalier.

[*Unpins her things before a great Glaſs that is faſten'd.*

Luc. You are reſolv'd then to give him admittance.

Aria. Where's the danger of a handſome young Fellow.

Luc. But you don't know him, Madam.

Aria. But I deſire to do, and time may bring it about without Miracle.

Luc. Your Couſin *Beaumond* will forbid the Banes.

Aria. No, nor old *Carlos* neither: My Mother's precious Choice, who is as ſolicitous for the old Gentleman, as my Father-in-Law is for his Nephew. Therefore, *Lucia*, like a good and gracious Child, I'le end the Diſpute between my Father and Mother, and pleaſe my ſelf in the choice of this Stranger, if he be to be had.

Luc. I ſhould as ſoon be enamour'd on the North Wind, a Tempeſt, or a Clap of Thunder. Bleſs me from ſuch a Blaſt.

Aria. I'd have a Lover rough as Seas in Storms, upon occaſion; I hate your dull temperate Lover, 'tis ſuch a husbandly quality! like *Beaumond*'s Addreſſes to me, whom neither joy nor anger puts in motion; of if it do, 'tis viſibly forc'd —— I'm glad I ſaw him entertain a Woman to day, not that I care, but wou'd be fairly rid of him.

Luc. You'l hardly mend your ſelf in this.

Aria. What, becauſe he held Diſcourſe with a Courtezan.

Luc. Why, is there no danger in her Eyes, do ye think?

Aria. None that I fear, that Stranger's not ſuch a fool to give his Heart to a common Woman, and ſhe that's concern'd where her Lover beſtows his Body, were I the Man, I ſhould think ſhe had a mind to't her ſelf.

Luc. And reaſon, Madam, in a lawful way, 'tis your due.

Aria. What all? unconſcionable *Lucia!* I am more merciful; but be he what he will, I'll to this Cunning Man to know whether ever any part of him ſhall be mine.

Luc. Lord, Madam, ſure he's a Conjurer.

Aria. Let him be the Devil, I'le try his Skill, and to that end, will put on a Suit of my Couſin *Endymion*'s; there are two or three

three very pretty ones of his in the Wardobe, go carry 'em to my Chamber, and we'll fit our ſelves and away——Go haſte whilſt I undreſs. [*Ex.* Lucia.

[Ariadne *undreſſing before the Glaſs.*

Enter Beaumond *tricking himſelf, and looks on himſelf.*

Beau. Now for my charming Beauty, fair *La Nuche*—hah—*Ariadne*——damn the dull Property, how ſhall *I* free my ſelf.

[*She turns, ſees him, and walks from the Glaſs, he takes no notice of her, but tricks himſelf in the Glaſs, humming a Song.*

Aria. Beaumond, what Devil brought him hither to prevent me: I hate the formal Matrimonial Fop. [*Walks about and ſings.*

Somme nous pas trope heureux
Bell Iriſe que nous enſemble.

——A Devil on him, he may chance to plague me till Night, and hinder my dear Aſſignation. [*Sings again.*

La Nuite eſt ſe ſombre voiles
Coverie, no us deſires ardant;
Et l'Amour eſt les Etoyles,
Son nous ſecret confidents.

Beau. Pox on't, how dull am I at excuſe.

[*Sets his Wig in the Glaſs, and ſings.*

A Pox of Love and Women-kind,
And all the Fops adore 'em.

[*Puts on his Hat, Cocks it, and goes to her.*

How is't Cuz?

Aria. So, here's the ſaucy freedom of a Husband Lover—a bleſt Invention this of marrying who e're firſt found it out.

Beau. Damn this *Engliſh* Dog of a Periwig-maker, what an ungainly Air it gives the Face, and for a Wedding Periwig too—how do'ſt thou like it, *Ariadne*—— [*Uneaſie.*

Aria. As ill as the Man——I perceive you have taken more care for your Periwig than your Bride.

Beau. And with reaſon, *Ariadne*, the Bride was never the care of the Lover, but the buſineſs of the Parents; 'tis a ſerious Affair, and ought to be manag'd by the Grave and Wiſe: Thy Mother and my Uncle have agreed the Matter, and would it not look very ſillily in me now to whine a tedious Tale of Love in your Ear, when the buſineſs is at an end, 'tis like ſaying a Grace when a Man ſhould give Thanks,

Aria,

Aria. Why did not you begin ſooner then?

Beau. Faith, *Ariadne*, becauſe I know nothing of the Deſign in hand; had I had civil warning, thou ſhouldſt have had as pretty ſmart Speeches from me, as any Coxcomb Lover of 'em all could have made thee.

Aria. I ſhall never marry like a *Jew* in my own Tribe; I'd rather be poſſeſt by honeſt old doating Age, than by ſawcy conceited Youth, whoſe Inconſtancy never leaves a Woman ſafe, or quiet.

Beau. You know the Proverb of the half Loaf, *Ariadne*, a Husband that will deal thee ſome Love, is better than one who can give thee none? you would have a bleſſed time on't with old Father *Carlo*.

Aria. No matter, a Woman may with ſome lawful excuſe Cuckold him, and 'twould be ſcarce a Sin———

Beau. Not ſo much as lying with him, whoſe Reverend Age wou'd make it look like Inceſt.

Aria. But to marry thee—— would be a Tyranny from whence there's no Appeal: A Drinking Whoring Husband, 'tis the Devil———

Beau. You are deceiv'd, if you think *Don Carlo* more chaſte than I; only duller, and more a Miſer, one that fears his Fleſh more, and loves his Money better.

——Then to be condemn'd to lye with him——oh, who would not rejoyce to meet a Woollen-Waiſtcoat, and knit Night-Cap without a Lining, a Shirt ſo naſty, a cleanly Ghoſt would not appear in't at the latter Day; then the compound of naſty Smells about him, ſtinking Breath, Muſtachoes ſtuft with villanous Snuſh, Tobacco, and hollow Teeth; thus prepar'd for Delight, you meet in Bed, where you may lye and ſigh whole Nights away, he ſnores it out 'till Morning, and then riſes to his ſordid buſineſs.

Aria. All this frights me not; 'tis ſtill much better than a keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife can oblige.

Beau. Oh, you know not the good Nature of a Man of Wit, at leaſt I ſhall bear a Conſcience, and do thee reaſon, which Heaven denies to old *Carlo*, were he willing.

Aria. Oh, he talks as high, and thinks as well of himſelf as any young Coxcomb of ye all.

Beau. He has reaſon, for if his Faith were no better than his Works, he'd be damn'd.

Aria. Death, who wou'd marry, who wou'd be chaffer'd thus, and ſold to Slavery? I'd rather buy a Friend at any Price that I could Love and Truſt.

Beau. Ay! could we but drive on ſuch a Bargain?

Aria.

Aria. You ſhould not be the Man; you have a Miſtriſs, Sir, that has your Heart, and all your ſofter Hours: I know't, and if I were ſo wretched as to marry thee, muſt ſee my Fortune laviſht out on her, her Coaches, Dreſs, and Equipage exceed mine by far: Poſſeſs ſhe all the day thy Hours of Mirth, good Humour and Expence, thy Smiles, thy Kiſſes, and thy Charms of Wit. Oh how you talk and look when in her Preſence! but when with me.

A Pox of Love and Woman-kind, [*Sings.*
And all the Fops adore 'em.

How is't Cuz——then ſlap, on goes the Beaver, which being cock'd, you bear up briskly, with the Second Part to the ſame Tune——Harkye, Sir, let me adviſe you to pack up your Trumpery and be gone: Your Honourable Love, your Matrimonial Foppery, with your other Trinkets thereunto belonging, or I ſhall talk aloud, and let your Uncle hear you.

Beau. Sure ſhe cannot know I love *La Nuche.* [*Aſide.*
The Devil take me, ſpoil'd! What Raſcal has inveagled thee? What lying fawning Coward has abus'd thee? When fell you into this Lewdneſs? Pox, thou art hardly worth the loving now, that canſt be ſuch a fool, to wiſh me Chaſte, or love me for that Vertue: or that wouldſt have me a Ceremonious Whelp, one that makes handſom Legs to Knights without laughing, or with a ſneaking modeſt Squiriſh Countenence, aſſure you, I have my Maiden-head: A Curſe upon thee, the very thought of Wife has made thee formal.

Aria. I muſt diſſemble, or he'll ſtay all day to make his peace again——why, have you ne're——a Miſtreſs then?

Beau. A hundred, by this day, as many as I like, they are my Mirth, the buſineſs of my looſe and wanton Hours; but thou art my Devotion: The grave, the ſolemn Pleaſure of my Soul——Pox, would I were handſomly rid of thee too.
——Come, I have buſineſs,——ſend me pleas'd away.

Aria. Would to Heaven thou wert gone—— [*Aſide.*
——You're going to ſome Woman now——

Beau. Oh damn the Sex, I hate 'em all—but thee—farewell my pretty jealous——ſullen——fool—— [*Goes out.*

Aria. Farewel, believing Coxcomb—— [*Enter* Lucia.

Lucia. Madam, the Cloaths are ready in your Chamber.

Aria. Let's haſt and put 'em on then. [*Runs out.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I. *A Houſe.*

Enter Fetherfool *and* Blunt, *ſtaring about, after them* Shift.

Shift. WELL, Gentlemen this is the Doctor's Houſe, and your fifty Piſtoles has made him intirely yours; the Ladies too are here in ſafe Cuſtody——Come, draw Lots who ſhall have the Dwarf, and who the Giant.

[*They Draw.*

Feth. I have the Giant.

Blunt. And I the little tiny Gentlewoman.

Shift. Well, you ſhall firſt ſee the Ladies, and then prepare for your Uncle *Moſes*, the old *Jew* Guardian, before whom you muſt be very grave and ſententious! You know the old Law was full of Ceremony.

Feth. Well, I long to ſee the Ladies, and to have the firſt Onſet over.

Shift. I'll cauſe 'em to walk forth immediately. [*Goes out.*

Feth. My Heart begins to fail me plaguily—— would I could ſee 'em a little at a Diſtance before they come ſlap daſh upon a Man, [*Peeping.*

——Hah!——Mercy upon us!——What's yonder!—Ah *Ned*, my Monſter as big as the Whore of *Babylon*——Oh I'm in a cold Sweat——

[Blunt *pulls him to peep, and both do ſo.*

——Oh *Lord!* ſhe's as tall as the St. *Chriſtopher* in *Notre-dam* at *Paris*, and the little one looks like the Chriſto upon his Shoulders——I ſhall ne're be able to ſtand the firſt Brunt.

Blunt. 'Dſhartlikins whither art going? [*Pulls him back.*

Feth. ——Whe only—— to—— ſay my Prayers a little—I'll be with thee preſently. [*Offers to go, he pulls him.*

Blunt. What a Pox art thou afraid of a Woman——

Feth. Not of a Woman, *Ned*, but of a She *Garigantua*: I am of a *Hercules* in Petticoats.

Blunt. The leſs Reſemblance the better. 'Shartlikins, I'd rather mine were a *Centaure* than a Woman: No, ſince my *Naples* Adventure, I am clearly for your Monſter.

Feth. Prithee, *Ned*, there's Reaſon in all things——

Blunt. But villanous Woman——'Dſhartlikins, ſtand your Ground, or I'll nail ye to't: Whe, what a Pox are you ſo

quezy

queazy ſtomach'd, a Monſter wont down with you, with a hundred thouſand Pound to boot. [*Pulling him.*

Feth. Nay, *Ned*, that mollifies ſomething; and I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid of *Nich. Fetherfool* that he left his Friend in Danger, or did an ill thing: therefore, as thou ſay'ſt, *Ned*, tho' ſhe were a *Centaure*, I'll not budg an Inch.

Blunt. Whe God a Mercy.

Enter the Giant and Dwarf, with them Shift *as an Operator.*

Feth. Oh———they come——— Pritheee, *Ned*, advance—— [*Puts him forward.*

Shift. Moſt beautiful Ladies.

Feth. Whe, what a flattering Son of a Whore's this?

Shift. Theſe are the illuſtrious Perſons your Uncle deſigns your humble Servants, and who have ſo extraordinary a Paſſion for your Seignioraſhips.

Feth. Oh yes, a moſt damnable one: Wou'd I were cleanlily off the Lay, and had my Money again.

Blunt. Think of a Million, Rogue, and do not hang an Arſe thus.

Giant. What, does the Cavalier think I'll devour him? [*To* Shift.

Feth. Something inclin'd to ſuch a Fear.

Blunt. Go and ſalute her, or, Adſhartlikins, I'll leave you to her *Mercy*,

Feth. Oh dear, *Ned*, have *Pity* on me———but as for ſaluting her, you ſpeak of more than may be done, dear Heart, without a Scaling Ladder. [*Exit* Shift.

Dwarf. Sure, Segnior *Harliquin*, theſe Gentlemen are Dumb.

Blunt. No, my little diminitive *Miſtriſs*, my ſmall Epitomy of Woman-kind, we can prattle when our Hands are in, but we are raw and baſhful, young Beginners, for this is the firſt time we ever were in Love: we are ſomething aukard, or ſo, but we ſhall come on in time, and mend upon Incouragement.

Feth. *Pox* on him, what a delicate Speech has he made now,———'Gad, I'd give a thouſand *Pound* a Year for *Ned*'s Conciſe Wit, but not a Groat for his Judgment in Woman-kind.

Enter Shift *with a Ladder, ſets it againſt the Giant, and bows to* Fetherfool.

Shift. Here Segnior, Don, Approach, mount, and ſalute the Lady.

Feth.

Feth. Mount, whe, 'twou'd turn my Brains to look down from her Shoulders——But hang't, 'Gad, I will be brave and venture. [*Runs up the Ladder, ſalutes her, and runs down again.*

And Egad this was an Adventure and a bold one—— but ſince I am come off with a whole Skin, I am fleſht for the next onſet.——*Madam*—— has your Greatneſs any mind to marry—— [*Goes to her, ſpeaks, and runs back.* Blunt *claps him on the Back.*

Giant. What if I have?

Feth. Whe then, *Madam*, without inchanted Sword or Buckler, I am your *Man*.

Giant. My *Man*? my *Mouſe*. I'll marry none whoſe *Perſon* and Courage ſhall not bear ſome *Proportion* to mine.

Feth. Your *Mightineſs*, *I* fear will die a *Maid* then.

Giant. I doubt you'll ſcarce ſecure me from that Fear, who court my Fortune, not my Beauty.

Feth. Hu, how ſcornful ſhe is, I'll warrant you——whe, I muſt confeſs, your *Perſon* is ſomething Heroical and *Maſculine*, but I proteſt to your Highneſs, *I* Love and Honour ye.

Dwarf. Prithee, Sifter, be not ſo coy, I like my Lover well enough, and if Seignior *Mountebank* keep his Word in making us of reaſonable *Proportions*, I think the Gentlemen my ſerve for Husbands.

Shift. Diſſemble, or you betray your Love for us. [*Aſide to the Giant.*

Giant. And if he do keep his Word, I ſhould make a better Choice, not that I would change this noble Frame of mine, cou'd I but meet my *Match*, and keep up the firſt Race of *Man* intire: But ſince this ſcanty World affords none ſuch, I to be happy, muſt be new created, and then ſhall expect a wiſer Lover.

Feth. Whe, what a peeviſh Titt's this; nay, look ye, *Madam*, as for that matter, your Extraordinarineſs may do what you pleaſe——but 'tis not done like a *Monſter* of Honour, when a *Man* has ſet his Heart upon you, to caſt him off—— Therefore I hope you'll pity a deſpairing Lover, and caſt down an Eye of Conſolation upon me, for I vow, moſt Amazonian *Princeſs*, *I* love ye as if Heaven and Earth wou'd come together.

Dwarf. My Sifter will do much, I'm ſure, to ſave the *Man* that loves her ſo paſſionately——ſhe has a Heart.

Feth. And a ſwinger 'tis——'Sbud——ſhe moves like the Royal Soveraign, and is as long a Tacking about. [*Aſide.*

Giant. Then your Religion, Sir.

Feth. Nay, as for that, Madam, we are *Engliſh*, a Nation I thank God, that ſtand as little upon Religion as any Nation under the Sun, unleſs it be in Contradiction; and at this time, have ſo many amongſt us, a Man knows not which to turn his Hand to——neither will I ſtand with your Hugenſs for a ſmall mater of Faith or ſo—Religion ſhall break no ſquares.

Dwarf. I hope, Sir, you are of your Friends Opinion.

Blunt. My little Spark of a Diamond, I am, I was born a *Jew*, with an Averſion to Swines Fleſh.

Dwarf. Well, Sir, I ſhall haſten Seignior Doctor to compleat my Beauty, by ſome ſmall Addition, to appear the more grateful to you.

Blunt. Lady, do not trouble your ſelf with tranſitory Parts, 'Dſhartlikins thou'rt as handſom as needs be for a Wife.

Dwarf. A little taller, Seignior, would not do amiſs, my younger Siſter has got ſo much the Start of me.

Blunt. In troth ſhe has, and now I think on't, a little taller wou'd do well for Propagation; I ſhould be loth the Poſterity of the Antient Family of the *Blunts* of *Eſſex* ſhould dwindle into Pigmies or Fayries.

Giant. Well, Seigniors, ſince you come with your Uncles liking, we give ye leave to hope, hope——and be happy——

[*They go out.*

Feth. Egad, and that's great and gracious——

Enter Willmore *and an Operator.*

Wil. Well, Gentlemen, and how like you the Ladies?

Blunt. Faith well enough for the firſt Courſe, Sir.

Wil. The Uncle, by my indeavour, is intirely yours——but whilſt the Baths are preparing, 'twould be well if you would think of what Age, Shape, and Complexion you would have your Ladies form'd in.

Feth. Why, may we chuſe, Mr. Doctor?

Will. What Beauties you pleaſe.

Feth. Then will I have my Giant, *Ned*, juſt ſuch another Gentlewoman as I ſaw at Church to day——and about ſome fifteen.

Blunt. Hum, fifteen—I begin to have a plaguy Itch about me too, towards a handſom Damſel of fifteen, but firſt let's marry, leſt they ſhould be boyled away in theſe Baths of Reformation.

Feth. ——But, Doctor, can you do all this without the help of the Devil?

Will. Hum, ſome ſmall Hand he has in the Buſineſs: we make an Exchange with him, give him the clippings of the Giant for ſo much of his Store as will ſerve to build the Dwarf.

Blunt. Whe,

Blunt. Whe, then mine will be more than three Parts Devil, Mr. Doctor.

Wil. Not ſo, the Stock is only Devil, the Graft is your own little Wife inoculated.

Blunt. Well, let the Devil and you agree about this matter as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Enter Shift *as an Operator.*

Seiſt. Sir, there is without a Perſon of an extraordinary Size wou'd ſpeak with you. *Wil.* Admit him.

Enter Harliquin, *Uſhers in* Hunt *as a Giant.*

Feth. Hah——ſome o'regrown Rival on my Life.

[Feth. *gets from it.*

Wil. What the Devil have we here? [*Aſide.*

Hunt. Bezolos mano's, Seignior, I underſtand there is a Lady whoſe Beauty and Proportion can only merit me; I'll ſay no more——but ſhall be grateful to you for your Aſſiſtance——

Feth. 'Tis ſo——

Hunt. The Devil's in't if this does not fright 'em from a farther Courtſhip—— [*Aſide.*

Wil. Fear nothing, Seignior——Seignior, you may try your Chance, and viſit the Ladies. [*Talks to* Will.

Feth. Whe, where the Devil could this Monſter conceal himſelf all this while, that we ſhould neither ſee nor hear of him?

Blunt. Oh—he lay diſguiz'd; I have heard of an Army that has done ſo.

Feth. Pox, no ſingle Houſe cou'd hold him.

Blunt. No—he diſpos'd himſelf in ſeveral parcels up and down the Town, here a Leg, and there an Arm; and hearing of this proper Match for him, put himſelf together to court his Fellow Monſter.

Feth. Good Lord! I wonder what Religion he's of.

Blunt. Some Heathen Papiſt, by his notable Plots and Contrivances.

Wil. 'Tis *Hunt*, that Rogue—— [*Aſide.*
Sir, I confeſs there is great Power in ſimpathy—— Conduct him to the Ladies—— [*He tries to go in at the Door.*
——I am ſorry you cannot enter at that low Door, Seignior, I'll have it broken down——

Hunt. No, Seignior, I can go in at twice.

Feth. How, at twice, what a Pox can he mean?

Will. Oh, Sir, 'tis a frequent thing by way of Inchantment.

[Hunt *being all Doublet, leaps off from another Man who is all Britches, and goes out, Britches follows ſtalking.*

Feth. Oh Pox, Mr. Doctor, this muſt be the Devil.

Wil. Oh fie, Sir, the Devil, no, 'tis all done by an inchanted Girdle———theſe damn'd Raſcals will ſpoil all by too groſs an Impoſition on the Fools.

Feth. This is the Devil, *Ned*, that's certain———but harkye, Mr. Doctor, *I* hope I ſhall not have my Miſtriſs inchanted from me by this inchanted Rival, hah?

Wil. Oh, no, Sir, the Inquiſition will never let 'em marry, for fear of a Race of Giants, 'twill be worſe than the Invaſion of the *Moors*, or the *French*, but go—think of your Miſtriſſes Names and Ages, here's Company, and you wou'd not be ſeen.

[*Ex.* Blunt *and* Feth.

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Will. *bows to her.*

La Nu. Sir, the Fame of your excellent Knowledge, and what you ſaid to me this day, has given me a Curioſity to learn my Fate, at leaſt that Fate you threatned.

Wil. Madam, from the Oracle in the Box you may be reſolved any Queſtion—— [*Leads her to the Table where ſtands a Box full of Balls, ſtares on her.*

———How lovely every abſent minute makes her—— Madam, be pleas'd to draw from out this Box what Ball you will.

[*She Draws, he takes it, and gazes on her and on it.*

Madam, upon this little Globe is character'd your Fate and Fortune; the Hiſtory of your Life to come and paſt——firſt, Madam——you're——a Whore.

La Nu. A very plain beginning.

Will. My Art ſpeaks ſimple Truth; the Moon is your Aſcendant, that covetous Planet that borrows all his Light, and is in oppoſition ſtill to *Venus*, and—Intereſt more prevails with you than Love! yet here I find a croſs——intruding Line—that does inform me—you have an itch that way, but Intereſt ſtill oppoſes: you are a ſlaviſh mercenary Proſtitute.

La Nu. Your Art is ſo, though call'd Divine! and all the Univerſe is ſway'd by Intereſt, and wou'd you wiſh this Beauty which adorns me, ſhould be diſpos'd about for Charity: Proceed, and ſpeak more reaſon.

Will.——But *Venus* here gets the Aſcent again, and—ſpight of—*I*ntereſt, ſpight of all Averſion, will make you doat upon a Man——— [*Still looking on, and turning the Ball.*

——Wild, fickle—reſtleſs, faithleſs as the Wind!—a Man of Arms he is—and by this Line—a Captain—— [*Looking on her.*

—for *Mars* and *Venus* were in Conjunction at his Birth——and Love and War's his buſineſs———

La Nu. There thou haſt toucht my Heart! and ſpoke ſo true, that all thou ſay'ſt I ſhall receive as Oracle. Well, grant I Love, that ſhall not make me yield.

Will.

Will. I muſt confeſs you're ruin'd if you yield, and yet not all your Pride, not all your Vows, your Wit, your Reſolution, or your Cunning, can hinder him from Conquering abſolutely, your Stars are fixt, and Fate irrevocable.

La Nu. No,— I will controul my Stars and Inclinations, and though I love him more than Power or Intereſt, I will be Miſtriſs of my fixt Reſolves—— One Queſtion more — Does this ſame Captain, this wild happy Man——love me?

Will. ——— I do not—find—it here—only a poſſibility incourag'd by your love — oh that you cou'd reſiſt — but you are deſtin'd his, and to be ruin'd——

[*Sighs, and looks on her, ſhe grows in a Rage.*

La Nu. Why do you tell me this—I am betray'd, and every caution blows my kindling Flame——hold—tell me no more— I might have gueſt my Fate, from my own Soul have gueſt it— but yet *I* will be brave, I will reſiſt in ſpight of Inclinations, Stars, or Devils.

Will. Strive not, fair Creature, with the Net that holds you, you'll but intangle more: Alas!——you muſt ſubmit, and be undone.

La Nu. Damn your falſe Art!—— had he but lov'd me too, it had excus'd the malice of my Stars.

Will. Indeed, his Love is doubtful; for here— I trace him in a new purſuit— which if you can't this Night prevent, perhaps you fix him.

La Nu. Hah, purſuing a new Miſtriſs! there thou haſt met the little reſolution I had left, and daſht it into nothing — but I have vowed Allegiance to my Intereſt ——Curſe on my Stars, they could not give me love where that might be advanc'd—— I'll hear no more——— [*Gives him Money*

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, there are ſeveral Strangers arriv'd, who talk of the old Oracle. How will you receive 'em?

Will. I've buſineſs now ——— and muſt be excus'd a while, ——thus far—I'm well, but I may tell my Tale ſo often o're, till, like the trick of Love, I ſpoil the pleaſure by the repetition, ——— now I'll uncaſe, and ſee what Effects my Art has wrought on *La Nuche*, for ſhe's the promis'd Good, the Philoſophick Treaſure that terminates my Toyl and Induſtry. Wait you here. [*Ex.* Will.

Enter Ariadne *in Mens Cloaths, with* Lucia *ſo Dreſt, and other Strangers.*

Aria. —— How now, Seignior Operator, where's this renowned Man of Arts and Sciences, this Don of Wonders?—

hah! may a Man have a Piſtols worth or two of his Tricks, will he ſhow, Seignior?

Shift. Whatever you dare ſee, Sir.

Aria. And I dare ſee the greateſt Bug-bear he can Conjure up, my Miſtreſſes Face in a Glace excepted.

Shift. That he can ſhow, Sir, but is now buſied in weighty Affairs with a Grandee.

Aria. Pox, muſt we wait the leiſure of formal Grandees and Stateſmen——ha, who's this? —the lovely Conquereſs of my Heart, *La Nuche.* [*Goes to her, ſhe is talking with* Aurel.

La Nu. What fooliſh thing art thou?

Aria. Nay, do not frown, nor fly, for if you do, I muſt Arreſt you, fair one.

La Nu. At whoſe Suit, pray?

Aria. At Loves—— you have ſtoln a Heart of mine, and us'd it ſcurvily.

La Nu. By what marks do you know the Toy, that I may be no longer troubled with it?

Aria. By a freſh Wound, which toucht by her that gave it bleeds anew, a Heart all over Kind and Amorous.

La Nu. When was this pretty Robbery committed?

Aria. To day, moſt Sacrilegiouſly, at Church, where you debauch'd my Zeal, and when I wou'd have pray'd, your Eyes had put the change upon my Tongue, and made it utter Railings, Heav'n forgive ye!

La Nu. You are the gayeſt thing, without a Heart, I ever ſaw.

Aria. I ſcorn to ſlinch for a bare Wound or two; nor is he routed that has loſt the day, he may again Rally, renew the Fight and Vanquiſh.

Lu Nu. You have a good Opinion of that Beauty which I find not ſo forcible, nor that fond prattle uttered with ſuch confidence.

Aria. But I have Quality and Fortune too.

La Nu. So you had need, I ſhould have gueſt the firſt by your pertneſs, for your ſaucy thing of Quality acts the Man as impudently at fourteen, as another at thirty; nor is there any thing ſo hateful as to hear it talk of Love, Women and Drinking; nay, to ſee it Marry too at that Age, and get it ſelf a Play-fellow in its Son and Heir.

Aria. This Satyr on my Youth ſhall never put me out of countenance, or make me think you wiſh me one day older; and Egad I'll warrant 'em that tire me, ſhall find me ne're an hour too young.

La Nu. You miſtake my Humour, I hate the Perſon of a fair conceited Boy.

Enter Willmore *Dreſt, Singing.*

Will. *Vole Vole dans ceſte Cage,*
Petite Oyſo dans cet bocage.

—— How now, fool, Where's the Doctor? *Shift.*

Shift. A little buſie, Sir.

Will. Call him, I am in haſte, and come to cheapen the Price of Monſter.

Shift. As how, Sir?

Will. In an honourable way, I will lawfully marry one of 'em, and have pitcht upon the Giant; *I*'ll bid as fair as any Man.

Shift. No doubt but you will ſpeed, Sir, pleaſe you, Sir, to walk in.

Will. I'll follow ——— *Vole Vole dans ceſte Cage*, &c.

Luc. Whe, 'tis the Captain, Madam——— [*Aſide to* Aria.

La Nu. Hah—marry—harkey, Sir,—a word pray.

[*As he is going out ſhe pulls him.*

Will. Your Servant, Madam, your Servant——*Vole Vole*, &c.

[*Puts his Hat off careleſly, and walks by, going out.*

Luc. And to be marry'd, mark that.

Aria. Then there's one doubt over, I'm glad he is not married.

La Nu. Come back———Death, *I* ſhall burſt with Anger—this coldneſs blows my Flame, which if once viſible, makes him a Tyrant———

Will. Fool, what's a Clock, fool, this noiſe hinders me from hearing it ſtrike. [*Shakes his Pockets, and walks up and down.*

La Nu. A bleſſed ſound, if no Hue and Cry purſue it.—what—you are reſolv'd then upon this notable Exploit.

Will. What Exploit, good Madam?

La Nu. Whe, marrying of a Monſter, and an ugly Monſter.

Will. Yes faith, Child, here ſtands the bold Knight that ſingly, and unarm'd, deſigns to enter the Liſt with *Thogogandiga* the Giant; a good Sword will defend a worſe cauſe than an ugly Wife. *I* know no danger worſe than fighting for my Living, and *I* have don't this dozen years for Bread.

La Nu. This is the common trick of all Rogues, when they have done an ill thing to face it out.

Will. An ill thing—your Pardon, Sweet-heart, compare it but to Baniſhment, a frozen Centry with brown George and *Spaniſh* Pay, and if it be not better to be Maſter of a Monſter, than Slave to a damn'd Commonwealth ——*I* ſubmit ——and ſince my Fortune has thrown this good in my way———

La Nu. You'l not be ſo ungrateful to refuſe it; beſides then you may hope to ſleep again, without dreaming of Famine, or the Sword, two Plagues a Soldier of Fortune is ſubject to.

Will. Beſides Caſhiering, a third Plague.

La Nu. Still unconcern'd!—you call me Mercenary, but I would ſtarve e're ſuffer my ſelf to be poſſeſt by a thing of Horrour.

Will. You lie, you would by any thing of Horror; yet theſe things of Horror have Beauties too, Beauties thou canſt not boaſt of, Beauties that will not fade: Diamonds to ſupply the luſtre of their Eyes, and Gold the brightneſs of their Hair, a well got

Million to atone for Shape, and Orient Pearls, more white, more plump and ſmooth, than that fair Body Men ſo languiſh for, and thou haſt ſet a Price on.

Aria. *I* like not this ſo well, 'tis a trick to make her Jealous.

Will. Their Hands too have their Beauties, whoſe very mark finds credit and reſpect, their Bills are currant o're the Univerſe; beſides theſe you ſhall ſee waiting at my Door, four Footmen, a Velvet Coach, with Six *Flanders* Beauties more: And are not theſe moſt comely Vertues in a Soldiers Wife, in this moſt wicked peaceable Age?

Luc. He's poor too, there's another comfort. [*Aſide.*

Aria. The moſt incouraging one *I* have met with yet.

Will. Pox on't, *I* grew weary of this vertuous Poverty. There goes a gallant Fellow, ſays one, but gives him not an Onion; the Woman too, faith, 'tis a handſom Gentleman, but the Devil a Kiſs he gets *gratis*.

Aria. Oh, how I long to undeceive him of that Error.

La Nu. He ſpeaks not of me; ſure knows me not. [*Aſide.*

Will. ——— No, Child, Money ſpeaks ſenſe in a Language all Nations underſtand, 'tis Beauty, Wit, Courage, Honour, and undiſputable Reaſon ——— ſee the vertue of a Wager, that new Philoſophical way lately found out of deciding all hard Queſtions ——— *Socrates*, without ready Money to lay down, muſt yield.

Aria. Well, *I* muſt have this gallant Fellow. [*Aſide.*

La Nu. Sure he has forgot this trivial thing.

Will. ——— Even thou —— who ſeeſt me dying unregarded wo't then be fond and kind, and flatter me. [*Soft tone.* By Heaven, I'll hate thee then; nay, *I* will marry to be rich to hate thee: the worſt of that, is but to ſuffer nine Days Wonderment. Is not that better from Age of Scorn than a proud faithleſs Beauty?

La Nu. Oh, there's Reſentment left ——— whe, yes faith, ſuch a Wedding would give the Town diverſion: we ſhould have a lamentable Ditty made on it, Entituled, The Captains Wedding, with the doleful Relation of his being over-laid by an o'regrown Monſter.

Wil. I'll warrant ye I eſcape that as ſure as cuckolding, for I would fain ſee that hardy Weight that dares attempt my Lady bright, either by Force or flattery.

La Nu. So, then you intend to Bed her?

Wil. Yes faith, and beget a Race of Heroes, the Mothers Form with all the Fathers Qualities.

La Nu. Faith ſuch a Brood may prove a pretty Livelihood for a poor decay'd Officer; you may chance to get a Patent to ſhow 'em in *England*, that Nation of Change and Novelty.

Will.

Will. A proviſion old *Carlo* cannot make for you againſt the abandon'd day.

La Nu. He can ſupply the want of Iſſue a better way, and tho' he be not ſo fine a Fellow as your ſelf; he's a better Friend, he can keep a Miſtriſs: give me a Man can feed and cloath me, as well as hug, and all to bekiſs me, and tho' his Sword be not ſo good as yours, his Bond's worth a thouſand Captains. This will not do, I'll try what Jealouſie will do. [*Aſide.*

Your Servant Captain——your Hand, Sir:

[*Takes* Ariadne *by the Hand.*

Will. Hah, what new Coxcomb's that——hold Sir,——

[*Takes her from him.*

Aria. What would you, Sir, ought with this Lady?

Will. Yes, that which thy Youth will only let thee gueſs at ——this——(Child) is Mans Meat; there are other Toys for Children. [*Offers to lead her off.*

La Nu. Oh inſolent, and whither would'ſt thou lead me?

Will. Only out of harms way, Child, here are pretty neat Conveniencies within: the Doctor will be civil——'tis part of's Calling——Your Servant, Sir,—— [*Going off with her.*

Aria. I muſt huff now tho' I may chance to be beaten—come back——or I have ſomething here that will oblige ye to't.

[*his Sword.*

Will. Yes faith, thou'rt a pretty Youth; but at this time I've more occaſion for a thing in Petticoats—— go home, and do not walk the Streets ſo much; that tempting Face of thine will debauch the grave men of buſineſs, and make the Magiſtrates Luſt after Wickedneſs.

Aria. You are a ſcurvy Fellow, Sir. [*Going to draw.*

Will. Keep in your Sword, for fear it cut your Fingers, Child.

Aria. So 'twill your Throat, Sir,——here's Company coming that will part us, and I'll venture to Draw. [*Draws,* Will. *Draws.*

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Hold, hold——hah, *Willmore!* thou Man of conſtant miſchief, What's the matter?

La Nu. Beaumond! undone.

Aria.——*Beaumond*——

Will. Whe, here's a young Spark will take my Lady bright from me; the unmanner'd Hot-ſpur would not have patience till I had finiſh'd my ſmall Affair with her. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Aria. Death, he'll know me——Sir, you ſee we are prevented. [*Draws him aſide,*

——or—— [*Seems to talk to him,* Beau. *gazes on* La Nuche, *who has pull'd down her Veil.*

Beau. 'Tis ſhe, Madam, this Veil's too thin to hide the perjur'd Beauty underneath. Oh, have I been ſearching thee,

with all the diligence of impatient Love, and am I thus rewarded, to find thee here incompaſs'd round with Strangers, fighting, who firſt ſhould take my right away —— Gods! take your reaſon back; take all your Love! for eaſie Man's unworthy of the Bleſſings.

Will. Harkye, *Harry* — the Woman—the almighty Whore—thou told'ſt me of to day.

Beau. Death, do'ſt thou mock my Grief — unhand me ſtrait, for tho' I cannot blame thee, I muſt hate thee.— [*Goes out.*

Will. What the Devil ails he——

Aria. You will be ſure to come.

Will. At Night in the *Piazza*; I have an Aſſignation with a Woman, that once diſpatch'd, I will not fail ye, Sir.

Luc. And will you leave him with her?

Aria. Oh, yes, he'll be ne'er the worſe for my uſe when he has done with her. [*Ex.* Luc. *and* Aria. Will. *looks with ſcorn on* La Nuche.

Will. Now you may go o'ertake him, lye with him—and ruin him, the Fool was made for ſuch a Deſtiny — if he eſcapes my Sword. [*He offers to go.*

La Nu. I muſt prevent his viſit to this Woman—but dare not tell him ſo. [*Aſide.*

———I would not have ye meet this angry Youth.

Will. Oh, you would preſerve him for a farther uſe———

La Nu. —Stay — you muſt not fight — by Heaven, I cannot ſee—that Boſom—wounded—— [*Turns and weeps.*

Will. Hah! weep'ſt thou! curſe me when I refuſe a faith to that obliging Language of thy Eyes——oh give me one proof more, and after that, thou conquereſt all my Soul: Thy Eyes ſpeak Love——come, let us in my Dear! e're the bright Fire allays that warms my Heart. [*Goes to lead her out.*

La Nu. Your Love grows rude, and ſaucily demands it. [*Flings away.*

Will. Love knows no Ceremony, no reſpect when once approacht ſo near the happy minute.

La Nu. What deſperate eaſineſs have you ſeen in me, or what miſtaken merit in your ſelf, ſhould make you ſo ridiculouſly vain, to think I'd give my ſelf to ſuch a Wretch, one ſal'n even to the laſt degree of Poverty, whilſt all the World is proſtrate at my Feet, whence I might chuſe the Brave, the Great, the Rich. [*He ſtands ſpightfully gazing at her.*

———Still as he fires, I find my Pride augment, and when he cools I burn. [*Aſide.*

Will. Death, thou'rt a—vain, conceited, taudry Jilt, who'ſt drawn me in as Rooks their Cullies do, to make me venture all my ſtock of Love,

And

And then you turn me out ſo deſpis'd and poor— [*Offers to go.*

La Nu. You think you're gone now———

Will. Not all thy Arts nor Charms hold me longer.

La Nu. I muſt ſubmit——and can you part thus from me?— [*Pulls him.*

Will. I can—nay —— by Heaven, I will not turn, nor look at thee. No, when I do, or truſt that faithleſs Tongue again — may I be———

La Nu. Oh do not ſwear———

Will. Ever curſt — [*Breaks from her, ſhe holds.*

La Nu. You ſhall not go — Plague!—of this needleſs Pride. [*Aſide.*

———ſtay——and I'll follow—all the dictates of my Love.

Will. Oh never hope to flatter me to faith again. [*His back to her, ſhe holding him.*

La Nu. I muſt, I will; what wou'd you have me do?

[*Will. turning ſoftly to her.*] Never—deceive me more, it may be fatal to wind me up to an impatient height, then daſh my eager Hopes. [*Sighing.*

forgive my roughneſs—and be kind, *La Nuche*, I know thou wo't———

La Nu. Will you then be ever kind and true?

Will. Ask thy own Charms, and to confirm thee more, yield and diſarm me quite.

La Nu. Will you not marry then? for tho' you never can be mine that way, I cannot think that you ſhould be anothers.

Will. No more delays, by Heaven, 'twas but a trick———

La Nu. And will you never ſee that Woman neither, whom you're this Night to viſit?

Will. Damn all the reſt of thy weak Sex, when thou look'ſt thus, and art ſo ſoft and charming. [*Offers to lead her out.*

La Nu. Sancho——my Coach. [*Turns in ſcorn.*

Will. Take heed, What mean ye?

La Nu. Not to be pointed at by all the envying Women of the Town, who'l laugh and cry, Is this the high priz'd Lady, now fall'n ſo low, to doat upon a Captain, a poor disbanded Captain! defend me, from that Infamy.

Will. Now all the Plagues—but yet I will not curſe thee, 'tis loſt on thee, for thou art deſtin'd damn'd. [*Going out.*

La Nu. Whither ſo faſt?

Will. Whe,—I am ſo indifferent grown—that I can tell thee now—to a Woman, young, fair and honeſt, for ſhe'll be kind and thankful—farewel Jilt—now—ſhould'ſt thou die for one ſight more of me— thou ſhould'ſt not ha't; nay, ſhould'ſt thou Sacrifice all thou haſt couzen'd other Coxcombs of, to buy one ſingle viſit — I am ſo proud, by Heaven, thou ſhouldſt not

have

have it—to grieve thee more, ſee here, inſatiate Woman.

[*Shews her a Purſe, or Hands full of Gold.*

The Charm that makes me lovely in thine Eyes: 't had all been thine hadſt thou not baſely bargain'd with me, now 'tis the Prize of ſome well-meaning Whore, whoſe Modeſty will truſt my Generoſity. [*Goes out.*

La Nu. Now I cou'd rave, t've loſt any opportunity which induſtry nor chance can give again — when on the yielding point, a curſed fit of Pride comes croſs my Soul, and ſtops the kind Career—I'll follow him—yes, I will follow him, even to the Arms of her to whom he's gone.

Aur. Madam, 'tis dark, and we may meet with Inſolence.

La Nu. No matter, *Sancho*, let the Coach go home, and do you follow me———

Women may boaſt their Honour and their Pride,
But Love ſoon lays thoſe feebler Pow'rs aſide. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street, or Backſide of the* Piazza *dark.*

Enter Willmore *alone.*

Will. A Pox upon this Woman that has Jilted me, and *I* for being a fond believing Puppy to be in earneſt with ſo great a Devil; where be theſe Coxcombs too? this *Blunt* and *Fetherfool*; when a Man needs 'em not, they are plaguing him with their unſeaſonable Jeſts —— could *I* but light on them, *I* would be very drunk to Night —— but firſt *I'll* try my Fortune with this Woman—let me ſee—hereabouts is the Door—

[*Gropes about for the Door.*

Enter Beaumond, *follow'd by* La Nuche, *and* Sancho.

La Nu. 'Tis he, *I* know it by his often and uneaſie pauſes—

Beau.— And ſhall *I* home and ſleep upon my injury — whilſt this more happy Rover takes my right away—no, damn me then for a cold ſenſeleſs Coward! [*Pauſes and pulls out a Key.*

Will. This Damſel, by the part o'th' Town ſhe lives in, ſhou'd be of Quality, and therefore can have no diſhoneſt deſign on me, it muſt be right down ſubſtantial Love, that's certain.

Beau. Yet *I'll* in and Arm my ſelf for the Incounter, for 'twill be rough between us, though we're Friends.

[*Groping about, finds the Door.*

Will. Oh, 'tis this *I'm* ſure, becauſe the Door is open.

Beau.

Beau. Hah—who's there?—[Beau. *advances to unlock the Door, runs againſt* Will. *Draws.*

Will. That Voice is of Authority, ſome Husband, Lover, or a Brother, on my Life———this is a Nation of a word and a blow, therefore *I*'ll betake me to *Toledo*——— [*Draws.*

[Willmore *in Drawing hits his Sword againſt that of* Beaumond, *who turns and fights,* La Nuche *runs into the Garden frighted.*

Beau. Hah, are you there?

Sanc. I'll draw in defence of the Captain———

[Sancho *fights for* Beau. *and beats out* Will.

Will. Hah, two to one——— [*Turns and goes in.*

Beau. The Garden Door clapt to; ſure he's got in; nay, then *I* have him ſure.

The SCENE *changes to a Garden,* La Nuche *in it; to her* Beau. *who takes hold of her Sleeve.*

La Nu. Heavens, where am *I*?

Beau. Hah ——— a Woman! and by theſe Jewels——— ſhould be *Ariadne*——— [*Feels.*

Tis ſo! Death, are all Women falſe!

[*She ſtruggles to get away, he holds her.*

———Oh, 'tis in vain thou fly'ſt, thy *Infamy* will ſtay behind thee ſtill.

La Nu. Hah, 'tis *Beaumond*'s Voice!

Now for an Art to turn the trick upon him; *I* muſt not loſe his Friendſhip. [*Aſide.*

Enter Willmore *ſoftly, peeping behind.*

Will. —— What a Devil have we here, more Miſchief yet; ——hah——my Woman with a Man——*I* ſhall ſpoil all——*I* ne'er had an excellent knack of doing ſo.

Beau. Oh Modeſty, where art thou! *Is* this the effect of all your put on Jealouſie, that Mask to hide your own new falſhood in? new——by Heaven, *I* believe thou'rt old in cunning, that couldſt contrive, ſo near thy Wedding-night, this, to deprive me of the Rights of Love!

La Nu. Hah, what ſays he? [*Aſide.*

Will. How, a Maid, and young, and to be marry'd too; a rare Wench this to contrive Matters ſo conveniently: Oh, for ſome Miſchief now to ſend him neatly off. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Now you are ſilent; but you could talk to day loudly of Vertue! and upbraid my Vice! oh how you hated a young keeping Husband! whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife cou'd oblige to reaſon—oh, damn your Honour, 'tis that's the ſly pretence

tence of all your domineering inſolent Wives —— Death —— what didſt thou ſee in me, ſhould make thee think that *I* would be a tame contented Cuckold? [*Going, ſhe holds him.*

La Nu. I muſt not loſe this laviſh loving Fool—— [*Aſide.*

Will. So, I hope he will be civil and withdraw, and leave me in poſſeſſion———

Beau. No, though my Fortune ſhould depend on thee; nay, ever hope of future happineſs ——— by Heaven, I ſcorn to marry thee, unleſs thou couldſt convince me thou wer't honeſt———a Whore! ——Death, how it cools my Blood——

Will. And fires mine extreamly———

La Nu. Nay, then I am provok'd tho' I ſpoil all—— [*Aſide.*

——and is a Whore———a thing ſo much deſpis'd?

Turn back thou falſe forſworn ——— turn back, and bluſh at thy miſtaken folly——— [*He ſtands amaz'd.*

Beau. La Nuche———

Enter Aria. *peeping, advancing cautiouſly undreſt,* Luc. *following.*

Aria. Oh, he is here—— *Lucia*, attend me in the *Orange-Garden*——— [*Ex.* Lucia

Hah, a Woman with him!

Will. Hum — what have we here, another Damſel—ſhe's gay too, and ſeems young and handſom——ſure one of theſe will fall to my ſhare; no matter which, ſo I am ſure of one.

La Nu. Who's ſilent now! are you ſtruck dumb with Guilt? thou ſhame to noble Love! thou ſcandal to all brave Debauchery, thou Fop of Fortune; thou ſlaviſh Heir to Eſtate and Wife, born rich and damn'd to Matrimony.

Will. Egad a noble Wench———I am divided yet.

La Nu. Thou formal Aſs diſguis'd in generous Lewdneſs, ſee——when the Vizor's off

How ſneakingly that empty form appears———

Nay, 'tis thy own———

Make much on't, marry with it, and be damn'd. [*Offers to go.*

Will. I hope ſhe'll beat him for ſuſpecting her.

[*He holds her, ſhe turns.*

Aria. Hah———who the Devil can theſe be———

La Nu. What ſilly honeſt fool did you miſtake me for; what ſenſleſs modeſt thing? Death, am I grown ſo deſpicable, have I deſerv'd no better from thy Love than to be taken for a vertuous Changeling?

Will. Egad 'twas an Affront. [*Aſide.*

La Nu. I'm glad I've found thee out to be an errant Coxcomb, one that eſteems a Woman for being Chaſt, forſooth! 'Sheart, I ſhall have thee call me pious ſhortly, a moſt—Religious Matron!

Will. Egad ſhe has reaſon——— [*Aſide.*

Beau.

Beau. Forgive me——For I took ye——for another——
[*Singing*

La Nu. Oh did you ſo, it ſeems you keep fine Company the while——Death, that I ſhould e're be ſeen with ſuch a vile Diſſembler, with one ſo vain, ſo dull and ſo impertinent, as can be entertain'd by honeſt Women!

Will. A Heavenly Soul, and to my Wiſh, were I but ſure of her.

Beau. Oh you do wondrous well t'accuſe me firſt! yes, I am a Coxcomb——a confounded one, to doat upon ſo falſe a Proſtitute; nay to love ſeriouſly, and tell it too, yet ſuch an amorous Coxcomb I was born, to hate the Injoyment of the lovelieſt Woman, without I have the Heart: the fond ſoft prattle, and the lolling dalliance, the Frowns, the little Quarrels, and the kind Degrees of making Peace again, are Joys which I prefer to all the ſenſual, whilſt I endeavour to forget the Whore, and pay my Vows to Wit, to Youth and Beauty.

Aria. Now hang me, if it be not *Beaumond*!

Beau. Would any Devil leſs than common Woman have ſerv'd me as thou didſt? ſay, was not this my Night? My paid for Night? My own by right of Bargain, and by Love? and haſt not thou deceiv'd me for a Stranger?

Wil. So——make me thankful, then ſhe will be kind.
[*Hugs himſelf.*

Beau. ——Was not this done like a Whore of Honour think ye, and would not ſuch an Injury make me forſwear all Joys of Womankind, and marry in meer ſpight?

La Nu. Why where had been the Crime had I been kind?

Beau. Thou do'ſt confeſs it then.

La Nu. Why not.

Beau. Thoſe Bills of Love the oftner paid and drawn, make Women better Merchants than Lovers.

La Nu. And 'tis the better Trade.

Wil. Oh Pox, there ſhe daſht all again. I find they calm upon't, and will agree, therefore I'll bear up to this ſmall Frigot and lay her abroad. [*Goes to* Ariadne.

La Nu. However I am glad the Vizor's off; you might have fool'd me on, and ſworn I was the only Conqueror of your Heart, had not good Nature made me follow you, to undeceive your falſe Suſpicions of me: How have you ſworn never to marry? How rail'd at Wives, and ſatyr'd Fools oblig'd to Wedlock? And now at laſt, to thy eternal Shame, thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf to be a moſt pernicious honourable Lover, a perjur'd——honeſt——nay, a very Husband.
[*Turns away, he holds her.*

Aria. Hah, ſure 'tis the Captain.

Wil.

Wil. Prithee, Child, let's leave 'em to themſelves, they'l agree matters I'll warrant them when they're alone, and let us try how Love and good Nature will provide for us.

Aria. Sure he cannot know me—us—pray who are you, and who am I?

Wil. Whe, look ye Child, I am a very honeſt civil Fellow, for my *Part*, and thou'rt a Woman for thine; and I deſire to know no more at preſent.

Aria. 'Tis he, and knows not me to be the ſame he appointed to day———Sir, purſue that Path on your right Hand, that Grove of Orange Trees, and I'll follow you immediately.

Wil. Kind and Civil——prithee make haſt, dear Child.

[*Ex.* Will.

Beau. And did you come to call me back again? [*Lovingly.*

La Nu. No matter you are to be marry'd Sir———

Beau. No more, 'tis true, to pleaſe my Uncle, I have talk'd of ſome ſuch thing; but I'll purſue it no farther, ſo thou wilt yet be mine, and mine intirely—— I hate this *Ariadne*——for a Wife——by Heaven I do.

Aria. A very plain Confeſſion. [*Claps him on the back.*

Beau. Ariadne!

La Nu. I'm glad of this, now I ſhall be rid of him. [*Aſide.*

———how is't, Sir, I ſee you ſtruggle hard 'twixt Love and Honour, and I'll reſign my Place——

[*Offers to go,* Ariadne *pulls her back.*

Aria. Hold, if ſhe take him not away I ſhall diſappoint my Man———faith I'll not be out-done in Generoſity.

[*Gives him to* La Nuche.

Here———Love deſerves him beſt——and I reſign him—— Pox on't I'm honeſt, tho' that's no fault of mine; 'twas Fortune who has made a worſe Exchange, and you and I ſhould ſuit moſt damnably together. [*To* Beau.

Beau. I am ſure there's ſomething in the Wind, ſhe being in the Garden, and the Door left open. [*Aſide.*

——yes, I believe you are willing enough to part with me, when you expect another you like better.

Aria. I'm glad I was before-hand with you then.

Beau. Very good, and the Door was left open to give admittance to a Lover.

Aria. 'Tis viſible it was to let one in to you, falſe as you are.

La Nu. Faith, Madam, you miſtake my Conſtitution, my Beauty and my Buſineſs, is only to be belov'd not to Love; I leave that Slavery for you Women of Quality, who muſt invite, or die without the Bleſſing; for likely the Fool you make choice of wants Wit or Confidence to ask firſt; you are fain to whiſtle before the Dogs will fetch and carry, and then too they ap-

approach by ſtealth: and having done the Drudgery, the ſubmiſſive Curs are turn'd out for fear of dirtying your Apartment; or that the Mungrels ſhould ſcandalize ye.

While'ſt all my Lovers of the noble Kind, throng to adore and fill my Preſence daily, gay, as if each were triumphing for Victory.

Aria. Ay this is ſomething; what a poor ſneaking thing an honeſt Woman is.

La Nu. —And if we chance to love ſtill, there's a difference, your Hours of Love are like the Deeds of Darkneſs, and mine like cheerful Birds in open Day.

Aria. You may, you have no Honour to loſe.

La Nu. Or if I had, why ſhould I double the Sin by Hypocriſie. [Lucia *ſqueaks within, crying, help, help.*

Aria. Heavens, that's *Lucia*'s Voice.

Beau. Hah, more Caterwauling?

Enter Lucia *in haſte.*

Luc. Oh, Madam, we're undone, and, Sir, for Heavens Sake do you retire.

Beau. What's the matter?

Luc. Oh you have brought the moſt villainous mad Friend with you———he found me ſitting on a Bank———and did ſo ruffle me.

Aria. Death, ſhe takes *Beaumond* for the Stranger, and will ruin me.

Luci. Nay, made Love ſo loud, that my Lord your Father-in-law, who was in his Cabinet, heard us from the Orange-Grove, and has ſent to ſearch the Garden——and ſhould he find a Stranger with you——do but you retire, Sir, and all's well—yet [*To* Beaumond.

Aria. The Devil's in her Tongue. [*Aſide.*

Luci. For if Mr. *Beaumond* be in the Houſe, we ſhall have the Devil to do with his Jealouſie.

Aria. So, there 'tis out.

Beau. She takes me for another—I am jilted every where—what friend?——I brought none with me.

———Madam, do you retire——— [*To* La Nuche.

La Nu. Glad of my freedom too—— [*Goes out.*

[*A claſhing of Swords within. Enter* Willm. *fighting, preſt back by* 3 *or* 4 *Men, and* Abevile, Aria. *and* Luc. *run out.*

Beau. Hah, ſet on by odds; hold, tho' thou be'ſt my Rival, I will free thee, on Condition thou wilt meet me to morow morning in the *Piazza* by day break.

[*Puts himſelf between their Swords, and ſpeaks to* Will. *aſide.*

Wil. By Heaven I'll do it.

Beau.

Beau. Retire in ſafety then, you have your paſs.

Abev. Fall, fall on, the number is increas'd. [*Fall on* Beau.

Beau. Raſcals do you not know me.

[*Falls in with 'em and beats 'em back, and Ex. with them.*

Wil. Nay, and you be ſo well acquainted I'll leave you—unfortunate ſtill I am; my own well meaning, but ill Management, is my eternal Foe: Plague on 'em, they have wounded me—— yet not one drop of Blood's departed from me that warm'd my Heart for Woman, and I'm not willing to quit this Fairy-ground till ſome kind Devil have been civil to me.

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Aria. I ſay, 'tis he: thou'ſt made ſo many dull miſtakes to Night, thou dareſt not truſt thy Senſes when they're true—— ——how do you, Sir——

Wil. That Voice has Comfort in't, for 'tis a Womans: hah, more Interruption?

Aria. A little this way, Sir.

[*Ex.* Aria. *and* Will. *into the Garden.*

Enter Beaumond, Abevile *in a ſubmiſſive Poſture.*

Beau. No more excuſes—By all theſe Circumſtances, I know this *Ariadne* is a Gypſie. What difference then between a money-taking Miſtriſs and her that gives her Love? only perhaps this ſins the cloſer by't, and talks of Honour more: What Fool wou'd be a Slave to empty Name, or value Woman for diſſembling well——I'll to *La Nuche*——the honeſter o'th' two—— *Abevile*——get me my Muſick ready, and attend me at *La Nuche*'s. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Luci. He's gone, and to his Miſtriſs too.

Enter Ariadne *purſu'd by* Willmore.

Wil. My little *Daphne*, 'tis in vain to fly, unleſs like her, you cou'd be chang'd into a Tree: *Apollo*'s ſelf purſu'd not with more eager Fire than I. [*Holds her.*

Aria. Will you not grant a Parly e're I yield——

Will. I'm better at a Storm.

Aria. Beſides, you're wounded too.

Wil. Oh leave thoſe Wounds of Honour to my Surgeon, thy Buſineſs is to cure thoſe of Love: Your true bred Soldier ever fights with the more heat for a Wound or two.

Aria. Hardly in *Venus* Wars.

Wil. Her ſelf ne're thought ſo when ſhe ſnatcht her Joys between the rough Incounters of the God of War. Come, let's purſue the Buſineſs we came for: See the kind Night invites, and all the ruffling Winds are huſht and ſtill, only the Zephirs

phiers ſpread their tender Wings, courting in gentle Murmurs the gay Boughs; 'twas in a Night like this, *Diana* taught the Myſteries of Love to the fair Boy *Endymion:* I am plaguy full of Hiſtory and Simily to night———

Aria. You ſee how well he far'd for being modeſt.

Wil. He might be modeſt, but 'twas not over-civil to put her Goddeſsſhip to asking firſt; thou ſeeſt I'm better bred—come let's haſte to ſilent Grots that attend us, dark Groves where none can ſee—and murmuring Fountains.

Aria. Stay, let me conſider firſt, you are a Stranger, inconſtant too as Iſland Winds, and every day are Fighting for your Miſtriſſes, of which you've had at leaſt four ſince I ſaw you firſt, which is not a whole day.

Wil. I grant ye, before I was a Lover I ran at Random, but I'll take up now, be a patient Man, and keep to one Woman a Month.

Aria. A Month!

Wil. And a fair Reaſon, Child; time was, I won'd have worn one Shirt, or one pair of Shoos ſo long as have let the Sun ſet twice upon the ſame Sin; but ſee the Power of Love: thou haſt bewitch'd me, that's certain.

Aria. Have a care of giving me the aſcendant over ye, for fear I make ye marry me.

Wil. Hold, I bar that caſt, Child; no, I'm none of thoſe Spirits that can be conjur'd into a Wedding-ring, and dance in the dull matrimonial Circle all my Days.

Aria. But what think you of a hundred thouſand Crowns, and a Beauty of ſixteen?

Wil. As of moſt admirable Bleſſings—but harkye, Child, I am plaguily afraid thou'rt ſome ſcurvy honeſt thing of Quality by theſe odd Queſtions of thine, and haſt ſome wicked Deſign upon my Body.

Aria. What, to have and to hold I'll warrant.

———No faith, Sir, Maids of my Quality expect better Jointures than a Buff-coat, Scarf and Feather: ſuch Portions as mine are better Ornaments in a Family than a Captain and his Commiſſion.

Wil. Whe, well ſaid, now thou haſt explain'd thy ſelf like a Woman of Honour——Come, come, let's away.

Aria. Explain my ſelf! How mean ye?

Wil. ——Thou ſay'ſt I am not fit to marry thee—and *I* believe this Aſſignation was not made to tell me ſo, nor yet to hear me whiſtle to Birds.

Aria. Faith no, *I* ſaw you, lik'd ye, and had a mind to ye.

Wil. Ay Child——

Aria. In ſhort, I took ye for a Man of Honour.

Wil. Nay, if I tell the Devil take me.

Aria. I am a Virgin in Diſtreſs.

Wil. Poor heart.

Aria. To be marry'd within a Day or two to one I like not.

Wil. Hum——and therefore woud'ſt diſpoſe of a ſmall Virgin Treaſure (too good for ſilly Husbands) in a Friends Hands: faith, Child—I was ever a good Religious Charitable Chriſtian, and ſhall acquit my ſelf as honeſtly and piouſly in this Affair as becomes a Gentleman.

Enter Abevile *with Muſick.*

Abev. Come away, are ye all arm'd for the Buſineſs?

Aria. Hah, arm'd, we are ſurpriz'd again.

Wil. Fear not. [*Draws.*

Aria. Oh God, Sir, haſte away, you are already wounded! but I conjure you, as a Man of Honour, be here at the Garden-Gate to night again, and bring a Friend, in caſe of Danger, with you, and if poſſible I'll put my ſelf into your Hands, for this Nights Work has ruin'd me— [*Speaking quick, and puſhing him forwards runs off.*

Abev.—My Maſter ſure not gone yet [*Peeping advancing.*

Wil. Raſcals, tho' you are odds, you'll find hot Work in vanquiſhing. [*Falls on 'em.*

Abev. Hold, Sir, I am your Page. Do you not know me? And theſe the Muſick you commanded—ſhall I carry 'em where you order'd, Sir?

Wil. They take me for ſome other, this was lucky. [*Aſide.* O, Aye——'tis well——I'll follow——but whither?—Plague of my dull Miſtakes, the Woman's gone—yet ſtay— [*Calls 'em.* For now I think on't, this Miſtake may help me to another—ſtay——I muſt diſpoſe of this mad Fire about me, which all theſe Diſappointments cannot lay——Oh for ſome young kind Sinner in the Nick——How I cou'd ſouſe upon her like a Bird of Prey, and worry her with Kindneſs——go on, I follow. [*Go out.*

SCENE *Changes to* La Nuche's *Houſe.*

Enter Petronella *and* Aurelia *with Light.*

Aur. Well, the Stranger is in Bed, and moſt impatiently expects our Patrona, who is not yet returned.

Pet. Curſe of this Love! I know ſhe's in purſuit of this Rover, this *Engliſh* Piece of Impudence; Pox on 'em, I know nothing good in the whole Race of 'em, but giving all to their Shirts when they're drunk: What ſhall we do, *Aurelia?* This Stranger

Stranger muſt not be put off, nor *Carlo* neither, who has fin'd again as if for a new Maiden-head.

Aur. You are ſo covetous, you might have put 'em off, but now 'tis too late.

Pet. Put off! Are theſe Fools to be put off think ye, a fine Fop *Engliſh-man*, and an old doating Grandee?——— no, I cou'd put the old trick on 'em ſtill, had ſhe been here but to have entertain'd 'em: but hark, one knocks, 'tis *Carlo* on my Life———

Enter Carlo, *gives* Petronella *Gold.*

Car. Let this plead for me———

Pet. Sweet Don——you are the moſt Eloquent Perſon——

Carl. I would regale to Night———I know it is not mine, but I've ſent five hundred Crowns to purchaſe it, becauſe I ſaw another bargaining for't; and Perſons of my Quality muſt not be refus'd: you apprehend me.

Pet. Moſt rightly———that was the Reaſon ſhe came ſo out of Humour home——and is gone to Bed in ſuch a ſullen Fit—

Carl. To Bed, and all alone?——*I* wou'd ſurprize her there? Oh how it pleaſes me to think of ſtealing into her Arms like a fine Dream, Wench, hah.

Aur. 'Twill be a pleaſant one no doubt.

Pet. He lays the way out how he'l be couzen'd—— [*Aſide.* The Seignior perhaps may be angry, Sir, but I'll venture that to accommodate you, and that you may ſurpriſe her the more readliy, be pleas'd to ſtay in my Chamber, 'till you think ſhe may be aſleep.

Carl. Thou art a perfect Miſtriſs of thy Trade.

Pet. So, now will I to the Seigniora's Bed my ſelf, dreſt and perfum'd, and finiſh two good Works at once; earn five hundred Crowns, and keep up the Honour of the Houſe——ſoftly ſweet Don. [*Lights him out.*

Aur. And I will do two more good things, diſappoint your Expectations; Jilt the young *Engliſh* Fool, and have old *Carlo* well bang'd, if t'other have any Courage.

Enter La Nuche *in Rage, and* Sancho.

La Nu. Aurelia, help, help me to be reveng'd upon this wretched unconſidering Heart.

Aur. Heavens, have you made the Rover happy, Madam?

La Nu. Oh wou'd I had, or that or any Sin wou'd change this Rage into ſome eaſier Paſſion: Sickneſs and Poverty, Diſgrace and Pity, all met in one, were kinder than this Love, this raging Fire of a proud amorous Heart.

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Heavens, what's the matter?

Aur. Here's *Petronella*, diſſemble but your rage a little.

La Nu. Damn all diſſembling now, it is too late—the Tyrant Love reigns abſolute within, and I'm loſt, *Aurelia.*

Pet. How, Love! forbid it Heaven! will Love maintain ye?

La Nu. Curſe on your Maxims, will they eaſe my Heart? Can your wiſe Counſel fetch me back my Rover?

Pet. Hah, your Rover, a Pox upon him.

La Nu. He's gone ——gone to the Arms of ſome gay generous Maid, who nobly follows Love's divine Dictates, whilſt I 'gainſt Nature ſtudying thy dull Precepts; and to be baſe and infamouſly rich, have barter'd all the Joys of humane Life—oh give me Love! I will be poor and Love!

Pet. She's loſt————but hear me————

La Nu. I won't, from Childhood thou haſt trained me up in cunning, read Lectures to me of the uſe of Man, but kept me from the knowledge of the Right; taught me to Jilt, to flatter, and deceive, and hard it was to learn th' ungrateful Leſſons; but oh how ſoon plain Nature taught me Love! and ſhow'd me all the cheat of thy falſe Tenements——no————give me Love with any other Curſe.

Pet. But who will give you that when you are poor? when you are wretchedly deſpis'd and poor————

La Nu. Hah————

Pet. Do you not daily ſee—fine Cloaths, rich Furniture, Jewels and Plate are more inviting than Beauty unadorn'd; be old, diſeas'd, deform'd, be any thing, ſo you be rich and ſplendidly attended, you'll find your ſelf lov'd and ador'd by all—but I'm an old fool ſtill—well, *Petronella*, hadſt thou been half as induſtrious in thy Youth as in thy Age————thou hadſt not come to this———— [*Weeps.*

La Nu. She's in the right.

Pet. What can this mad poor Captain do for you, love you whilſt you can buy him Britches, and then leave you; a Woman has a ſweet time on't with any Soldier-Lover of 'em all, with their Iron Minds, and Buff Hearts; feather'd Inamorato's have nothing that belongs to Love but his Wings, the Devil clip 'em for *Petronella*————

La Nu. True——he can ne're be conſtant. [*Pauſing.*

Pet. Heaven forbid he ſhould, no, if you are ſo unhappy as that you muſt have him; give him a Night or two and pay him for't, and ſend him to feed again: But for your Heart, 'Sdeath, I would as ſoon part with my Beauty, or Youth, and as neceſſary a Tool 'tis for your Trade————a Courtezan and Love!—but all

all my Counſel's thrown away upon ye. [*Weeps.*

La Nu. No more, I will be rul'd—— I will be wiſe, be rich, and ſince *I* muſt yield ſomewhere, and ſome time, *Beaumond* ſhall be the Man, and this the Night; he's handſom, young, and laviſhly profuſe: This Night he comes, and I'll ſubmit to Intereſt. Let the gilded Apartment be made ready, and ſtrew it o'er with Flowers, adorn my Bed of State; let all be fine; perfume my Chamber like the Phœnix's Neſt, I'll be luxurious in my Pride to Night, and make the Amorous Prodigal Youth my Slave.

Pet. Nobly reſolv'd, and for theſe other two who wait your coming, let me alone to manage. [*Goes out.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber, diſcovers* Fetherfool *in Bed.*

Feth. This Gentlewoman is plaguy long in coming — ſome Nicety now; ſome perfum'd Smock, or Point Night-Cloaths to make her more lovely in my Eyes: Well, theſe Women are right City Cooks, they ſtay ſo long to garniſh the Diſh, 'till the Meat be cold——but hark, the Door opens——

Enter Carlo *ſoftly, half undreſt.*

Car. This Wench ſtays long, and Love's impatient; this is the Chamber of *La Nuche*, I take it: If ſhe be awake, I'll let her know who I am, if not, I'll ſteal a Joy before ſhe thinks of it.

Feth. Sure 'tis ſhe, pretty modeſt Rogue, ſhe comes i'th' dark, to hide her Bluſhes——hum, I'm plaguy Eloquent o'th' ſuddain——Who's there? [*Whiſpering.*

Car. 'Tis I, my Love——

Feth. Hah, ſweet Soul, make haſte; there 'twas again.

Car. So kind, ſure ſhe takes me for ſome other, or has ſome inkling of my Deſign—— [*To himſelf.*
Where are you, Sweeteſt?

Feth. Here my Love, give me your Hand——

[*Puts out his Hand,* Carlo *kneels and kiſſes it.*

Car. Here let me worſhip the fair Shrine before I dare approach ſo fair a Saint—— [*Kiſſes the Hand.*

Feth. Hah, what a Pox have we here—wou'd I were well out o'th' 'tother ſide — perhaps 'tis her Husband, and then I'm a dead Man, if *I'm* diſcover'd.

[*Removes to 'tother ſide,* Carlo *holds his Hand.*

Car. Nay, do not fly---*I* know you took me for ſome happier perſon—— [Feth. *ſtruggles,* Car. *riſes, and takes him in his Arms, and kiſſes him.*

Feth. What, will you raviſh me? [*In a ſhrill Voice.*

Car. Hah, that Voice is not *La Nuche*'s—Lights there, Lights.

Feth. Nay, *I* can hold a Bearded *Venus*, Sir, as well as any Man. [*Holds* Carlo.

Car. What art thou, Rogue, Villain, Slave?

(*They fall to Cuffs, and fight till they are bloody, fall from the Bed, and fight on the Floor.*

Enter Petronella, Sancho, *and* Aurelia.

Pet. Heaven, what noiſe is this-----we are undone, part 'em *Sancho.* (*They part em.*

Feth. Give me my Sword; nay, give me but a Knife, that *I* may cut yon Fellow's Throat—

Car. Sirra, *I*'m a Grandee, and a *Spaniard*, and will be reveng'd.

Feth. And *I*'m an *Engliſh-man*, and a Juſtice, and will have Law, Sir.

Pet. Say 'tis her Husband, or any thing to get him hence.

(*Aſide to* Sancho, *who whiſpers him.*

———theſe *Engliſh*, Sir, are Devils, and on my Life 'tis unknown to the Seigniora that he's i'th' Houſe. (*To* Carlo *aſide.*

Car. Come, *I*'m abus'd, but *I* muſt put it up for fear of my Honour; a Stateſman's Reputation is a tender thing: Convey me out the back way. *I*'ll be reveng'd. (*Goes out.*

Feth. (Aurelia *whiſpers to him aſide*) How, her Husband! Prithee convey me out; my Cloaths, my Cloaths, quickly——

Aur. Out, Sir, he has lock'd the Door, and deſigns to have ye murder'd.

Feth. Oh gentle Soul— take pity on me — where, oh what ſhall *I* do?———my Cloaths, my Sword and Money.

Aur. Quickly, *Sancho*, tie a Sheet to the Window, and let him ſlide down by that —— be ſpeedy, and we'll throw your Cloaths out after ye. Here, follow me to the Window.——

Feth. Oh, any whither, any whither; that *I* could not be warn'd from Whoring in a ſtrange Country, by my Friend, *Ned Blunt*'s Example———if *I* can but keep it ſecret now, *I* care not——— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street, a Sheet ty'd to the Balcony, and* Feth. *ſitting croſs to ſlide down.*

Feth. So———now your Neck, or your Throat, chuſe ye either, wiſe Mr. *Nicholas Fetherfool* ——— but ſtay, *I* hear Company. Now dare not *I* budg an Inch.

Enter Beaumond *alone.*

Beau. Where can this Raſcal, my Page, be all this while, *I* waited

waited in the *Piazza* ſo long, that *I* believe he has miſtook my Order, and gone directly to *La Nuche*'s Houſe—but here's no ſign of him———.

Feth. Hah———*I* hear no noiſe, *I*'ll venture down.

(Goes half way down and ſtops.

Enter Abevile, *Muſick, and* Willmore.

VVill. Whither will this Boy conduct me—but ſince to a Woman, no matter which 'tis.

Feth. Hah, more Company; now dare not *I* ſtir up nor down, they may be Bravoes to cut my Throat.

Beau. Oh ſure theſe are they———

VVill. Come, my Heart, loſe no time, but tune your Pipes.

(Harliquin plays on his Guittar, and ſings.

Beau. How, ſure this is ſome Rival. *(Goes near and liſtens.*

VVill. Harkye, Child, haſt thou ne'er an Amorous Ditty, ſhort and ſweet, hah———

Abev. Shall *I* not ſing that you gave me, Sir———

VVill. *I* ſhall ſpoil all with hard Queſtions—Ay, Child—that that——— *(The Boy ſings,* Beau. *liſtens, and ſeems angry the while.*

SONG.

A Pox upon this needleſs Scorn,
Silvia for ſhame the Cheat give o're,
The end to which the fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in ſtore,
But laviſhly diſpoſe in haſte,
Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's paſt:
And who when Beauty's paſt will Love.

When Age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,
Revenging all your cold diſdain,
And Silvia *ſhall neglected paſs,*
By every once admiring Swain;
And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late ſhall burn:
If Love increaſe, and Youth delay,
Ah, Silvia, *who will make return?*

Then haſte, my Silvia, *to the Grove,*
Where all the Sweets of May *conſpire,*
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher;

Where, whilſt imbracing, we ſhould lie
Looſely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers:
The duller World whilſt we deſie,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

Beau. 'Sdeath, that's my Page's Voice: Who the Devil is't that Ploughs with my Heifer!

Aur. Don *Henrick*, Don *Henrick*——

[*The Door opens,* Beau. *goes up to't;* Will. *puts him by, and offers to go in, he pulls him back.*

Will. How now, what intruding Slave art thou!

Beau. What Thief art thou that baſely, and by dark, rob'ſt me of all my Rights?

[*Strikes him, they fight, and Blows light on* Fetherfool *who hangs down.*

[Sancho *throws* Feth.*'s Cloaths out,* Harliquin *takes 'em up in confuſion; they fight out* Beaumond, *all go off, but* Will. *gets into the Houſe:* Harliquin *and* Feth. *remain.* Feth. *gets down, runs againſt* Harliquin *in the dark, both ſeem frighted.*

Harl. Que queſto.

Feth. Ay, *un pouer dead Home,* murder'd, kill'd.

Harl. (In Italian) You are the firſt dead Man I ever ſaw walk.

Feth. Hah, Seignior *Harliquin!*

Harl. Seigniore Nicholas!

Feth. A Pox *Nicholas* ye, I have been maul'd and beaten within doors, and hang'd and baſtinado'd without doors, loſt my Cloaths, my Money, and all my Moveables; but this is nothing to the Secret taking Air. Ah, dear *Seignior*, convey me to the Mountebanks, there I may have Recruit and Cure under one——

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chamber, La Nuche *on a Couch in an Undreſs,* Willmore *at her Feet, on his Knees, all unbrac'd: his Hat, Sword,* &c. *on the Table at which ſhe is dreſſing her Head.*

Will. OH Gods! no more!
I ſee a yielding in thy Charming Eyes,
The Bluſhes on thy Face, thy trembling Arms,
Thy panting Breaſt, and ſhort breath'd Sighs confeſs,
Thou wo't be mine, in ſpight of all thy Art.

La Nu.

La Nu. What need you urge my Tongue then to repeat what from my Eyes you can ſo well interpret,

[*Bowing down her head to him, and ſighing.*

——or if——it muſt——diſpoſe——me as you pleaſe——

Will. Heaven, I thank thee! [*Riſes with Joy.*

——Who wou'd not Plough an Age in Winter Seas,
Or wade ſeven long Years in ruder Camps,
To find out this Reſt at laſt—— [*Leans on, and kiſſes her Boſom.*
Upon thy tender Boſom to repoſe;
To gaze upon thy Eyes, and taſte thy balmy Kiſſes, [*Kiſſes her.*
——Sweeter than everlaſting Groves of Spices,
When the ſoft Winds diſplay the opening Buds:
——Come, haſte, my Soul, to Bed——

La Nu. You can be ſoft I find, when you wou'd Conquer abſolutely——

Will. Not Infant Angels, not young ſighing *Cupids*
Can be more; this raviſhing Joy that thou haſt promis'd me,
Has form'd my Soul to ſuch a calm of Love,
It melts even at my Eyes——

La Nu. What have I done? that Promiſe will undo me:
——This Chamber was prepar'd, and I was dreſt,
To give admittance to another Lover.

Will. But Love and Fortune both were on my ſide——
Come, come to Bed——conſider nought but Love——

[*They going out, one knocks.*

La Nu. Hark!

(*Beau. without*) By Heav'n I will have entrance——

La Nu. 'Tis he whom I expect; as thou lov'ſt Life and me, retire a little into this Cloſet——

Will. Hah, retire——

La Nu. He's the moſt fiercely jealous of his Sex,
And Diſappointment will inrage him more.

Will. Death, let him rage whoe'er he be; doſt think I'll hide me from him, and leave thee to his Love?
Shall I pent up through the thin Wainſcot, hear
Your Sighs, your amorous Words, and ſound of Kiſſes?
No, if thou canſt couzen me, do't, but diſcreetly,
And I ſhall think thee true:
I have thee now, and when I tamely part with thee, may Cowards Huff and Bully me. [*Knocks again.*

La Nu. And muſt *I* be undone becauſe I love ye?
This is the Mine from whence I fetcht my Gold!

Will. Damn the baſe Traſh, I'll have thee poor, and mine;
'Tis nobler far, to ſtarve with him thou lov'ſt,
Than gay without, and pining all within.

[*Knocking, breaking the Door,* Will. *ſnatches up his Sword.*

La Nu.

La Nu. Heavens, here will be murder done — he muſt not ſee him.

[*As* Beau. *breaks open the Door, ſhe runs away with the Candle, they are by dark,* Beau. *enters with his Sword drawn.*

Will. What art thou?

Beau. A Man. [*They fight.*

Enter Petron. *with Light,* La Nuche *following,* Beau. *runs to her.*

——Oh thou falſe Woman, falſer than thy Smiles,
Which ſerve but to delude good natur'd Man,
And when thou haſt him faſt, betray'ſt his Heart.

Will. Beaumond!

Beau. Willmore! Is it with thee that I muſt tug for Empire? For I lay claim to all this World of Beauty.

[*Takes* La Nuche, *looking with ſcorn on* Willmore.

La Nu. Heavens, how got this Ruffian in?

Will. Hold, hold, dear *Harry*, lay no Hands on her till thou canſt make thy claim good.

Beau. She's mine, by Bargain mine, and that's ſufficient.

Will. In Law perhaps, it may for ought I know, but 'tis not ſo in Love; but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll therefore give thee fair Play—if thou canſt win her take her; But a Sword and a Miſtreſs are not to be loſt, if a Man can keep 'em.

Beau. I cannot blame thee, thou but acts thy ſelf——
But thou fair Hypocrite, to whom I gave my Heart,
And this——exception made of all Mankind,
Why would'ſt thou, as in malice to my Love,
Give it the only Wound that cou'd deſtroy it?

Will. Nay, if thou didſt forbid her loving me, I have her ſure.

Beau. I yield him many Charms; he's nobly Born,
Has Wit, Youth, Courage, all that takes the Heart,
And only wants what pleaſes Women's Vanity,
Eſtate; the only good that I can boaſt,
And that I ſacrifice to buy thy Smiles.

La Nu. See, Sir——here's a much fairer Chapman—you may be gone——— [*To* Will.

Will. Faith, and ſo there is, Child, for me, I carry all about me, and that, by Heaven, is thine: I'll ſettle all upon thee, but my Sword, and that will buy us bread. I've two led Horſes too, one thou ſhalt manage, and follow me through Dangers.

La Nu. A very hopeful comfortable Life;
No, I was made for better Exerciſes.

Will. Whe, every thing in its turn, Child, but a Man's but a Man.

Beau. No more, but if thou valueſt her,
Leave her to Eaſe and Plenty.

Will.

Will. Leave her to love, my Dear; one hour of right-down Love, is worth an Age of living dully on:
What is't to be adorn'd and ſhine with Gold,
Dreſt like a God, but never know the Pleaſure.
—No, no, *I* have much finer things in ſtore for thee. [*Hugs her.*

La Nu. What ſhall I do? here's powerful Intereſt proſtrate at my Feet, [*Pointing to* Beau.
Glory, and all that Vanity can boaſt;
——But there—Love unadorn'd, no covering but his Wings, [*To* Will.
No Wealth, but a full Quiver to do miſchiefs,
Laughs at thoſe meaner Trifles——— [*Aſide.*

Beau. Mute as thou art, are not theſe minutes mine?
But thou——ah falſe——haſt dealt 'em out already,
With all thy Charms of Love, to this unknown——
Silence and guilty bluſhes ſay thou haſt:
He all diſorder'd too, looſe and undreſt,
With Love and Pleaſure dancing in his Eyes,
Tell me too plainly how thou haſt deceiv'd me.

La Nu. Or if I have not, 'tis a trick ſoon done,
And this ungrateful Jealouſie wou'd put it in my Head [*Angrily.*

Beau. Wou'd! by Heaven thou haſt—he is not to be fool'd,
Be ſooth'd into belief of diſtant Joys, as eaſie as I have been;
I've loſt ſo kind an opportunity,
Where night and ſilence both conſpire with Love,
Had made him rage like Waves blown up by Storms:
——No more——I know he has——oh what, *La Nuche!*
Robb'd me of all that I have languiſh'd for———

La Nu. If it were ſo, you ſhould not dare believe it——
[*Angry turns away, he kneels and holds her.*

Beau. Forgive me; oh ſo very well *I* love:
Did *I* not know that thou hadſt been a Whore,
I'd give thee the laſt proof of Love—and marry thee—

Will. The laſt indeed——for there's an end of Loving.
——Do, marry him, and be curſt by all his Family:
Marry him, and ruin him, that he may curſe thee too.
——But harkye, Friend, this is not fair; 'tis drawing Sharps on a Man that's only arm'd with the defenſive Cudgel, *I'm* for no ſuch dead-doing Arguments; if thou art for me, Child, it muſt be without the folly, for better for worſe, there's a kind of Nonſence in that Vow Fools only ſwallow.

La Nu. But when *I've* worn out all my Youth and Beauty, and ſuffer'd every ill of Poverty, *I* ſhall be compell'd to begin the World again without a Stock to ſet up with; no faith, *I'm* for a ſubſtantial Merchant in Love, who can repay the loſs of Time and Beauty; with whom to make one thriving Voyage ſets

me

me up for ever, and I need never put to Sea again.

[*Comes to* Beau.

Beau. Nor be expos'd to ſtorms of Poverty, the *Indies* ſhall come to thee — ſee here—this is the Merchandiſe my Love affords. [*Gives her Pearl, and Pendants of Diamond.*

La Nu. Look ye, Sir, will not theſe Pearls do better round my Neck, than thoſe kind Arms of yours? Theſe Pendants in my Ears, than all the tales of Love you can whiſper there?

Will. So——I am deceiv'd——deal on for traſh——and barter all thy Joys of Life for Baubles—this Night preſents me one Adventure more — I'll try thee once again inconſtant Fortune, and if thou fail'ſt me then—I will forſwear thee— [*Aſide.*

——Death, hadſt thou lov'd my Friend for his own Value, I had eſteem'd thee; but when this Youth and Beauty cou'd not plead, to be the mercenary Conqueſt of his Preſents, was poor, below thy Wit: I cou'd have conquer'd ſo, but I ſcorn thee at that rate—my Purſe ſhall never be my Pimp—farewel, *Harry*——

Beau. Thou'ſt ſham'd me out of Folly——ſtay——

Will. Faith—I have an Aſſignation—with a Woman——a Woman-friend! young as the infant day, and ſweet as Roſes e'er the Morning Sun— have kiſs'd their Dew away — ſhe will not ask me Money neither.

La Nu. Hah! ſtay—— [*Holds him, and looks on him.*

Beau. She loves him, and her Eyes betray her Heart.

Will. I am not for your turn, Child——Death, I ſhall loſe my Miſtriſs fooling here——I muſt be gone——

[*She holds him, he ſhakes his Head and Sings.*

No, no, I will not hire your Bed,
Nor Tenant to your Favours be;
I will not farm your White and Red,
You ſhall not let your Love to me:
I Court a Miſtriſs——not a Landlady. [Bis.

Beau. He's in the right; and ſhall I waſte my Youth and Powerful Fortune on one who all this while has jilted me, ſeeing I was a laviſh loving Fool! —— no —— this Soul and Body ſhall not be divided—— [*Gives her to* Will.

Will. I am ſo much thy Friend, another time I might be drawn to take a bad Bargain off thy Hands — but I have other buſineſs at preſent: wo't do a kind thing, *Harry* — lend me thy aid to carry off my Woman to Night, 'tis hard by in the *Piazza*, perhaps we may find Reſiſtance.

Beau. My ſelf and Sword are yours. I have a Chair waits below too, may do you ſervice.

Will. I thank ye——Madam——your Servant——

La Nu.

La Nu. Left by both!

Beau. You ſee our Affairs are preſſing——— [*Bows, and ſmiles careleſly. Ex.* Will. *ſinging.*

La Nu. Gone! Where's all your Power, ye poor deluded Eyes? Curſe on your feeble Fires that cannot warm a Heart which every common Beauty kindles. Oh——he is gone for ever——

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Yes, he is gone, to your eternal ruin, not all the race of Man cou'd have produc'd ſo bountiful and credulous a Fool——

La Nu. No, never, fetch him back my *Petronella:* Bring me my wild Inconſtant, or I die——— [*Puts her out.*

Pet. The Devil fetch him back for *Petronella*, is't he you mean, you've had too much of him; a Curſe upon him, he's ruin'd you.

La Nu. He has, he ſhall, he muſt compleat my ruin.

Pet. She raves, the Rogue has given her a *Spaniſh* Philtre.

La Nu. My Coach, my Veil——or let 'em all alone; undreſt thus looſely to the Winds commit me to darkneſs, and no guide but pittying *Cupid.* [*Going out,* Pet. *holds her.*

Pet. What, are you mad?

La Nu. As Winds let looſe, or Storms when they rage high. [*Goes out.*

Pet. She's loſt, and I'll ſhift for my ſelf, ſeize all her Money and Jewels, of which I have the Keys; and if Seignior Mountebank keeps his word, be transform'd to Youth and Beauty again, and undo this *La Nuche* at her own Trade——— [*Goes in.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Willmore, Beaumond, *Chair following.*

Will. Set down the Chair; you're now within call, I'll to the Garden-Door, and ſee if any Lady bright appear—dear *Beaumond* ſtay here a minute, and if I find occaſion, I'll give you the Word.

Beau. 'Tis hard by my Lodgings, if you want Conveniences, I have the Key of the Back-way through the Garden, whither you may carry your Miſtriſs.

Will. I thank thee——let me firſt ſecure my Woman ——— [*Goes out.*

Beau. —I thought I'd lov'd this falſe, this jilting Fair, even above my Friendſhip; but I find I can forgive this Rogue, tho' I am ſure he's rob'd me of my Joys.

Enter Ariadne *with a Casket of Jewels:*

Aria. Not yet, a Devil on him, he's Dear-hearting it with ſome other kind Damſel——faith, 'tis moſt wickedly done of me to venture

venture my Body with a mad unknown Fellow; thus a little more Delay will put me into ſerious Conſideration, and I ſhall e'en go home again, ſleep and be ſober. [*She walks about.*

Beau. Hah, a Woman! Perhaps the ſame he looks for—— I'll counterfeit his Voice and try my Chance——Fortune may ſet us even.

Aria. Hah, is not that a Man? Yes——and a Chair waiting. [*She peeps.*

Beau. Who's there?

Aria. A Maid.

Beau. A Miracle———Oh art thou come, Child?

Aria. 'Tis he, you are a civil Captain, are you not, to make a longing Maid expect thus. What Woman has detain'd you?

Beau. Faith, my dear, tho' Fleſh and Blood be frail, yet the dear Hopes of thee has made me hold out with a Herculean Courage,———ſtay, where ſhall I carry her? not to my own Apartment; *Ariadne* may ſurpriſe me: I'll to the Mountebank here i'th' *Piazza*, he has a Cure for all things, even for longing Love, and for a Piſtole or two will do Reaſon.

——Hah, Company: Here ſtep into this Chair.

[*She goes in, they go off juſt as* Will. *enters.*

Wil. Hum, a Woman of Quality and Jilt me———Egad that's ſtrange now——Well, who ſhall a Man truſt in this wicked World!

Enter La Nuche *as before.*

La Nu. This ſhould be he, he ſaunters about like an expecting Lover. [Wil. *peeping and approaching.*

Wil. By this Light a Woman, if ſhe be the right—but right or wrong ſo ſhe be Feminine: harkye, Child, I fancy thee ſome kind thing that belongs to me.

La Nu. Who are you?——— [*In a low tone.*

Wil. A wandering Lover that haſt loſt his Heart, and I have a ſhrewd Gueſs 'tis in thy dear Boſom, Child.

La Nu. Oh you're a pretty Lover, a Woman's like to have a ſweet time on't, if you're always ſo tedious.

Wil. By yon bright Star-light, Child, I walk'd here in ſhort turns like a Centinel, all this live long Evening, and was juſt going (Gad forgive me) to kill my ſelf.

La Nu. I rather think ſome Beauty has detain'd you: Have you not ſeen *La Nuche?*

Wil. La Nuche!———whe, ſhe's a Whore———I hope you take me for a civiller Perſon, than to throw my ſelf away on Whores———No, Child, I lye with none but honeſt Women I: but no diſputing now, come———to my Lodging, my dear———here's a Chair waits hard by——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE Willmore's *Lodging.*

Enter Harliquin *with* Fetherfool's *Cloaths on his Shoulder, leading him halting by one Hand,* Blunt *(drunk) by the other by dark—* Fetherfool *bloody, his Coat put over his Shoulders.*

Feth. Peano, Peano, Seignior, gently good *Edward*—— for I'll not halt before a Cripple; I have loſt a great part of my agil Faculties.

Blunt. Ah——ſee the inconſtancy of fickle Fortune, *Nicholas*—A Man to day, and beaten to morrow: but take comfort, there's many a proper Fellow has been robb'd and beaten on this Highway of whoring.

Feth. Ay *Ned*, thou ſpeak'ſt by woful Experience——but that I ſhould miſcarry after thy wholſom Documents; but we are all mortal as thou ſay'ſt, *Ned*—would I had never croſt the Ferry from *Croydon*; a few ſuch Nights as theſe wou'd learn a Man Experience enough to be a Wizard, if he have but the ill luck to eſcape hanging.

Blunt. 'Dſhartlikins, I wonder in what Country our kinder Stars rule? In *England* plunder'd, ſequeſter'd, impriſon'd and baniſh'd; in *France*, ſtarv'd, walking like the Sign of the naked Boy, with *Plimouth* Cloaks in our Hands: In *Italy* and *Spain* robb'd, beaten, and thrown out at Windows.

Feth. Well—how happy am I——in having ſo true a Friend to condole me in Affliction—— [*Weeps.* I am oblig'd to Seignior *Harliquin* too, for bringing me hither to the Mountebank's, where I ſhall not only conceal this Cataſtrophe from thoſe fortunate Rogues our Comrades, but procure a little Album Grecum for my Backſide. Come Seignior, my Cloaths——but Seignior—*un Portavera Poco palanea.* [*Dreſſes himſelf.*

Harl. Seignior.

Feth. Entende vos Signoria Engleſa?

Harl. Em Poco, em Poco, Seignior.

Feth. Per quelq arts, Did your Seignorſhip eſcape Cudgeling?

Harl. La art de transformatio.

Feth. Transformatio——Whe, wert thou not born a Man?

Harl. No, Seignior, *un vieule Famme.*

Feth. How, born an old VVoman?

Blunt. Good Lord! born an old VVoman! And ſo by tranſformation became invulnerable.

Feth. Ay—in—invulnerable—what would I give to be invulnerable: And egad I am almoſt weary of being a Man, and ſubject to beating: wou'd I were a VVoman, a Man has but an ill time on't: if he has a mind to a Wench, the making Love

is

is ſo plaguy tedious— then paying is to my Soul inſupportable, but to bea Woman, to be courted with Preſents, and have both the Pleaſure and the Profit——to be without a Beard, and ſing a fine Treble——and ſqueak if the Men but kiſs me——'twere fine——and what's better, *I* am ſure never to be beaten again.

Blunt. Pox on't, do not uſe an old Friend ſo ſcurvily; conſider the Miſery thou't indure to have theHeart and Mind of a jilting Whore poſſeſs thee: What a Fit of the Devil muſt he ſuffer who acts her Part from fourteen to fourſcore! no, 'tis reſolv'd thou remain *Nicholas Fetherfool* ſtill, ſhalt marry the Monſter, and laugh at Fortune.

Feth. 'Tis true, ſhould I turn Whore to the Diſgrace of my Family— what would the World ſay, who wou'd have thought it, cries one; I cou'd never have believ'd, cries another; no, as thou ſay'ſt: I'll remain as I am—marry and live honeſtly.

Blunt. Well reſolv'd, I'll leave you, for I was juſt going to Serenade my Fairy Queen, when I met thee at the Door—— ſome Deeds of Gallantry muſt be perform'd, Seignior, *Bonus Nochus.* [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Shift *with Light.*

Feth. Hah, a Light, undone!

Harl. Patientia, Patientia, Seignior.

Shift. Where the Devil can this Rogue *Hunt* be; juſt now all things are ready for marrying theſe two Monſters; they wait, the Houſe is huſht, and in the lucky Minute to have him out of the way, ſure the Devil owes me a Spight.

[*Runs againſt* Harliquin, *puts out his Candle.*

Harl. Que et la!

Shift. 'Tis *Harliquin*, Pox on't, is't you?

Harl. Peace, here's *Fetherfool*, I'll ſecure him, whilſt you go about your Affair. [*Ex.* Shift.

Feth. Oh, I hear a Noiſe, dear *Harliquin* ſecure me, if I am diſcover'd I am undone——hold, hold——here's a Door——

[*They both go in.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber, diſcovers the She-Giant aſleep in a great Chair.*

Enter Fetherfool *and* Harliquin.

Feth. Hah—my Lady Monſter, have I to avoid *Scylla* run upon *Caribdis*——hah ſhe ſleeps; now wou'd ſome magnanimous Lover make good Uſe of this Opportunity, take Fortune by the Fore-Lock, put her to't, and make ſure Work———but Egad he muſt have a better Heart, or a better Miſtriſs than I.

Harl. Try your Strength, I'll be civil and leave you.

[*In* Italian *he ſtill ſpeaks.*

Feth.

Feth. Excuſe me Seignior, I ſhould crackle like a wicker Bottle in her Arms—no, Seignior, there's no venturing without a grate between us; the Devil wou'd not give her due Benevolence—no; when I'm marry'd, I'll e'en ſhow her a fair pair of Heels, her Portion will pay Poſtage——but what if the Giant ſhould carry her, that's to be fear'd, then I have cock'd and dreſt, and feed, and ventur'd all this while for nothing.

Har. Faith, Seignior, if I were you, I wou'd make ſure of ſomething, ſee how rich ſhe is in Jems.

Feth. Right, as thou ſay'ſt, I ought to make ſure of ſomething, and ſhe is rich in Jems: How aimable looks that Neck with that delicious row of Pearls about it!

Har. She ſleeps.

Feth. Ay, ſhe ſleeps as 'twere her laſt. What if I made bold to unrig her? ſo if I miſs the Lady, I have at leaſt my Charges paid, what vigorous Lover can reſiſt her Charms——— [*Looks on her.*

But ſhou'd ſhe wake and miſs it, and find it about me, I ſhou'd be hang'd——— [*Turns away.*

——ſo then, I loſe my Lady too—but Fleſh and Blood cannot reſiſt—What if I leſt the Town? then I loſe my Lady ſtill, and who wou'd loſe a Hog for the reſt of the Proverb—and yet a Bird in Hand, Friend *Nicholas*—yet ſweet Meat may have ſour Sauce—and yet refuſe when Fortune offers—yet Honeſty's a ſewel—but a Pox upon Pride, when Folks go naked——

Har. Well ſaid. [*Incouraging him by Signs.*

Feth. Ay——I'll do't——but what Remedy now againſt Diſcovery and Reſtitution———

Har. Oh, Sir, take no care, you ſhall——ſwallow 'em.

Feth. How, ſwallow 'em; I ſhall ne're be able to do't.

Har. I'll ſhow you, Seignior, 'tis eaſie.

Feth. 'Gad that may be, 'twere excellent if I cou'd do't; but firſt—by your leave. [*Unties the Necklace, breaks the String, and* Har. *ſwallows one to ſhow him.*

Har. Look ye, that's all———

Feth. Hold, hold, Seignior, an you be ſo nimble, I ſhall pay dear for my Learning—let me ſee—Friend *Nicholas*, thou haſt ſwallow'd many a Pill for the Diſeaſe of the Body, let's ſee what thou canſt perform for that of the Purſe. [*Swallows 'em.*

—ſo—a comfortable buſineſs this—three or four thouſand pound in Cordial-Pearl: 'Sbud, *Mark Anthony* was never ſo treated by his *Egyptian* Crocodile—hah, what noiſe is that?

Har. Operator, Operator, Seignior.

Feth. How, an Operator, whe, what the Devil makes he here? ſome Plot upon my Lady's Chaſtity; were I given to be Jealous now, danger wou'd inſue—oh, he's entring, I wou'd not be

ſeen for all the World. Oh, ſome place of Refuge——— [*Looking about.*

Har. I know of none.

Feth. Hah, what's this——a Clock-Caſe———

Har. Good, good—— look you, Sir, do you do thus, and 'tis impoſſible to diſcover ye.

[*Goes into the Caſe and ſhows him how to ſtand; then* Fether. *goes in, pulls off his Periwig, his Head out turning for the Minutes o'th' top; his Hand out, and his Fingers pointing to a Figure.*

Enter Shift *and* Hunt.

Feth. Oh Heaven, he's here.

Shift. See where ſhe ſleeps; get you about your buſineſs, ſee your own little Marmoſet and the Prieſt be ready, that we may Marry and Conſummate before Day; and in the Morning our Friends ſhall ſee us abed together, give us the good Morrow, and the Work's done. [*Ex.* Hunt.

Feth. Oh Traytor to my Bed, what a Helliſh Plot's here diſcover'd! [Shift *wakes the Giant.*

Giant. Oh, are you come, my Sweeteſt?

Feth. Hah, the Miſtriſs of my Boſom falſe too; ah, who wou'd truſt faithleſs Beauty——oh that I durſt ſpeak———

Shift. Come let's away, your Uncle and the reſt of the Houſe are faſt aſleep, let's away e're the two Fools, *Blunt* and *Fetherfool* arrive.

Giant. Hang 'em Pigeon-hearted Slaves———

Shift. A Clock——let's ſee what hour 'tis———

[*Lifts up the Light to ſee,* Feth. *blows it out.*

——how! betray'd——I'll kill the Villain. [*Draws.*

Feth. Say you ſo, then 'tis time for me to uncaſe.

Shift. Have you your Lovers hid?

[*Gets out, all groping in the dark,* Feth. *gets the Giant by the Hand.*

Giant. Softly, or we're undone; give me your Hand and be undeceiv'd.

Feth. 'Tis ſhe, now ſhall I be reveng'd. [*Leads her out.*

Shift. What gone! Death, has this Monſter got the Arts of Woman. [Harl. *meets him in the dark and plays tricks with him.*

[Ex. *all.*

Enter Willmore *and* La Nuche *by dark.*

Will. Now we are ſafe and free, let's in my Soul, and gratefully firſt Sacrifice to Love, then to the Gods of Mirth and Wine, my Dear. [Ex. *paſſing over the Stage.*

Enter

Enter Blunt *with* Petronella, *imbracing her, his Sword in his Hand, and a Box of Jewels.*

Pet. I was damnably afraid I was purſu'd. [*Aſide.*

Blunt. Something in the Fray I've got, pray Heaven it prove a Prize, after my curſed ill luck of loſing my Lady Dwarf: Why do you tremble fair one?——you're in the Hands of an honeſt Gentleman, Adſhartlikins.

Pet. Alas, Sir, juſt as I approacht Seignior Doctor's Door, to have my ſelf ſurrounded with naked Weapons, then to drop with the fear my Casket of Jewels, which had not you by chance ſtumbled on and taken up, I had loſt a hundred thouſand Crowns with it.

Blunt. Ha um—a hundred thouſand Crowns—a pretty trifling Sum—*I'll* marry her out of hand.

Pet. This is an *Engliſh-man,* of a dull honeſt Nation, and might be manag'd to advantage, were but *I* transform'd now. [*Aſide.*

I hope you are a Man of Honour, Sir, *I* am a Virgin, fled from the rage of an incens'd Brother; cou'd you but ſecure me with my Treaſure, *I* wou'd be devoted yours.

Blunt. Secure thee, by this light, ſweet Soul, *I'll* marry thee; ——*Bellvile's* Lady ran juſt ſo away with him—this muſt be a Prize——— [*Aſide.*

but hark—prithee, my Dear, ſtep in a little, *I'll* keep my good Fortune to my ſelf.

Pet. See what truſt *I* repoſe in your Hands, thoſe Jewels, Sir.

Blunt. So—there can be no Jilting here, *I* am ſecur'd from being couzen'd however. [*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Fetherfool.

Feth. A Pox on all Fools, *I* ſay, and a double Pox on all fighting Fools; juſt when *I* had miraculouſly got my Monſter by a miſtake in the dark, convey'd her out, and within a moment of marrying her, to have my Friend ſet upon me, and occaſion my loſing her, was a Catoſtrophe which none but thy termagant Courage (which never did any Man good) cou'd have procur'd.

Blunt. 'Dſhartlikins, *I* cou'd kill my ſelf———

Feth. To fight away a couple of ſuch hopeful Monſters, and two Millions—'owns, was ever Valour ſo improvident?

Blunt. Your fighting made me miſtake---for who the Pox wou'd have look'd for *Nicholas Fetherfool* in the perſon of a Hero?

Feth. Fight, 'Sbud a Million of Money wou'd have provok'd a Bully; beſides, *I* took you for the damn'd Rogue my Rival.

Blunt. Juſt as *I* had finiſh'd my Serenade, and had put up my Pipes to be gone, out-ſtalk'd me your two-handed Lady, with a Man at her Girdle like a bunch of Keys, whom *I* taking for no-

thing leſs than ſome one who had ſome foul deſign upon the Gentlewoman, like a true Knight-Errant, did my beſt to reſcue her.

Feth. Yes, yes, *I* feel you did, a Pox of your heavy hand.

Blunt. So whilſt we two were lovingly cuffing each other, comes the Rival, *I* ſuppoſe, and carries off the Prize.

Feth. Who muſt be Seignior *Lucifer* himſelf, he cou'd never have vaniſht with that Celerity elſe with ſuch a Carriage — but come, all we have to do is to raiſe the Mountebank and the Guardian, purſue the Rogues, have 'em hang'd by Law, for a Rape, and Theft, and then we ſtand fair again.

Blunt. Faith, you may, if pou pleaſe, but Fortune has provided otherwiſe for me. [*Aſide.* [*Ex.*Blu. *and* Feth.

Enter Beaumond *and* Ariadne.

Blunt. Sure none lives here, or Thieves are broken in, the Doors are all left open.

Aria. Pray Heaven this Stranger prove but honeſt now. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Now my dear Creature every thing conſpires to make us happy, let us not defer it.

Aria. Hold, dear Captain, *I* yield but on Conditions, which are theſe —— *I* give you up a Maid of Youth and Beauty, ten thouſand Pound in ready Jewels here — three times the value in Eſtate to come, of which here be the Writings, you delivering me a handſom proper fellow, Heart-whole and ſound, that's all——your Name *I* ask not till the Prieſt declare it, who is to ſeal the Bargain. *I* cannot deceive, for *I* let you know *I* am Daughter-in-law to the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador.

Beau. Ariadne!
How vain is all Man's induſtry and care
To make him accompliſh'd;
When the gay fluttering Fool,
Or the half-witted rough unmanner'd Brute, [*Aſide.*
Who in plain terms comes right down to the buſineſs,
Out-Rivals him in all his Love and Fortunes.

Aria.————Methinks you cool upon't Captain.

Beau. Yes, *Ariadne*————

Aria. Beaumond!

Beau. Oh what a World of time have *I* miſpent for want of being a Blockhead——'Sdeath and Hell,
Wou'd *I* had been ſome brawny ruffling Fool,
Some forward impudent unthinking Sloven,
A Woman's Tool; for all beſides unmanageable.
——Come, ſwear that all this while you thought 'twas *I.*
The Devil has taught ye tricks to bring your falſhood off.

Aria. Know 'twas you? no, Faith, *I* took you for as errant a right-down Captain as ever Woman wiſht for; and 'twas uncivil Egad, to undeceive me, *I* tell you that now. *Enter*

Enter Willmore *and* La Nuche *by dark.*

Will. Thou art all Charms, a Heaven of Sweets all over, plump ſmooth round Limbs, ſmall riſing Breaſts, a Boſom ſoft and panting—*I* long to wound each Senſe. Lights there—who waits—there yet remains a Pleaſure unpoſſeſt, the ſight of that dear Face—Lights there—where are my Vermin? [*Ex.* Will.

Aria. My Captain with a Woman———and is it ſo———

Enter Will. *with Lights, ſees* Aria. *and goes to her.*

Will. By Heaven, a glorious Beauty! now a Bleſſing on thee for ſhowing me ſo dear a Face —— come, Child, let's retire, and begin where we left off.

La Nu. A Woman!

Aria. Where we left off, pray, where was that good Captain?

Will. Within upon the Bed, Child—— come ———I'll ſhow thee———

Beau. Hold, Sir.

Will. Beaumond come fit to celebrate my Happineſs; ah ſuch a Woman-friend!

Beau. Do ye know her?

Will. All o're, to be the ſofteſt ſweateſt Creature——

Beau. I mean, do ye know who ſhe is?

Will. Nor care; 'tis the laſt Queſtion I ever ask a fine Woman.

Beau. And you are ſure you are thus well acquainted.

Will. I cannot boaſt of much acquaintance——— but I have pluckt a Roſe from her Boſom——or ſo——and given it her again—we've paſt the hour of the Berjere together, that's all—

Beau. And do you know—this Lady is my—Wife? [*Draw.*

Will. Hah! hum, hum, hum, hum——

[*Turns and ſings, ſees* La Nuche, *and returns quick with an uneaſie Grimace.*

Beau. Did you not hear me———*Draw.*

Will. Draw, Sir——what——on my Friend.

Beau. On your Cuckold, Sir, for ſo you've doubly made me: Draw, or I'll kill thee—— [*Paſſes at him, he fences with his Hat,* La Nu. *holds* Beau.

Will. Hold, prithee hold———

La Nu. Put up your Sword, this Lady's innocent, at leaſt in what concerns this Evenings buſineſs: I own —— with Pride I own *I* am the Woman that pleas'd ſo well to Night.

Will. La Nuche! kind Soul to bring me off with ſo handſom a lye; how lucky 'twas ſhe happen'd to be here.

Beau. Falſe as thou art, why ſhou'd *I* credit thee?

La Nu. By Heaven, 'tis true, *I* will not loſe the glory on't.

Will. Oh the dear perjur'd Creature, how *I* love thee for this dear lying Vertue——harkye, Child, haſt thou nothing to ſay for thy ſelf, to help us out withall?—— [*To* Aria. *aſide.*

Aria. I! I renounce ye————falſe Man.

Beau. Yes, yes, *I* know ſhe's innocent of this, for which *I* owe no thanks to either of you, but to my ſelf who miſtook her in the dark.

La Nu. And you it ſeems miſtook me for this Lady ; *I* favour'd your Deſign to gain your Heart, for *I* was told, that if this Night *I* loſt you, *I* ſhou'd never regain you ; now *I* am yours, and o'er the habitable World will follow you, and live and ſtarve by turns, as Fortune pleaſes.

Will. Nay, by this light, Child, *I* knew when once thou'dſt try'd me, thou'dſt ne'er part with me——give me thy Hand, no Poverty ſhall part us. [*Kiſſes her.*

————ſo————now here's a Bargain made without the formal Foppery of Marriage.

La Nu. Nay, faith Captain, ſhe that will not take thy word as ſoon as the Parſon's of the Pariſh, deſerves not the Bleſſing.

Will. Thou art reform'd, and *I* adore the Change.

Enter the Guardian, Blunt, *and* Fetherfool.

Guar. My Niece's ſtol'n, and by a couple of the Seignior's Men! the Seignior fled too, undone, undone.

Will. Hah, now's my Cue, *I* muſt finiſh this Jeſt. [*Goes out.*

Enter Shift *and* Giant, Hunt *and* Dwarf.

Guar. Oh impudence, my Nieces, and the Villains with 'em ; *I* charge ye Gentlemen to lay hold on 'em.

Dwarf. For what, good Uncle, for being ſo couragious to marry us.

Guar. How, married to Rogues, Raſcals, *John Potages!*

Blunt. Who the Devil wou'd have look'd for Jilting in ſuch Hobgoblings?

Feth. And haſt thou deceiv'd me, thou foul-filthy Synagogue?

Enter Willmore *like a Mountebank as before.*

Blunt. The Mountebank! oh thou cheating Quack, thou ſophiſticated adulterated Villain.

Feth. Thou couzening, lying, Fortune-telling Fee-taking Raſcal.

Blunt. Thou Jugling, Conjuring, Canting Rogue!

Will. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Blunt. Haſt thou the Impudence to ask who took my Money to marry me to this ill-favour'd Baboon.

Feth. And me to this foul filthy o'regrown Chronacle.

Blunt. And haſt ſuffered Rogues, thy Servants, to marry 'em?

Sirra,

Sirra, I will beat thee paſt Cure of all thy hard-nam'd Drugs, thy *Guzman* Medicins.

Feth. Nay, I'll Pe[illegible] him in the Inquiſition for a Wizard, and have him hang'd for a Witch.

Shift. Sir, we are Gentlemen, and you ſhall have the thirds of their Portion, what wou'd you more? [*Aſide to the* G[illegible]r. Look ye, Sir. [*Pulls off their Diſguiſe.*

Blunt. Hunt!

Feth. Shift! We are betray'd all? all will out to the Captain.

Will. He ſhall know no more of it than he does already for me, Gentlemen. [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*

Blunt. Willmore!

Feth. Ay, ay, 'tis he.

Blunt. Draw, Sir——you know me———

Will.——For one that 'tis impoſſible to couzen. [*All Laugh.*

Beau. Have a care, Sir, we are all for the Captain.

Feth. As for that, Sir, we fear ye not, d'ye ſee, were you *Hercules* and all his Mermidons. [*Draws, but gets behind.*

Will. Fools, put up your Swords, Fools, and do not publiſh the Jeſt, your Money you ſhall have again, on condition you never pretend to be wiſer than your other Men, but modeſtly believe you may be couzen'd as well as your Neighbours.

[*The* Guardian *talking with* Hunt *and* Shift *and* Giant *this while.*

Feth. La you, *Ned*, why ſhou'd Friends fall out?

Blunt. Couzen'd, it may be not, Sir, for look ye, Sir, the *Eſſex* Fool, the couzen'd dull Rogue can ſhow Moveables or ſo—nay, they are right too——— [*Shows his Jewels.*

This is no *Naples* Adventure, Gentlemen, no Copper Chains; all ſubſtantial Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies———

[*Will. takes the Casket and looks in it.*

La Nu. Hah, do not I know that Casket, and thoſe Jewels.

Feth. How the Pox came this Rogue by theſe?

Will. Hum, *Edward*, I confeſs you have redeem'd your Reputation, and ſhall hereafter paſs for a Wit—by what good fortune came you by this Treaſure?—what Lady?——

Blunt. Lady, Sir! alas no, I am a Fool, a Country Fop, an Aſs, I; but that you may perceive your ſelves miſtaken, Gentlemen, this is but an earneſt of what's to come, a ſmall token of remembrance, or ſo—and yet I have no Charms, I; the fine Captain has all the Wit and Beauty—but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll impart.

[*Brings out* Petronella *Veil'd.*

Enter Aurelia *and* Sancho.

Aur. Hither we trac'd her, and ſee ſhe's yonder.

San. Sir, in the King's Name lay hold of this old Cheat; ſhe

has this Night robb'd our *Patrona* of a hundred thouſand Crowns in Money and Jewels.

Blunt. Hah! [*Goes from her.*

La Nu. You are miſtaken Friend *Sancho*, ſhe only ſeiz'd 'em for my uſe, and has deliver'd 'em in truſt to my Friend the Captain.

Pet. Hah, *La Nuche!*

Blunt. How! couzen'd again!

Will. Look ye, Sir, ſhe's ſo Beautiful, you need no Portion, that alone's ſufficient for Wit.

Feth. Much good may do you with your rich Lady, *Edward.*

Blunt. Death, this Fool laugh at me too—well, I am an errant right-down Logerhead, a dull conceited couzen'd ſilly Fool, and he that ever takes me for any other, 'Dſhartlikins, I'll beat him: I forgive you all, and will henceforth be good natur'd: wo't borrow any Money, Pox on't, I'll lend as far as e're 'twill go, for I am now reclaim'd.

Guar. Here is a Necklace of Pearl loſt, which, Sir, I lay to your Charge. [*To* Fetherfool.

Feth. Hum, I was bewitcht I did not rub off with it when it was mine — who I, if e're I ſaw a Necklace of Pearl, I wiſh 'twere in my Belly.

Blunt. How, a Necklace, unconſcionable Rogue, not to let me ſhare, well, there is no Friendſhip in the World; I hope they'l hang him.

Shift. He'll ne'er confeſs without the Rack—come, we'll toſs him in a Blanket.

Feth. Hah, toſs me in a Blanket, that will turn my Stomach moſt villainouſly, and I ſhall diſimbogue and diſcover all.

Shift. Come, come, the Blanket. [*They lay hold on him.*

Feth. Hold, hold, I do confeſs, I do confeſs———

Shift. Reſtore, and have your Pardon.

Feth. That is not in Nature at preſent, for Gentlemen, I have eat 'em.

Shift. 'Sdeath, I'll diſſect ye. [*Goes to Draw.*

Will. Let me redeem him; here Boy, take him to my Chamber, and let the Doctor Glyſter him ſoundly, and I'll warrant you your Pearl again.

Feth. If this be the end of Travelling, I'll e'ne to old *England* again, take the Covenant, get a Sequeſtrator's Place, grow rich, and defie all Cavaliering.

Beau. 'Tis Morning, let's home, *Ariadne*, and try, if poſſible, to love ſo well to be content to marry; if we find that amendment in our Hearts, to ſay we dare believe and truſt each other, then let it be a Match.

Aria. With all my Heart.

Will.

Will. You have a hankering after Marriage ſtill, but I am for Love and Gallantry.
So though by ſeveral ways we gain our End,
Love ſtill, like Death, does to one Center tend.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY.*

POets are Kings of Wit, and you appear
A Parliament, by Play-Bill, ſummon'd here;
When e're in want, to you for aid they fly,
And a new Play's the Speech that begs ſupply:
But now———
The ſcanted Tribute is ſo ſlowly paid,
Our Poets muſt find out another Trade;
They've try'd all ways the inſatiate Clan to pleaſe,
Have parted with their old Prerogatives:
Their Birth-right Satyring, and their juſt pretence
Of judging, even their own Wit and Senſe,
And write againſt their Conſciences, to ſhow
How dull they can be to comply with you,
They've flatter'd all the Mutineers i'th' Nation,
Groſſer than e're was done in Dedication.
Pleas'd your ſick Palats with Fantaſtick Wit,
Such as was ne're a treat before to th' Pit;
Giants, fat Cardinals, Pope Joans *and Fryers,*
To entertain Right Worſhipfuls and Squires:
Who laugh, and cry Ads Nigs, 'tis woundy good,
When the fuger's all the Jeſt that's underſtood.
And yet you'll come but once, unleſs by ſtealth,
Except the Author be for Commonwealth;
Then half Crown more you nobly throw away,
And though my Lady ſeldom ſee a Play,
She, with her Eldeſt Daughter, ſhall be boxt that day.
Then Prologue comes, Ads-lightikins, crys Sir John,
You ſhall hear notable Conceits anon:
How neatly, Sir, he'll bob the Court and French *King,*
And tickle away—you know who—for Wenching—

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Ambroſio,	A Nobleman of *Spain*.
Marcel,	His Son.
Silvio,	Suppoſed Baſtard Son to *Ambroſio*.
Antonio,	A German that has debauch'd *Hippolyta*.
Alonzo,	A *Flaunders* Colonel contracted to *Hippolyta*. and newly arrived at *Madrid*.
Lovis,	His Friend.
Carlo,	Father to *Lovis* and *Euphemia*.
Haunce van Exel,	A Dutch Fop contracted to *Euphemia*, newly arrived at *Madrid*.
Gload,	His Caſh-keeper.
Pedro,	An old Servant to *Alonzo*.

W O M E N.

Euphemia,	In love with *Alonzo*.
Hippolyta,	In love with *Antonio*. } Daughters to
Cleonte,	In love with *Silvio*. } *Ambroſio*.
Clarinda,	Siſter unknown to *Alonzo*, in love with *Marcel*.
Dormida,	Her Governeſs.
Franciſca,	Woman to *Cleonte*.
Olinda,	} Two Maids to *Euphemia*.
Doriee,	

The Scene *Madrid*.

THE

THE Dutch LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

Enter Alonzo *and* Lovis *in travelling Habits, attended by* Pedro *and* Gload.

Lov. DEar *Alonzo!* I ſhall love a Church the better this Month for giving me a Sight of thee, whom I ſo little expected in this Part of the World, and leſs in ſo ſanctify'd a Place. What affair could be powerful enough to draw thee from the kind obliging Ladies of *Brabant?*

Alon. Firſt the ſudden Orders of my Prince *Don John*, and next a fair Lady.

Lov. A Lady! Can any of this Country reliſh with a Man that has been us'd to the Freedom of thoſe of *Bruxels*, from whence I ſuppoſe you are now arriv'd?

Alon. This morning landed, from ſuch a Storm, as ſet us all to making Vows of Converſion, (upon good Conditions) and that indeed brought me to Church.

Lov. In that very Storm I landed too, but with leſs Senſe of Danger than you, being diverted with a pleaſant Fellow that came along with me, and who is deſign'd to marry a Siſter of mine againſt my Will——— And now I think of him, *Gload*, where haſt thou left this Maſter of thine?

Glo. At the Inn, Sir, in as lamentable a Pickle, as if he were ſtill in the Storm; recruiting his emptyed Stomach with Brandy, and railing againſt all Women-kind for your Siſters Sake, who has made him undertake this Voyage.

Lov. Well, I'll come to him, go home before. [*Exit* Gload.

Alon. Prithee what thing is this?

Lov.

Lov. Why, 'tis the Caſhier to this Squire I ſpoke of, a Man of buſineſs, and as wiſe as his Maſter, but the graver Coxcomb of the two. But this Lady, *Alonzo*, who is this Lady thou ſpeak'ſt of? ſhall not I know her? we were wont to divide the Spoils of Beauty, as well as thoſe of War between us.

Alon. O but this is no ſuch Priſe, thou wouldſt hardly ſhare this with the Danger, there's Matrimony in the Caſe.

Lov. Nay, then keep her to thy ſelf, only let me know who 'tis that can debauch thee to that ſcandalous way of Life; is ſhe fair? will ſhe recompence the Folly?

Alon. Faith I know not, I never ſaw her yet, but 'tis the Siſter of *Marcell*, whom we both knew laſt Summer in *Flanders*, and where he and I contracted ſuch a Friendſhip, that without other Conſideration he promis'd me *Hippolyta*, for that's his Siſters Name.

Lov. But wo't thou really marry her?

Alon. I conſider my Advantage in being allied to ſo conſiderable a Man as *Ambroſio*, her Father; I being now ſo unhappy as not to know my Birth or Parents.

Lov. I have often heard of ſome ſuch thing, but durſt not ask the Truth of it.

Alon. 'Tis ſo, all that I know of my ſelf is, that a Spaniſh Souldier, who brought me up in the Army, dying, confeſt I was not his Son, (which till then I believ'd) and at the Age of twelve left me to ſhift for my ſelf; the Fortune he inrich'd me with, was his Horſe and Arms, with a few Documents how to uſe them, as I had ſeen him do with good ſucceſs: This Servant, and a Crucifix of Value. [*Points to* Pedro. And from one Degree to another, I arriv'd to what you knew me, Colonel of the Prince's Regiment, and the Glory of his Favour.

Lov. Honour is the Child of Vertue, and finds an Owner every where.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you are a Courtier, and have much the Odds of a Souldier in Parlies of this Nature: But hither I am come———

Lov. To be undone; faith thou look'ſt ill upon't.

Alon. I confeſs I am not altogether ſo briſk as I ſhould have been upon another Occaſion; you know *Lovis* I have been us'd to Chriſtian Liberty, and hate this formal Courtſhip. Pox on't, wou'd 'twere over.

Lov. Where all Parties are agreed, there's little need of that; and the Ladies of *Spain*, whatever Gravity they aſſume, are as ready as any you ever met withal.

Alon. But there's a damn'd Cuſtom that does not at all agree with Men ſo [illegible] and gay as thou and I; there's a deal of

Danger

Danger in the Atchievement, which ſome ſay hightens the Pleaſure, but *I* am of another Opinion.

Ped. Sir, there is a Female in a Vail has follow'd us ever ſince we came from Church.

Alon. Some amorous adventure: See ſhe advances: Prethee retire, there may be Danger in it. [*Enter* Olinda.

[*Puts* Lovis *back.*

Lov. Oh then, I muſt by no means leave you.

[Lovis *advances.*

Olin. Which of theſe two ſhall I chuſe? [*She looks on both.* Sir, you appear a Stranger. [*To* Lovis.

Alon. We are both ſo, Lady.

Olin. *I* ſhall ſpoil all, and bring the wrong. Sir, you ſhould be a Cavalier, that——— [*She looks again on both.*

Alon. Would gladly obey your Orders.

Lov. Nay, I find 'tis all one to you, which you chuſe, ſo you have one of us; but would not both do better?

Olin. No, Sir, my Commiſſion's but to one.

Alon. Fix and proceed then, let me be the Man.

Olin. What ſhall I do? They are both well: [*Aſide.* but I'll e'en chuſe, as 'twere, for my ſelf; and hang me if I know which that ſhall be. [*Looks on both.*] Sir, there is a Lady of Quality and Beauty, who gueſſing you to be Men of Honour, has ſent me to one of you.

Alon. Me I am ſure.

Lov. Me, me, he's ingag'd already.

Alon. That's foul Play, *Lovis.*

Olin. Well, I muſt have but one, and therefore I'll wink and chuſe.

Lov. I'll not truſt blind Fortune.

Alon. Prethee, *Lovis*, let thee and I agree upon the matter, and I find the Lady will be reaſonable; croſs or pile who ſhall go.

Lov. Go, Sir, whither?

Alon. To the Lady that———

Lov. Sent for neither of us that I can hear of yet.

Olin. You will not hear me out, but I'll end the Difference by chuſing you, Sir; and if you'll follow me at a Diſtance, I will conduct you where this Lady is. [*To* Alonzo.

Alon. Fair Guide march on, I'll follow thee. [*Offers to go.*

Lov. You are not mad, Sir, 'tis ſome abuſe, and dangerous.

[*Pulls him back.*

Alon. Be not envious of my Happineſs: Forbear a Wench, for fear of Danger!

Lov. Have a care, 'tis ſome Plot. [*Holds him.*] Where did this Lady ſee us, we are both Strangers in the City?

Alon. No

Alon. No matter where.

Olin. At Church, Sir, just now.

Alon. I, I at Church, at Church, enough.

Lov. What's her Name?

Alon. Away, thou art fuller of Questions than a Fortune-teller: Come let's be gone.

Lov. Sure you do not mean to keep your Word, Sir?

Alon. Not keep my Word, *Lovis?* What wicked Life hast thou known me lead, should make thee suspect I should not. When I have made an Interest in her, and find her worth communicating, I will be just upon Honour——Go, go.

Lov. Well, go your ways, if Marriage do not tame you, you are past all Hopes: but pray, Sir, let me see you at my Lodgings, the *Golden Fleece* here at the Gate.

Alon. I'll attend thee here, and tell thee my Adventure: Farewel. [*Exit* Lovis.] *Pedro*, go you and inquire for the House of *Don Ambrosio*, and tell him I will wait on him in the Evening, by that time I shall get my self in Order.

[*Exeunt* Alonzo *and* Olinda: Pedro *the other way*.

SCENE II. *House of* Ambrosio.

Enter Silvio, *melancholy.*

Silv. I Must remove *Marcel*, for his Honour
Will ne'r permit that I should court my Sister;
My Passion will admit of no Restraint,
'Tis grown so violent; and fair *Cleonte*'s Charms
Each Day increase to such a killing Number,
That I must speak or dye.

Enter Franciscа.

Franc. What, still with folded Arms and down-cast Looks?

Silv. Oh *Franciſca!*
My Brothers Presence now afflicts me more
Than all my Fears of Cruelty from *Cleonte*,
She is the best, the sweetest, kindest Sister——

Franc. I, Sir, but she will never make the kindest Mistress.

Silv. At least she should permit me to adore her,
Were but *Marcell* away.
Hast thou no Stratagem to get him absent?
For I can think of nothing but my Sister. [*Sighs.*

Franc. I know of one, nor other Remedy for you than loving less.

Silv. Oh 'tis impossible,
Thou know'st I've try'd all ways, made my Addresses
To all the fairest Virgins in *Madrid*;
Nay, and at last fell to the worst Debauchery,

That

That of frequenting every common Houſe:
But Souls that feed ſo high on Love as mine
Muſt nauſeate courſer Diet:
No, I muſt ſtill love on, and tell her ſo,
Or I muſt live no longer.

Franc. That methinks you might do even in the Preſence of *Marcell.* A Brother is allow'd to love a Siſter.

Silv. But I ſhall do't in ſuch a way *Franciſca*,
Be ſo tranſported, and ſo paſſionate,
I ſhall betray what he will ne'er indure.
And ſince our other Siſter looſe *Hippolyta* was loſt,
He does ſo guard and watch the fair *Cleonte*.

Franc. Why, quarrel with him, Sir, you know you are ſo much dearer to my Lord your Father than he is, that ſhould he perceive a Difference between ye, he would ſoon diſmiſs him the Houſe; and 'twere but Reaſon, Sir, for I am ſure *Don Marcel* loves you not.

Silv. That I excuſe, ſince he the lawful Heir to all my Fathers Fortunes, ſees it every Day ready to be ſacrific'd to me, who can pretend no Title to't, but the unaccountable Love my Father bears me.

Franc. Can you diſſemble, Sir?

Silv. The worſt of any Man, but would indeavour it, if it could any ways advance my Love.

Franc. Which I muſt find ſome way to Ruine. [*Aſide.*
Then Court his Miſtreſs.

Silv. The rich *Flavia*?

Franc. That would not incenſe him, for her he is to marry; but 'tis the fair *Clarinda* has his Heart.

Silv. To act a feigned Love, and hide a real one,
Is what I have already try'd in vain.
Even fair *Clarinda* I have courted too,
In hope that way to baniſh from my Soul
The hopeleſs Flame *Cleonte* kindled there;
But 'twas a Shame to ſee how ill I did did diſſemble.

Franc. Stay, Sir, here comes *Marcell*. I'll leave you.
[*Exit* Franciſca.

Enter Marcell *with a Letter open in his Hand which he kiſſes.*

Mar. Kind Meſſenger of Love! Thus, thus a thouſand times
I bid thee welcome from my fair *Clarinda*.
Thus joyful Bridegrooms after long Deſpairs
Poſſeſs the yielding Treaſure in their Arms;
Only thus much the happier Lover I,
Who gather all the Sweets of this fair Maid
Without the ceremonious Tye of Marriage;

That

That tye that does but nauſeate the delight,
Be far from happy Lovers; we'll imbrace
As unconfin'd and free as whiſpering Air
That mingles wantonly with ſpreading Flowers.

Silv. What's all this?

Mar. Silvio, the Victory's won.
The Heart that nicely ſtood it out ſo long,
Now yields upon Conditions.

Silv. What Victory? or what Heart?

Mar. I am all Rapture, cannot ſpeak it out;
My Senſes have carous'd too much of Joys;
And like young Drunkards, proud of their new try'd Strength,
Have made my Pleaſure leſs by the exceſs.

Silv. This is wondrous.
Impart ſome of your over-charge to me,
The burthen lightned will be more ſupportable.

Mar. Read here, and change thy wonders when thou know'ſt
How happy Man can be. [*Gives him a Letter.*

[*Silvio* reads.]

Marcel,

DOrmida *will have me tell you what Effects your Vows have made, and how eaſily they have drawn from me a conſent to ſee you, as you deſir'd this Night in my Chamber: you have ſworn to marry me, and Love will have me credit you, and then methinks I ought not to deny you any thing, nor queſtion your Vertue.* Dormida *will wait to throw you down the Key, when all are in Bed, that will conduct you to*

Your Clarinda.

Silv. Damn her for a Diſſembler,
Is this the Chaſte, the excellent *Clarinda.*
Whom whilſt I courted was as cold and nice,
As a young Nun the day ſhe is inveſted.

Mar. How now Brother, what diſpleaſed with it?
[*Takes the Letter.*

Silv. A little, Sir, to ſee another's Happineſs,
Whilſt I where e're I pay my Vows and Sighs
Get nothing but Diſdain, and yet this ſhape
And Face I never thought unhandſome.

Mar. Theſe be the leaſt approaches to a Heart;
'Tis not dull looking well will do the feat,
There is a knack in Love, a cretical minute:
And Women muſt be watcht as Witches are
E're they confeſs, and then they yield a pace.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, there's without a Servant of *Don Alonzo's*, who ſays his Maſter will be here to Night.

[Marcel *is ſurpriz'd.*

Mar. Alonzo! now I begin to wake
From Love; like one from ſome delightful Dream,
To reaſſume my wonted Cares and Shame.
——— I will not ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Boy.
Oh *Hippolyta!* thou poor loſt thing *Hippolyta!*
How art thou fallen from Honour, and from Vertue,
And liveſt in Whoredom, with an impious Villain?
Who in revenge to me has thus betray'd thee.
Keep thy ſelf cloſer than thou'ſt done thy ſin;
For if I find thee out, by all that's good,
Thou hadſt more mercy on thy ſlaughter'd Honour,
Than I will have for thee.
And thou *Antonio*, that haſt betray'd her,
Who till prophan'd by thee, was chaſte as Shrines,
And pure as are the Vows are offer'd there,
That Rape which thou'ſt committed on her Innocence,
I will revenge as ſhall become her Brother.

[*Offers to go out in rage.*

Silv. Stay *Marcel*,
I can inform you where theſe Lovers are.
Mar. Oh tell me quickly then,
That I may take them in their foul Embraces,
And ſend their Souls to Hell.
Silv. Laſt Night I made a youthful Sally to
One of thoſe Houſes where Love and Pleaſure
Are ſold at deareſt Rates.
Silv. A Bordello; forwards pray.
Silv. Yes, at the corner of St. *Jerom's*; where after ſeeing many Faces which pleas'd me not, I would have took my leave; but the Matron of the Houſe, a kind of obliging Lady, ſeeing me ſo nice, and of Quality, (though diſguis'd) told me ſhe had a Beauty, ſuch an one, as had *Counte d' Oliveris* in his height of Power ſeen, he would have purchas'd at any rate. I grew impatient to ſee this fine thing, and promis'd largely; then leading me into a Room as gay, and as perfum'd as an Altar upon a Holy-day, I ſaw ſeated upon a Couch of ſtate———
Mar. Hippolyta!
Silv. Hypolita our Siſter, dreſt like a *Venice* Courtezan,
With all the Charms of a looſe Wanton,
Singing and playing to her raviſht Lover,
Who I perceiv'd aſſiſted to expoſe her.

Mar. Well, Sir, what follow'd?
Selv. Surpris'd at ſight of this, I did with-draw,
And left them laughing at my little Confidence.
Mar. How! left them? and left them living too?
Silv. If a young Wench will be gadding,
Who can help it?
Mar. 'Sdeath, you ſhould, were you that half her Brother,
Which my Father too doatingly believes you. [*Inrag'd.*
Silv. How! do you queſtion his Belief, *Marcel*?
Mar. I ne'er conſider'd it; be gone and leave me.
Silv. Am I a Dog that thus you bid me vaniſh? [*Aſide.*
What mean you by this Language? [*Comes up to him.*
And how dare you upbraid me with my Birth,
Which know, *Marcel*, is more illuſtrious far
Than thine, being begot when love was in his reign,
With all his Youth and Heat about him?
I like Birds of braveſt kind was hatcht
In the hot Sun-ſhine of delight, whilſt
Thou, *Marcel*, wer't poorly brooded
In the cold Neſt of Wedlock.
Mar. Thy Mother was ſome baſe notorious Strumpet,
And by her Witchcraft, reduc'd my Father's Soul,
And in return ſhe pay'd him with a Baſtard,
Which was thou.
Silv. *Marcel*, thou ly'ſt [*Strikes him.*
Mar. Though 'twere no point of Valour but of raſhneſs to fight thee, yet I'll do't.
Silv. By Heaven, I will not put this Injury up.
[*They fight*, Silvio *is wounded.*
[*Fight again. Enter* Ambroſio, *and* Cleonte *between*; Silvio *falls into the Arms of* Cleonte.
Amb. Hold! I command you hold;
Ah Traytor to my Blood, what haſt thou done?
[*To* Marcel, *who kneels and lays his Sword at his Feet.*
Silv. In fair *Cleonte*'s Arms?
O I could kiſs the Hand that gives me Death,
So I might thus expire.
Mar. Pray hear me, Sir, before you do condemn me.
Amb. I will hear nothing but thy Death pronounc'd,
Since thou haſt wounded him, if it be mortal.
Have I not charged thee on thy Life, *Marcel*,
Thou ſhouldſt not hold diſcourſe with him of any kind?
Mar. I did foreſee my Fate, but could not ſhun it.
[*Takes his Sword and goes out.*
Amb. What ho! *Biſcay*, Surgeon; on your Lives a Surgeon: where be theſe Raſcals? [*Goes out.*
[*Silv.*

Silv. I would not have a Surgeon ſearch my Wound,
With rude and heavy Hands;
Yours, fair *Cleonte*, can apply the Balſam
Far more ſucceſsfully.
For they are ſoft and white as down of Swan,
And every touch is Sovereign.

Cleo. But I ſhould die with looking on your Wounds.

Silv. And I ſhall die unleſs you cure them, Siſter.

Cleo. With the expence of mine to ſave your Life,
Is both my Wiſh and Duty.

Silv. I thank you pretty *Innocence.* [*Leads him in.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Diſcovers Euphemia *Vail'd alone walking.*

Euph. Olinda ſtays long, I hope ſhe has overtook the Cavalier, Lord, how I am concern'd! if this ſhould be Love now, I were in a fine condition, at leaſt if he be marry'd, or a Lover: Oh that I fear! hang me, if it has not diſorder'd me all over. But ſee, where ſhe comes with him too.

Enter Olinda *and* Alonzo.

Olin. Here he is, Madam, I hope 'tis the right Man.

Alon. Madam, you ſee what haſte I make to obey your kind Commands.

Euph. 'Twas as kindly done, Sir; but I fear when you know to what end 'tis, you'll repent your haſte.

Alon. 'Tis very likely; but if I do, you are not the firſt of your Sex that has put me to Repentance: But lift up your Vail, and if your Face be good—— [*Offers to lift up her Vail.*

Euph. Stay, you're too haſty.

Alon. Nay, let's have fair Play on both ſides, I'll hide nothing from you. [*Offers again.*

Euph. I have a Queſtion or two to ask you firſt.

Alon. I can promiſe nothing till I ſee my Reward, I am a baſe Barterer, here's one for t'other; you ſaw your Man and like him, and if I like you when I ſee you——— [*Offers again.*

Euph. But if you do not, muſt all my liking be caſt away?

Alon. As for that, truſt to my good Nature; a frank Wench has hitherto taken me as much as Beauty. And one proof you have already given of that, in this kind Invitation; come, come, do not loſe my little new-gotten good Opinion of thee, by being coy and peeviſh. [*Offers again.*

Euph. You're ſtrangely impatient, Sir.

Alon. O you ſhould like me the better for that, 'tis a ſign of Youth and Fire.

Euph. But, Sir, before I let you ſee my Face———

Alon. I hope I muſt not promiſe you to like it.

Euph. No, that were too unreaſonable; but I muſt know whether you are a Lover.

Alon. What an idle Queſtion's that to a brisk young Fellow? a Lover, yes, and that as often as I ſee a new Face.

Euph. That I'll allow.

Alon. That's kindly ſaid; and now do I find I ſhall be in love with thine, as ſoon as I ſee't, for I am half ſo with thy humour already.

Euph. Are you not married, Sir?

Alon. Married!

Euph. Now I dread his Anſwer. [*aſide.*] Yes, married.

Alon. Why, *I* hope you make no ſcruple of Conſcience, to be kind to a married Man.

Euph. Now do I find, you hope I am a Courtizan that come to bargain for a Night or two; but if I poſſeſs you it muſt be for ever.

Alon. For ever let it be then, come let's begin on any terms.

Euph. I cannot blame you, Sir, for this miſtake, ſince what I've raſhly done, has given you cauſe to think I am not vertuous.

Alon. Faith, Madam, Man is a ſtrange ungovern'd thing; yet *I* in the whole courſe of my Life have taken the beſt care I could, to make as few miſtakes as poſſible, and treating all Women-kind alike, we ſeldom err; for where we find one as you profeſs to be, we happily light on a hundred of the ſociable and reaſonable ſort.

Euph. But ſure you are ſo much a Gentleman, that you may be convinc'd?

Alon. Faith, if I be miſtaken, I cannot deviſe what other uſe you can make of me.

Euph. In ſhort this; I muſt leave you inſtantly; and will only tell you I am the ſole Daughter of a rich Parent, young, and as I am told not unhandſome; I am contracted to a Man I never ſaw, nor I am ſure ſhall not like when I do ſee, he having more Vice and Folly than his Fortune will excuſe, though a great one; and I had rather die than marry him.

Alon. I underſtand you, and you would have me diſpatch this Man.

Euph. I am not yet ſo wicked. The Church is the only place I am allowed to go to, and till now could never ſee the Man that was perfectly agreeable to me: Thus vailed, I'll venture to tell you ſo.

Alon. What the Devil will this come too? her Mien and Shape

Shape are ſtrangely graceful, and her Diſcourſe is free and natural: What a damn'd Defeat is this, that ſhe ſhould be honeſt now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Well, Sir, what Anſwer? I ſee he is uneaſie [*Aſide.*

Alon. Why, as I was ſaying, Madam, I am a Stranger.

Euph. I like you the better for that.

Alon. But, Madam, I am a Man unknown, unown'd in the World; and much unworthy the Honour you do me——— Would I were well rid of her, and yet I find a damnable Inclination to ſtay too. [*Aſide.*

Will nothing but Matrimony ſerve your turn, Madam? Pray uſe a young Lover as kindly as you can.

Euph. Nothing but that will do, and that muſt be done.

Alon. Muſt! 'ſlife this was the firſt of her Sex that ever was before-hand with me, and yet that I ſhould be forc'd to deny her too. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I fear his Anſwer, *Olinda.* [*Aſide.*

Olin. At leaſt 'tis but making a Diſcovery of your Beauty, and then you have him ſure.

Alon. Madam, 'tis a matter of Moment, and requires Deliberation; beſides I have made a kind of Promiſe———

Euph. Never to marry?

Alon. No faith, 'tis not ſo well: But ſince now I find we are both in haſte, I am to be marryed.

Euph. This I am ſure is an Excuſe; but I'll fit him for't. [*Aſide.*

To be marry'd ſaid you? That Word has kill'd me, Oh I feel it drill,
Through the deep Wound his Eyes have lately made;
'Twas much unkind to make me hope ſo long.

[*She leans on* Olinda, *as if ſhe ſounded, who pulls off her Vail; he ſtands gazing at a Diſtance.*

Olin. Sure ſhe does but counterfeit, and now I'll play my Part. Madam, Madam!

Alon. What wonderous thing is that! I ſhould not look upon't, it changes Nature in me.

Olin. Have you no pity, Sir? come nearer pray.

Alon. Sure there's witchcraft in that Face, it never could have ſeiz'd me thus elſe, I have lov'd a thouſand times, yet never felt ſuch joyful Pains before.

Olin. She does it rarely. What mean you, Sir?

Alon. I never was a Captive to this Hour,
If in her Death ſuch certain Wounds ſhe give,
What Miſchiefs ſhe would do, if ſhe ſhould live!
Yet ſhe muſt live, and live that I may prove
Whether this ſtrange Diſorder here be love. [*To his Heart.*
Divine, divineſt Maid. [*Kneels.*

Olind. Come nearer, Sir, you'll do a Lady no good at that Distance. Speak to her, Sir.

[*He rises and comes to her gazing still.*

Alon. I know not what to say,
I am unus'd to this soft kind of Language;
But if there be a Charm in Words, and such
As may conjure her to return again;
Prethee instruct me in them, I'll say any thing, do any thing, and suffer all the Wounds her Eyes can give.

Euph. Sure he is real. [*Aside.*
Alas! *I* am discover'd; how came my Vail off?

[*She pretends to recover, and wonder that her Vail is off.*

Alon. That you have let me see that lovely Face,
May move your Pity, not your Anger, Madam;
Pity the Wounds it has made, pity the Slave,
Who till this Moment boasted of his Freedom.

Euph. May I believe all this? for that we easily do in things we wish.

Alon. Command me things impossible, to all Sense but a Lovers, I will do't: to shew the Truth of this, I could even give you the last Proof of it, and take you at your Word, to marry you.

Euph. O wonderous Reformation! marry me! [*Laughs.*

Alon. How do you mock my Grief!

Euph. What a strange dissembling thing is Man! To put me off too, you were to be married.

Alon. Hah, I had forgot *Hippolyta.* [*He starts.*

Euph. See *Olinda*, the Miracle increases, he can be serious too. How do you, Sir?

Alon. 'Tis you have robb'd me of my native Humour,
I ne'er could think till now.

Euph. And to what purpose was it now?

Alon. Why, Love and Honour were at odds within me,
And I was making Peace between them.

Euph. How fell that out, Sir?

Alon. About a Pair of Beauties; Women,
That set the whole World at odds.
She that is Honours Choice I never saw,
And Love has taught me new Obedience here.

Euph. What means he? I fear he is in earnest. [*Aside.*

Olin. 'Tis nothing but his Aversion to marriage, which most young Men dread now-a-days.

Euph. I must have this Stranger, or I must dye; for whatever Face I put upon't, I am far gone in Love, but I must hide it. [*Aside.*
Well, since I have mist my Aim, you shall never boast my Death;

Death; I'll caſt my ſelf away upon the next handſome young Fellow I meet, though I dye for't; and ſo farewel to you, loving Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Alon. Stay, do not marry, as you Eſteem the Life of him that ſhall poſſeſs you.

Euph. Sure you will not kill him.

Alon. By Heaven I will.

Euph. O I'll truſt you, Sir: Farewel, farewel.

Alon. You ſhall not go in triumph thus,
Unleſs you take me with you.

Euph. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd (and ſo in love) I'll give you leave to ſee me once more at a Houſe at the Corner of St. *Jerome*'s, where this Maid ſhall give you Entrance.

Alon. Why, that's generouſly ſaid.

Euph. As ſoon as 'tis dark you may venture.

Alon. Till then will be an Age, farewel fair Saint,
To thee and all my quiet till we meet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Marcel *in a Cloak alone.*

Mar. THE Night comes on, and offers me two Pleaſures,
The leaſt of which would make another bleſt;
Love and Revenge, but I, whilſt *I* diſpute
Which Happineſs to chuſe, neglect them both,
The greateſt Bliſs that Mankind can poſſeſs,
Perſwades me this way, to my fair *Clarinda*:
But tyrannick Honour
Preſents the Credit of my Houſe before me,
And bids me firſt redeem its fading Glory,
By ſacrificing that falſe Womans Heart
That has undone his Fame.
But ſtay, Oh Conſcience, when I look within,
And lay my Anger by, I find that Sin
Which I would puniſh in *Antonio*'s Soul,
Lye nouriſh'd up in mine without Controul.
To fair *Clarinda* ſuch a Siege I lay,
As did that Traytor to *Hippolyta*;
Only *Hippolyta* a Brother has,
Clarinda none to puniſh her Diſgrace:
And 'tis more Glory the defenc'd to win,
Than 'tis to take unguarded Virtue in.

I either muſt my ſhameful Love reſign,
Or my more brave and juſt Revenge decline.

Enter Alonzo *dreſt, with* Lovis. Marcel *ſtays.*

Alon. But to be thus in Love, is't not a Wonder *Lovis?*

Lov. No, Sir, it had been much a greater, if you had ſtay'd a Night in Town without being ſo; and I ſhall ſee this Wonder as often as you ſee a new Face of a pretty Woman.

Alon. I do not ſay that I ſhall loſe all Paſſion for the fair Sex hereafter; but on my Conſcience this amiable Stranger has given me a deeper Wound than ever I received from any before.

Lov. Well, you remember the Bargain.

Alon. What Bargain?

Lov. To communicate; you underſtand,

Alon. There's the Devil on't, ſhe is not ſuch a Priſe: Oh were ſhe not honeſt! Friend. [*Hugs him.*

Lov. Is it ſo to do? what, you pretend to be a Lover, and ſhe honeſt, now only to deprive me of my Part, remember this *Alonzo.*

Mar. Did not I hear *Alonzo* nam'd? [*Aſide.*

Alon. By all that's good I am in earneſt, Friend,
Nay thy own Eyes ſhall convince thee
Of the Power of hers.
Her Vail fell off, and ſhe appear'd to me,
Like unexpected Day from out a Cloud;
The loſt benighted Traveller
Sees not the Approach of next Morning Sun
With more tranſported Joy,
Than *I* this raviſhing and unknown Beauty.

Lov. Hey day! What Stuff's here? Nay, now I ſee thou art quite gone indeed,

Alon. I fear it, Oh had ſhe not been honeſt!
What Joy! what Heaven of Joys ſhe would diſtribute!
With ſuch a Face, and Shape, a Wit, and Mein———
But as ſhe is, I know not what to do.

Lov. You cannot marry her.

Alon. I would not willingly, though I think I'm free: For *Pedro* went to *Marcel* to tell him I was arriv'd, and would wait on him; but was treated more like a Spy, than a Meſſenger of Love: They ſent no Anſwer back, which I tell you *Lovis* angers me: 'twas not the Entertainment I expected from my brave Friend *Marcel.* But now I am for the fair Stranger who by this expects me.

Mar. 'Tis *Alonzo*, Oh how he animates my Rage! And turns me over to Revenge, upon *Hyppolyta* and her falſe Lover. [*Aſide.*

Lov.

Lov. Who's this that walks before us? [*They go out.*

Alon. No matter who.

Mar. I am follow'd. [*Enter again.*

Lov. See he ſtops. [Marcel *looks back.*

Alon. Let him do what he pleaſe, we will out-go him. [*They go out.*

Lov. This Man who e'er he be ſtill follows us.

Alon. I care not, nothing ſhall hinder my Deſign, I'll go tho' I make my Paſſage through his Heart.

[*They enter at another Door he follows.*

Lov. See he advances, pray ſtand by a little. [*They ſtand by.*

Mar. Sure there's ſome Trick in this, but I'll not fear it. This is the Street, and hereabout's the Houſe. [*Looks about.* This muſt be it, if I can get Admittance now. [*Knocks.*

Enter Olinda *with a Light.*

Olin. O, Sir, are you come? My Lady grew impatient. [*They go in.*

Mar. She takes me for ſome other: This is happy. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Gods! is not that the Maid that firſt conducted me to the fair thing that rob'd me of my Heart?

Lov. *I* think it is.

Alon. She gives admittance to another Man. All Women-kind are falſe, I'll in and tell her ſo. [*Offers to go.*

Lov. You are too raſh, 'tis dangerous.

Alon. I do deſpiſe thy Counſel, let me go.

Lov. If you are reſolv'd *I*'ll run the Hazard with you.

SCENE II.

They both go in, the Scene changes to a Chamber: Enter from one ſide Olinda, *lighting in* Marcel *muffled as before in his Cloak, from the other* Antonio *leading in* Euphemia *vail'd.*

Mar. BY Heavens 'tis ſhe: Vile Strumpet!

[*Throws off his Cloak, and ſnatches her from him.*

Euph. Alas, this is not he whom *I* expected.

Anto. *Marcel!* *I* had rather have incounter'd my evil Angel than thee. [*Draws.*

Mar. *I* do believe thee, baſe ungenerous Coward. [*Draws.*

[*They fight,* Marcel *diſarms* Antonio *by wounding his Hand.* *Enter* Alonzo, *goes betwixt them, and with his Sword drawn oppoſes* Marcel, *who is going to kill* Antonio; Lovis *follows him.*

Alon. Take Courage, Sir. [*To* Antonio, *who goes out mad.*

Mar. Prevented! whoe'r thou be'ſt, It was unjuſtly done,

To

To ſave his Life who merits Death,
By a more ſhameful way.
But thank ye Gods ſhe ſtill remains to meet
That Puniſhment that's due to her foul Luſt.
(*Offers to run at her,* Alonzo *goes between.*
Alon. 'Tis this way you muſt make your Paſſage then.
Mar. What art thou, that thus a ſecond time
Dar'ſt interpoſe between Revenge and me?
Alon. 'Tis *Marcel!* What can this mean? (*Aſide.*
Doſt not thou know me friend? look on me well.
Mar. *Alonzo* here! Ah *I* ſhall dye with Shame. (*Aſide.*
As thou art my Friend, remove from that bad Woman,
Whoſe Sins deſerve no ſanctuary.
Euph. What can he mean? *I* dare not ſhow my Face. (*Aſide.*
Alon. *I* do beleive this Woman is a falſe one,
But ſtill ſhe is a Woman, and a fair one:
And would not ſuffer thee to injure her,
Though *I* believe ſhe has undone thy quiet,
As ſhe has lately mine.
Mar. Why doſt thou know it then?
Stand by, *I* ſhall forget thou art my Friend elſe,
And through thy Heart reach hers.
Alon. Nothing but love could animate him thus,
He is my Rival. (*Aſide.*
Marcel, *I* will not quit one inch of Ground;
Do what thou dar'ſt, for know *I* do adore her,
And thus am bound by Love to her Defence.
(*Offers to fight* Marcel, *who retires in wonder.*
Euph. Hold noble Stranger, hold.
Mar. Have you ſuch Pity on your Lover, there?
(*Offers to kill her,* Alonzo *ſtays him.*
Euph. Help, help. (*Her Vail falls off.*

Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a Curtizan: Sees* Marcel.

Hip. Oh Gods, my Brother! in pity, Sir, defend me,
From the juſt Rage of that incenſed Man.
(*Runs behind* Lovis, *whilſt* Marcel *ſtands gazing on both with wonder.*
Lov. *I* know not the meaning of all this, but
However I'll help the Lady in Diſtreſs.
Madam, you're ſafe, whilſt *I* am your Protector. (*Leads her out.*
Mar. I've loſt the Power of ſtriking where I ought,
Since my miſguided Hand ſo lately err'd.
Oh Rage, dull ſenceleſs Rage, how blind and
Rude it makes us.
Pardon fair Creature my unruly Paſſion,

And

And only blame that Vail which hid that Face,
Whoſe Innocence and Beauty had diſarm'd it:
I took you for the moſt perfidious Woman,
The falſeſt looſeſt thing.

Alon. How! are you a Stranger to her?

Mar. Yes I am, have you forgiven me, Madam?

Euph. Sir, *I* have. [Marcel *bows and offers to go out.*

Alon. Stay Friend, and let me know your Quarrel.

Mar. Not for the World, *Alonzo.*

Alon. This is unfriendly, Sir.

Mar. Thou doſt delay me from the nobleſt Deed,
On which the Honour of my Houſe depends,
A Deed which thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for hindring.
Farewel. [*Goes out.*

Alon. What can the meaning of this be?

Euph. Oh do not ask, but let us quickly leave this dangerous Place.

Alon. Does't not belong to you?

Euph. No, but you would like me the better if it did: for, Sir, it is a———

Alon. Upon my Life a Baudy-houſe.

Euph. So they call it.

Alon. You do amaze me.

Euph. Truth is, not daring to truſt my Friends or Relations with a Secret that ſo nearly concern'd me, as the meeting you, and hearing of a new come Curtizan living in this Houſe, *I* ſent her word I would make her a Viſit, knowing ſhe would gladly receive it from a Maid of my Quality: When I came, *I* told her my Buſineſs, and very frankly ſhe offer'd me her Houſe and Service.

Perhaps you'll like me the worſe for this bold Venture, but when you conſider my promis'd Husband is every Day expected, you will think it but juſt to ſecure my ſelf any way.

Alon. You could not give me a greater Proof than this of what you ſay, you bleſs me with your Love.

Euph. *I* will not queſtion but you are in earneſt; at leaſt if any doubt remain, theſe will reſolve it. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Alon. What are theſe, Madam?

Euph. Letters, Sir, intercepted from the Father of my deſign'd Husband out of *Flanders* to mine.

Alon. What uſe can I make of them?

Euph. Only this: Put your ſelf into an Equipage very ridiculous, and pretend you are my fooliſh Lover arriv'd from *Flanders*, call your ſelf *Haunce van Axel*, and give my Father theſe, as for the reſt I'll truſt your Wit.

Alon.

Alon. What ſhall I ſay or do now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Come, come, no ſtudy, Sir, this muſt be done, And quickly too, or you will loſe me.

Alon. Two great Evils, if I had but the Grace to chuſe the leaſt now, that is, loſe her. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I'll give you but to night to conſider it.

Alon. Short warning this: but I am damnably in love, and cannot withſtand Temptation. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Euph. *I* had forgot to tell you my Name's *Euphemia*, my Father's you will find on the Letters, and pray ſhow your Love in your haſte. Farewel.

Alon. Stay fair *Euphemia*, and let me pay my Thanks, and tell you that I muſt obey you.

Euph. *I* give a Credit where I give a Heart.
Go inquire my Birth and Fortune, as for you
I am content with what *I* ſee about you.

Alon. That's bravely ſaid, nor will *I* ask one Queſtion about you, not only to return the Bounty, but to avoid all things that look like the Approaches to a marryed Life. If Fortune will put us together, let her e'en provide for us.

Euph. *I* muſt be gone: Farewel, and pray make haſte. [*Looks kindly on him.*

Alon. There's no reſiſting thoſe Looks, *Euphemia*: One more to fortifie me well; for I ſhall have need of every Aid in this Caſe. [*Look at one another and go,*

SCENE III.

Enter Antonio *in haſte with* Hippolyta; *weeping, as paſſing over the Stage.*

Ant. COme let us haſte, I fear we are purſu'd.

Hip. Ah whither ſhall we fly?

Ant. We are near the Gate, and muſt ſecure our ſelves with the Darkneſs of the Night in St. *Peter's* Grove, we dare not venture into any Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *above in the Balcone.*

Clar. Can'ſt thou not ſee him yet?

Dorm. Good lack-a-day what an impatient thing is a young Girl in love?

Clar. Nay, good *Dormida*, let not want of Sleep make thee teſty.

Dorm. In good time, are you my Governeſs, or *I* yours? that you are giving me Inſtructions; go get you in, or I ſhall lay down my Office.

Clar. Nay, wait a little longer, *I*m ſure he will come.

Dorm.

Dorm. You are ſure! you have wondrous Skill indeed in the Humours of Men: how came you to be ſo well acquainted with them? you ſcarce ever ſaw any but *Don Marcel*, and him too but through a Grate or Window, or at Church, and yet you are ſure. *I* am a little the elder of the two, and have manag'd as many intrigues of this kind as any Woman, and never found a conſtant juſt Man, as they ſay, of a thouſand, and yet you are ſure.

Clar. Why is it poſſible *Marcel* ſhould be falſe?

Dorm. Marcel! No, no, Sweet-heart, he is that Man of a thouſand.

Clar. But if he ſhould, you have undone me, by telling me ſo many pretty things of him.

Dorm. Still you queſtion my Ability, which by no means I can indure; get you in I ſay.

Clar. Do not ſpeak ſo loud, you will wake my Mother.

Dorm. At your Inſtructions again; do you queſtion my Conduct and Management of this Affair: Go watch for him your ſelf: I'll have no more to do with you back nor edge.

[*Offers to go.*

Clar. Will you be ſo barbarous to leave me to my ſelf, after having made it your Buſineſs this three Months to ſollicit a Heart which was but too ready to yield before; after having ſworn to me how honourable all his Intents were; nay, made me write to him to come to night? And now when I have done this, and am all trembling with fear and ſhame (and yet an infinite Deſire to ſee him too) (*Sighs.*) thou wilt abandon me: go, when ſuch as you oblige, 'tis but to be inſolent with the more freedom.

Dorm. What, you are angry I'll warrant? [*Smiles.*

Clar. I will puniſh my ſelf to pay thee back, and will not ſee *Marcel*.

Dorm. What a pettiſh Fool is a Maid in love at fifteen! how unmanageable? but I'll forgive all, go get you in, I'll watch for your Lover; I would not have you diſoblige a Man of his Pretenſions and Quality for all the World.

[Clarinda *goes in.*

Enter Alonzo *below.*

Alon. Now do I want *Louis* extremely, to conſult with him about this Buſineſs: For *I* am afraid the Devil, or Love, or both are ſo great with me, that I muſt marry this fair Inchantreſs, which is very unluckily; but, ſince *Ambroſio* and *Marcel* refuſe to ſee me, *I* hold my ſelf no longer ingag'd in Honour to *Hippolyta*.

Dorm. above.] Whiſt, whiſt, Sir, Sir.

Alon. Whoſe there?

Dor. 'Tis

Alon. Who's there?

Dor. 'Tis *I*, your Servant, Sir; oh you are a fine Spark, are you not, to make ſo fair a Creature wait ſo long for you? there, there's the Key, open the Door ſoftly and come in.

(Throws him down a Key in a Handkerchief.

Alon. What's this? But I'll ask no Queſtions; ſo fair a Creature ſaid ſhe? Now if 'twere to ſave my Life cannot *I* forbear, *I* muſt go in: Should *Euphemia* know this, ſhe would call it Levity and Inconſtancy; but *I* plead Neceſſity, and will be judg'd by the amorous Men, and not the jealous Women: For certain this Lady, who e're ſhe be, deſigns me a more ſpeedy Favour than *I* can hope from *Euphemia*, and on eaſier Terms too. This is the Door that muſt conduct to the languiſhing *Venus*.

(Opens the Door and goes in, leaving it unſhut.

Enter Marcel *with his Sword drawn.*

Mar. Thus far *I* have purſu'd the Fugitives,
Who by the help of haſty fear and night,
Are got beyond my Power; unlucky Accident!
Had *I* but kill'd *Antonio*, or *Hippolyta*,
Either had made my Shame ſupportable.
But though *I* have miſt the Pleaſure of Revenge,
I will not that of Love.
One look from fair *Clarinda* will appeaſe
The madneſs which this Diſappointment rais'd.

[*Walks looking towards the Window.*

None appears yet: *Dormida* was to throw me down the Key. The Door is open, left ſo to give me entrance.

[*Goes to the Door.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a dark Hall.*

Diſcovers Alonzo *groaping about in the Hall.*

Alon. Now *I* am in a worſe Condition than before, can neither advance nor retreat; *I* do not like this groping alone in the Dark thus; whereabouts am *I*; *I* dare not call: were this fair thing ſhe ſpoke of but now, half ſo impatient as *I*, ſhe would bring a Light and conduct me.

Enter Marcel.

Mar. 'Tis wondrous dark.

Alon. Hah! a Mans Voice that way; that's not ſo well, it may be ſome Lover, Husband, or Brother; none of which are to be truſted in this Caſe, therefore I'll ſtand upon my Guard.

[*Draws:* Marcel *coming towards juſtles him.*

Mar. Who's there?

Alon. A Man.

Mar. A

Mar. A Man, none ſuch inhabit here. [*Draws.*
Thy Buſineſs?

Alon. This ſhall anſwer you, ſince there's no other way.
[*They fight,* Alonzo *wounds* Marcel, *who fights him to the Door*; Alonzo *goes out,* Marcel *gropes to follow.*

Mar. This is not juſt, ye Gods, to puniſh me, and let the Traytor 'ſcape unknown too: Methought 'twas *Silvio*'s Voice, or elſe a ſudden thought of Jealouſie come into my Head would make me think ſo.

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *with Light.*

Clar. I tell you I did hear the noiſe of fighting.

Dor. Why, between whom ſhould it be? *I*'ll be ſworn *Marcel* came in alone.

Clar. Marcel! and wounded too, oh *I*'m loſt.
[*Sees him, weeps.*

Mar. Keep your falſe Tears to bath your Lover's Wounds. For I perhaps have given ſome ——— Thou old Aſſiſtant to her Luſt, whoſe greateſt Sin is wiſhing, tell me who 'twas thou didſt procure for her, [*In rage to* Dormida.

Dorm. Alas! I cannot imagine who it ſhould be, unleſs *Don Silvio*, who has ſometimes made Addreſſes to her: But oh the Houſe is up, Madam, we are undone; let's fly for Heavens ſake.

Clar. Oh *Marcel*, can you believe——— [*a Noiſe.*

Dorm. Come, come, I'll not be undone for your Fidle fadles, *I*'ll lay it all on you, if *I* be taken. [*Pulls out* Clarinda.

Mar. Sot that *I* was, *I* could not gueſs at this to day, by his Anger at the Letter *I* fooliſhly ſhew'd him, he is my Rival, and 'tis with him ſhe's fled; and *I*'ll endeavour to purſue them.
[*Offers to go.*
But oh my ſtrength complies with their [*Leaning on his Sword.*]
Deſign, and ſhamefully retires to give them leave to play their amorous Game out. [*Goes faintly out.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Street. Diſcovers* Alonzo *alone.*

Alon. This Act of mine was raſh, and ill-natur'd,
And *I* cannot leave the Street with a good Conſcience,
Till *I* know what miſchief *I* have done.

Enter Dormida *and* Clarinda.

Hah, Ladies from the ſame Houſe! theſe are Birds that *I* have frighted from their Neſts *I* am ſure: *I*'ll proffer my Service to them.

Dorm. Why do not you make more haſte?

Clar. How can ſhe go, whoſe Life is left behind?
Beſides, *I* know not whether we ſhould go,

Ye

Ye Powers that guard the *Innocent*, protect us.

Alon. Theſe muſt be ſome whom *I* have injur'd.

Ladies——you ſeem as in diſtreſs.

Dorm. Oh, Sir, as you are a Gentleman, aſſiſt a pair of Virgins.

Alon. What's this, a mumping Matron? *I* hope the other's young, or *I* have offer'd my Service to little purpoſe.

Clar. Sir, if you will have the Charity to aſſiſt us, Do it ſpeedily, we ſhall be very grateful to you.

Alon. Madam, *I* will, but know not where to carry ye; my Lodging is in an *Inn*, and is neither ſafe nor honourable; but Fortune dares no leſs than protect the Fair, and *I'll* venture my Life in your Protection and Service. [*Exeunt*

Enter Marcel *faintly.*

Mar. Stay Traytor, ſtay, oh they are out of ſight,
But may my Curſe o'retake them in their flight. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Chamber of* Cleonte.

She is diſcover'd in her Night-Gown, at a Table, as undreſſing, Franciſca *by her.*

Cleo. *Franciſca*, thou art dull to Night. [*Sighs.*

Fran. You will not give me leave to talk.

Cleo. Not thy way indeed, haſt thou no Stories but of Love, and of my Brother *Silvio*?

Fran. None that you wiſh to hear: But *I'll* do what you pleaſe, ſo you will not oblige me to ſigh for you.

Cleo. Then prithee ſing to me.

Fran. What Song, a merry, or a ſad?

Cleo. Pleaſe thy own Humour, for then thou'lt ſing beſt.

Fran. Well, Madam, *I'll* obey you, and pleaſe my ſelf.

SINGS.

Amyntas led me to a Grove,
Where all the Trees did ſhade us;
The Sun it ſelf, though it had ſtrove,
Yet could not have betray'd us.
The place ſecure from humane Eyes,
No other fear allows;
But when the Winds that gently riſe
Do kiſs the yielding Boughs.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton Tricks, to paſs
The Heat of all the Day.

A many Kiſſes he did give,
And I return'd the ſame:
Which made me willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their amorous Tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail.
He did but kiſs, and claſp me round,
Whilſt they his thoughts expreſt,
And laid me gently on the ground;
Ah! who can gueſs the reſt?

After the Song, enter Silvio *all undreſt, gazing wildly on* Cleonte; *his Arm ty'd up.*

Cleo. My Brother *Silvio*, at this late hour, and in my Lodgings too! How do you, Sir? are you not well?

Silv. Oh, why did Nature give me being? [*Aſide.*
Or why create me Brother to *Cleonte*?
Or give her Charms, and me the ſenſe to adore 'em?

Cleo. Dear Brother ——— [*Goes to him.*

Silv. Ah *Cleonte*——— [*Takes her by the Hand and gazes.*

Cleo. What would you, Sir?

Silv. I am not———well———

Cleo. Sleep, Sir, will give you eaſe.

Silv. I cannot ſleep, my Wounds do rage and burn ſo, as they put me paſt all power of reſt.

Cleo. We'll call your Surgeon, Sir.

Silv. He can contribute nothing to my Cure,
But I muſt owe it all to thee, *Cleonte.*

Cleo. Inſtruct me in the way, give me your Arm,
And I will bath it in a thouſand Tears, [*Goes to untie his Arm.*
And breath ſo many Sighs into your Wound———

Silv. Let that ſlight hurt alone, and ſearch this——here. [*To his Heart.*

Cleo. How! are you wounded there?
And would not let us know it all this while.

Silv. I durſt not tell you, but deſign'd to ſuffer,
Rather than trouble you with my Complaints;
But now my Pain is greater than my Courage.

Fran. Oh, he will tell her, that he loves her ſure. [*Aſide.*

Cleo. Sit down and let me ſee't.
[*He ſits down, ſhe puts her Hand to his Boſom.*

Fran. Oh fooliſh Innocence——— [*Aſide.*

Cleo. You have deceiv'd me Brother, here's no Wound.

Silv. Oh take away your Hand———
It does increaſe my Pain, and wounds me deeper.
Cleo. No, ſurely, Sir, my Hand is very gentle.
Silv. Therefore it hurts me Siſter; the very thoughts
Of touches by ſo ſoft and fair a Hand,
Playing about my Heart are not to be
Indur'd with Life. [*Riſes in paſſion.*
Cleo. Alas, what means my Brother?
Silv. Can you not gueſs fair Siſter? have my Eyes
So ill expreſt my Soul? or has your Innocence
Not ſuffer'd you to underſtand my Sighs?
Have then a thouſand Tales which *I* have told you,
Of broken Hearts, and Lover's Languiſhments,
Not ſerv'd to tell you, that *I* did adore you?
Cleo. Oh let me ſtill remain in Innocence,
Rather than ſin ſo much to underſtand you.
Fran. *I* can endure no more——— [*Goes out.*
Silv. Can you believe it Sin to love a Brother? it is not ſo in Nature.
Cleo. Not as a Brother, Sir, but otherwiſe
It is, by all the Laws of Men and Heaven.
Silv. Siſter, ſo 'tis that we ſhould do no Murder,
And yet you daily kill, and *I* among the number
Of your Victims, muſt charge you with the ſin of
Killing me, a Lover, and a Brother.
Cleo. What wou'd you have me do?
Silv. Why—*I* would have thee do—*I* know not what——
Still to be with me——yet that will not ſatisfie;
To let me——look upon thee——ſtill that's not enough.
I dare not ſay to kiſs thee, and imbrace thee;
That were to make me wiſh——*I* dare not tell thee what——
Cleo. *I* muſt not hear this Language from a Brother.
[*She offers to go.*
Silv. What a vile thing's a Brother?
Stay, take this Dagger, and add one Wound more
[*He kneels and offers a Dagger, and holds her by the Coat.*
To thoſe your Eyes have given, and after that
You'll find no trouble from my Sighs and Tears.

Enter Franciſca.

Fran. By this ſhe underſtands him, curſe on her Innocence,
'Tis fuel to his flame —— [*Aſide.*] Madam, there is below a Lady who deſires to ſpeak with the Miſtriſs of the Houſe.
Cleo. At this hour a Lady! who can it be?
Fran. *I* know not, but ſhe ſeems of Quality.

Cleo.

Cleo. Is ſhe alone?

Fran. Attended by a Gentleman and an old Woman.

Cleo. Perhaps ſome one that needs a kind Aſſiſtance; my Father is in Bed, and *I*'ll venture to know their Buſineſs; bring her up.

Fran. 'Twere good you ſhould retire, Sir.

[*To* Silvio, *and* Exit.

Silv. *I* will, but have a care of me, *Cleonte*,
I fear *I* ſhall grow mad, and ſo undo thee:
Love me——but do not let me know't too much. [*Goes out.*

Enter Franciſca *with Lights*; *follow'd by* Alonzo, Clarinda, *and* Dormida: Alonzo *gazes on* Cleonte *a while.*

Cleo. Is't me you would command?

Clar. *I* know not what to ſay, *I*'m ſo diſorder'd. [*Aſide.*

Alon. What Troops of Beauties ſhe has! ſufficient to take whole Cities in.——Madam, *I* beg——

[*Takes* Clarinda *by the Hand, and approaches* Cleonte.

Cleo. What, Sir?

Alon. That you would receive into Protection——

Cleo. What pray, Sir!

Alon. Would you would give me leave to ſay a Heart that your fair Eyes have lately made unfit for its old Quarters.

Cleo. *I* rather think you mean this Lady, Sir.

[Alonzo *looks with wonder on* Clarinda.

Alon. She's heavenly fair too, and has ſurpriz'd my Heart, juſt as 'twas going to the other's Boſom, and rob'd her at leaſt of one half it. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Madam, I am a Virgin in diſtreſs,
And by misfortune forc'd to ſeek a Sanctuary,
And humbly beg it here.

Cleo. Intreaties were not made for that fair Mouth,
Command and be obey'd.
But, Sir, to whom do you belong?

Alon. I belong to a very fair Perſon,
But do not know her Name.

Cleo. But what are you, pray, Sir?

Alon. Madam, a Wanderer; a poor loſt thing, that none will own or pity.

Cleo. That's ſad indeed; but whoe'er you are, ſince you belong to this fair Maid, you'll find a Welcome every where.

Alon. And if I do not, I am caſhier'd. [*aſide.*
Madam, if telling you I am her Brother,
Can make me more acceptable,
I ſhall be yet more proud of the Alliance.

Cleo. What muſt I call your Siſter, Sir, when I would pay my Duty?

Alon. There I am routed again with another hard Queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Madam, my Name's *Clarinda.*

Alon. Madam, *I*'ll take my leave, and wiſh the Heart I leave with you to Night, may perſwade you to ſuffer my Viſits to Morrow, till when I ſhall do nothing but languiſh.

Cleo. I know not what loſs you have ſuffer'd to Night, but ſince your fair Siſter's Preſence with us allows it, you need not doubt a welcome.

Alon. I humbly thank you, Madam.

[*Kiſſes her Hand, and looks amorouſly on* Clarinda.

Fran. Madam, pray retire, for *Don Marcel* is come into the Houſe all bloody, inrag'd againſt ſomebody.

Clar. I'm troubled at his Hurt, but cannot fear his Rage. Good Night, Sir. [*They go out.*

Alon. They are gone; now had I as much mind to have kiſt the others Hand, but that 'twas not a Ceremony due to a Siſter: What the Devil came into my Head, to ſay ſhe was ſo? nothing but the natural itch of talking and lying; they are very fair; but what's that to me, *Euphemia* ſurpaſſes both: But a Pox on her terms of Marriage, I'll ſet that to her Beauty, and then theſe get the Day, as far as natural Neceſſity goes: But I'll home and ſleep upon't, and yield to what's moſt powerful in the Morning.

To Night theſe Strangers do my Heart poſſeſs,
But which the greateſt ſhare, I cannot gueſs:
My Fate in Love reſembles that in War,
When the rich Spoil falls to the common ſhare. [*Goes out.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

Enter Alonzo, *as out of the Houſe, gazing upon it.*

Alon. Sure *I* ſhall know this Houſe again to Morrow.

[*To him* Lovis.

Lov. I wonder what ſhould be become of *Alonzo*, *I* do not like theſe Night-works of his.——Whoſe there?

Alon. Lovis?

Lovis. Alonzo!

Alon. The ſame, where haſt thou been?

Lov. In ſearch of you this two Hours.

Alon. O, *I* have been taken up with new Adventures, ſince *I* ſaw thee; but prithee what became of thine? for methought it was a likely Woman.

Alon. Faith, Sir, *I* thought *I* had got a Prize; but a Pox on't, when *I* came into the Street, e'er ſhe had recover'd Breath to tell me who ſhe was, the Cavalier you reſcu'd from *Marcel*,

Marcel, laid claim to her; thank'd me for her Preſervation, and vaniſht. *I* hope you had better luck with your Female, whoſe Face *I* had not the good fortune to ſee.

Alon. Not ſo good as I could have wiſht, for ſhe ſtands ſtill on her honourable terms.

Lov. Of Matrimony, ha, ha, a very Jilt, I'll warrant her; Come, come, you ſhall ſee her no more.

Alon. Faith, *I* fear *I* muſt.

Lov. To what purpoſe?

Alon. To perſwade her to Reaſon.

Lov. That you'll ſoon do, when ſhe finds you will not bite at t'other Bait.

Alon. The worſt is, if *I* ſee her again, it muſt be at her Father's Houſe; and ſo transform'd from Man to Beaſt —— *I* muſt appear like a ridiculous Lover ſhe expects out of *Flanders*.

Lov. A very Cheat, a trick to draw thee in; be wiſe in time.

Alon. No, on my Conſcience ſhe's in earneſt, ſhe told me her Name, and his *I* am to repreſent.

Lov. What is't *I* pray?

Alon. Haunce van Ezel.

Lov. Hah, her Name too, *I* beſeech you? [*Impatiently.*

Alon. Euphemia! and ſuch a Creature 'tis——

Lov. 'Sdeath, my Siſter all this while: This has call'd up all that's Spaniard in me, and makes me raging mad. [*aſide.* But do you love her, Sir?

Alon. Moſt deſperately, beyond all Senſe or Reaſon.

Lov. And could you be content to marry her?

Alon. Any thing but that—— But thou know'ſt my ingagement elſewhere; and *I* have hopes that yet ſhe'll be wiſe, and yield on more pleaſant terms.

Lov. I could be angry now; but 'twere unreaſonable to blame him for this. [*Aſide.* Sir, I believe by your Treatment from *Ambroſio* and *Marcel*, you may come off there eaſily.

Alon. That will not ſatisfie my Honour, though 'twill my Love; that *I* have not *Hippolyta*, I will owe to my own Inconſtancy, not theirs, beſides, this may be a Cheat, as you ſay.

Lov. But does *Euphemia* love you?

Alon. 'Faith, I think ſhe has too much Wit to diſſemble, and too much Beauty to need that Art.

Lov. Then you muſt marry her.

Alon. Not if I can avoid it.

Lov. I know this Lady, Sir, and know her to be worth your Love; I have it in my Power too, to ſerve you, if you proceed ſuddenly, which you muſt do, or loſe her; for this

Flandrian Boor your Rival is already arriv'd, and designs to Morrow to make his first Address to *Euphemia*.

Alon. Oh he must not, shall not see her,

Lov. How will you hinder him?

Alon. With this. [*To his Sword.*

Where is this Rival? tell me: Conduct me to him straight; I find my Love above the common rate, and cannot brook this Rival.

Lov. So, this blows the flame —— His Life will be no hindrance to you in this Affair, if you design to love on.

Alon. Do'st know him?

Lov. Yes, he is a pleasant Original for you to be copy'd by: It is the same Fopp, I told you was to marry my Sister, and who came along with me to *Madrid*.

Alon. How! *Euphemia* thy Sister?

Lov. Yes, indeed is she, and whom my Father designs to cast away upon this half Man, half Fool; but I find she has Wit to make a better Choice; she yet knows nothing of my Arrival, and till you resolve what to do, shall not; and my *Dutch-man* does nothing without me.

Alon. If thou hast the management of him, he's likely to thrive.

Lov. But not in his Amour, if you please: In short, Sir, if you do really love my Sister, I am content to be so ungracious a Child to contribute to the cheating my Father of this same hopeful Son he expects, and put you upon him; but what you do, must be speedily then.

Alon. I am oblig'd to thee for this frank Offer, and will be instructed by thee.

Lov. If you're resolv'd, I'll warrant you Success.

Alon. I think I am resolv'd in spight of all my Inclinations to Libertinism.

Lov. Well, Sir, I'll get you such a Suit then, as that our Hero makes his first approach in, as ridiculously gay as his Humour, which you must assume too.

Alon. Content.

Lov. To Night I must pay my Duty to my Father, and will prepare your Way, and acquaint my Sister with it; 'tis but a Frollick if we succeed not.

Alon. God-a-mercy Lad, let's about it then e're we sleep, lest I change my Resolution before Morning. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE. I. *House of* Carlo.

Enter Alonzo *dreſt ridiculouſly, meeting* Lovis; *they laugh at each other.*

Lov. VEry *Haunce* all over, the Taylor has play'd his part, play but yours as well, and I'll warrant you the Wench.

Alon. But prithee, why need I act the Fool thus, ſince *Haunce* was never ſeen here?

Lov. To make good the Character I always gave of him to my Father; but here he comes, pray be very rude, and very impertinent.

Alon. Lord, Lord, how ſhall I look thus damnably ſet out, and thus in Love!

Enter Don Carlo.

Lov. This, Sir, is Monſieur *Haunce*, your Son that muſt be.

Alon. Beſo los manos ſignor: Is your Name *Don Carlo!* and are you the Gravity of this Houſe? and the Father of *Dona Euphemia*? and are you———

Car. Sir, I gueſs by all theſe your Demands at once; Your Name to be *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel.*

Alon. Your Judgment's good; but to my Queſtions.

Car. In truth I have forgot them, there was ſo many.

Alon. Are you he who is to be my Father?

Car. 'Tis ſo negotiated —— and if all Circumſtances concur——— For, Sir, you muſt conceive, the Conſequence of ſo grand a Conjunction———

Alon. Leſs of your Compliments, Sir, and more of your Daughter, I beſeech you. 'Shart, what a formal Coxcomb 'tis. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Prithee give him way. [*Aſide.*

Alon. By this Light I'll loſe thy Siſter firſt; Why, who can indure the grave approaches to the Matter? 'Dſlife, I would have it as I would my Fate, ſudden and unexpected.

Car. Pray, how long have you been landed?

Alon. So, now ſhall *I* be plagu'd with nothing but wiſe Queſtions, to which I am able to make no Anſwer. [*Aſide.* Sir, it is your Daughter that *I* deſire to ſee impatiently.

Car. Have you no Letters from my very good Friend your Father?

Alon. What if I have not? cannot I be admitted to your Daughter without a Paſs?

Car. O lack, Sir———

Alon. But to let you ſee I come with full Power, (though I am old enough to recommend my ſelf) here is my Commiſſion for what I do. [*Gives him Letters.*

Car. I remember amongſt his other Faults, my Son writ me word he had Courage: If ſo, I ſhall conſider what to do. [*Reads.* Sir, I find by theſe your Father's Letters, you are not yet arriv'd.

Alon. I know that, Sir, but I was told I ſhould expreſs my Love in my haſte; therefore outſailing the Pacquet, I was the welcome Meſſenger my ſelf; and ſince I am ſo forward, I beſeech you, Sir——— [Carlo *coming to imbrace him.* Now dare not I proceed, he has ſo credulous a conſenting Face. [*Aſide.*

Car. Spare your Words, I underſtand their meaning, a prudent Man ſpeaks leaſt, as the *Spaniard* has it; and ſince you are ſo forward, as you were ſaying, I ſhall not be backward, but as your Father adviſeth here, haſten the uniting of our Families, with all celerity; for delay in theſe Affairs is but to prolong time, as the wiſe Man ſays.

Alon. You are much in the right, Sir. But my Wife, I deſire to be better acquainted with her.

Car. She ſhall be forth-coming, Sir. Had you a good Paſſage? for the Seas and Winds regard no Man's neceſſity.

Alon. No, no, a very ill one; your Daughter, Sir.

Car. Pray, how long were you at Sea?

Alon. *Euphemia*, Sir, *Euphemia*, your Daughter. This *Don*'s fuller of Queſtions than of Proverbs, and that's a Wonder. [*Aſide.*

Car. They ſay *Flanders* is a very fine Country, I never ſaw it; but———

Alon. Nor 'tis no matter, Sir, if you never do, ſo I ſaw your Daughter. He'll catechiſe me home to my Dutch Parents by and by, of which I can give him no more account than——— [*Aſide.*

Car. Are they as diſſatisfied with their new Governour, as they were with *Don John*? for they love change.

Alon. A Pox of their Government, I tell you I love your Daughter.

Car. I fear 'tis ſo, he is Valiant, and what a dangerous Quality is that in *Spain*? 'tis well he's rich. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Pray, Sir, keep him not long in Diſcourſe, the Sea has made him unfit for———

Alon. Any thing but ſeeing my Miſtriſs.

Lov. I'll have mercy upon thee, and fetch her to thee. [*Ex.* Lovis.

Car. Sir, you muſt know, that we ſuffer not our Women in *Spain* to converſe ſo frequently with your Sex, and that through a cautious——well conſider'd prudent——Conſideration.

Alon.

Alon. But, Sir, do you conſider what an impatient thing a young Lover is? Or is it ſo long ſince you were one your ſelf, you have forgot it? 'Tis well he wanted Words: But yonder's *Euphemia*, whoſe [*Enter* Euphemia *and* Lovis. Beauty is ſufficient to excuſe every Defect in the whole Family, though each were a mortal ſin; and now 'tis impoſſible to guard my ſelf longer from thoſe fair Eyes. [*Aſide.*

Car. I muſt not urge him to ſpeak much before *Euphemia*, leſt ſhe diſcover he wants Wit by his much Tongue: [*Aſide.* There's my Daughter, Sir, go and ſalute her.

Alon. Oh, I thank you for that, Sir.

[*He ſtands ridiculouſly looking on her.*

Car. You muſt be bold, Sir.

Alon. Well, Sir, ſince you command me———

[*Goes rudely to kiſs her.*

Car. I did not mean kiſſing by ſaluting.

Alon. I cry you mercy, Sir, ſo I underſtood you.

Car. Fie upon't, that he ſhould be no more a Maſter of Civility.

Lov. I fear, Sir, my Siſter will never like this Humour in her Lover; he wants common Converſation.

Car. Converſation——— ye fooliſh Boy, he has Money, and needs none of your Converſation. And yet if *I* thought he were Valiant———

[*This while* Alonzo *and* Euphemia *make ſigns of Love with their Eyes.*

Lov. *I* hope, Sir, he does but boaſt of more of that than he really has.

Car. That Fault I my ſelf have been guilty of, and can excuſe; but the thing it ſelf *I* ſhall never indure; you know *I* was forc'd to ſend you abroad, becauſe *I* thought you addicted to that. I ſhall never ſleep in quiet——— Valiant! that's ſuch a thing to be Rich, or Wiſe, and Valiant.

[*Goes to* Euphemia.

Lov. Colonel, pray to the buſineſs, for I fear you will betray your ſelf.

Car. But look upon his Wealth *Euphemia*, and you will find thoſe Advantages there which are wanting in his Perſon; but *I* think the Man's well.

Euph. *I* muſt not ſeem to yield too ſoon. [*Aſide.* Sir, there be many *Spaniards* born that are as rich as he, and have Wit too.

Car. She was ever very averſe to this Marriage. [*Aſide.* This Man is half a *Spaniard*, his Mother was one, and my firſt Miſtriſs, and ſhe *I* can tell you, was a great Fortune———

Euph. I, Sir, but he is ſuch a Fool———

Car.

Car. You are a worſe, to find fault with that in a Husband.

Alon. Stand aſide, Sir, are you to court your Daughter or I?

Car. I was inclining her———

Alon. You inclining her! an old Man want's Rhetorick; ſet me to her. [*Goes to* Euphemia.

Car. This capricious Humour was tolerable in him, whilſt *I* believ'd it the Effects of Folly, but now 'tis that of Valour: Oh *I* tremble at the Sight of him.

Euph. Now I ſee you are a Cavalier of your Word.

Alon. Faith *Euphemia*, you might have believ'd, and taken me upon better Terms, if you had ſo pleas'd: To marry you is but an ill-favour'd Proof to give you of my Paſſion.

Euph. Do you repent it?

Alon. Would to God 'twere come but to that, *I* was juſt upon the Point of it when you enter'd. But I know not what the Devil there is in that Face of yours, but it has debauch'd every ſober Thought about me: Faith, do not let us marry yet.

Euph. If we had not proceeded too far to retreat, I ſhould be content.

Alon. What ſhall *I* come to? all on the ſudden to leave delicious whoring, drinking and fighting, and be condemn'd to a dull honeſt Wife. Well, if it be my ill Fortune, may this Curſe light on thee that has brought me to't: may *I* love thee even after we are married to that troubleſome Degree, that I may grow moſt damnable jealous of thee, and keep thee from the Sight of all Mankind, but thy own natural Husband, that ſo thou may'ſt be depriv'd of the greateſt Pleaſure of this Life, the Bleſſing of change.

Euph. I am ſorry to find ſo much ill Nature in you, would you have the Conſcience to tye me to harder Conditions than *I* would you?

Alon. Nay, I do not think *I* ſhall be ſo wickedly loving; but I am reſolv'd to marry thee and try.

Euph. My Father, Sir, on with your Diſguiſe. [*To them* Carlo.

Car. Well, Sir, how do you like my Daughter?

Alon. So, ſo, ſhe'll ſerve for a Wife.

Car. But do you not find her willing to be ſo?

Alon. 'Tis not a half-peny matter for that, as long as my Father and you are agreed upon the matter.

Car. Well *Euphemia*, ſetting all fooliſh Modeſty aſide, how do you like this Man?

Euph. As one, whom in Obedience to you, *I* am content to caſt my ſelf away upon.

Car. How ſeems this Humour to you?

Euph. Indifferent, Sir, he is not very courtly, ſomething rough and haſty.

Car.

Car. I fear ſhe has found his ill Quality of Valour too, and ſince 'tis certain ſo, why ſhould it be ſaid that *I* ruin'd a Child to ſatisfie my Appetite of Riches? [*Aſide.*
Come Daughter, can you love him, or can you not? For I'll make but ſhort Work on't; you are my Daughter, and have a Fortune great enough to inrich any Man; and I'm reſolv'd to put no Force upon your Inclinations.

Euph. How's this! nay, then 'tis time I left diſſembling. [*Aſide.*
Sir, this Bounty in you has ſtrangely overcome me, and makes me aſham'd to have withſtood your Will ſo long.

Car. Do not diſſemble with me, I ſay do not; for I am reſolv'd you ſhall be happy.

Euph. Sir, my Obedience ſhall———

Car. No more of your Obedience: I ſay again do not diſſemble, for I'm not pleas'd with your Obedience.

Euph. This Alteration is very ſtrange and ſudden; pray Heaven he have not found the Cheat. [*Aſide.*
Love, Sir, they ſay will come after Marriage; pray let me try it.

Car. Few have found it ſo; nor ſhall you experience it at ſo dear a Rate as your Ruin.

Euph. But, Sir, methinks I am grown to love him more ſince he ſpoke to me, than before.

Car. The Effects of your Obedience again.

Euph. This is a ſtrange Alteration, Sir; not all my Tears and Prayers before I ſaw him could prevail with you. *I* beſeech you, Sir, believe me.

Car. Nor ſhould now, had I not another Reaſon for't.

Euph. Oh, I fear———But, Sir———

Car. Go to, I'll be better ſatisfy'd e'er I proceed farther; both of your Inclinations, and his Courage. [*Aſide.*

Euph. Do you conſider his Wealth, Sir?

Car. That ſhall not now befriend him.

Alon. Sir, I bar whiſpering; 'tis not in my Bargain nor civil: I'll have fair Play for my Money.

Car. I am only knowing my Daughters Pleaſure, ſhe is a little peeviſh, as Virgins uſe in ſuch Caſes, but wou'd that were all, and I'd indeavour to reconcile her.

Alon. I thank you, Sir; in the mean time I'll take a Walk for an Hour or two, to get me a better Stomach both to my Dinner and Miſtreſs.

Car. Do ſo, Sir. Come *Euphemia*, *I* will give you a Proof of my Indulgence, thou ſhalt marry no valiant Fools, valiant quoth ye. Come, come———had he been peaceable and rich———Come, come——— [*Ex. with* Euphemia.

Lov. Well, now I'll go look after my Dutchman, leſt he ſurpriſe

ſurpriſes us here, which muſt not be; where ſhall I find you?

Alon. I'll wait upon my Prince, and then on you here.

Luv. Do ſo, and carry on this Humour. Adieu.

SCENE II. *A flat Grove.*

Enter Haunce *in a fantaſtical travelling Habit with a Bottle of Brandy in his Hand, as ſick:* Gload *marches after.*

Hau. Ah, ah, a pox of all Sea-Voyages. [*Drinks.*
Here *Gload*, take thee t'other Sope and then let's home.
[Gload *drinks.*
Ah, ha, a pox of Sea-Voyages.

Gload. Sir, if *I* may adviſe, take t'other turn in the Grove, for *I* find by my Noſe you want more airing.

Hau. How Sirrah! by your Noſe? have a Care, you know 'tis ill jeſting with me when *I*'m angry.

Gload. Which is as often as you are drunk, *I* find it has the ſame Effects on me too; but truly, Sir, *I* meant no other than that you ſmell a little of the Veſſel, a certain ſour remains of a Storm about you.

Hau. Ah, ah, do not name a Storm to me, unleſs thou wilt have the Effects on't in thy Face. [*Drinks.*

Gload. Sha, ſha, bear up, Sir, bear up.

Hau. Salerimente, a Sea phraſe too! Why ye Raſaal, *I* tell you *I* can indure nothing that puts me in mind of that Element. [*Drinks.*

Gload. The Sight of *Donna Euphemia* will——
[Gload *drinks between whiles too.*

Hau. Hold, hold, let me conſider whether *I* can indure to hear her nam'd or not; for *I* think *I* am ſo throughly mortify'd, *I* ſhall hardly reliſh Woman-kind again this——two Hours. [*Drinks.*

Gload. You a Man of Courage, and talk thus?

Hau. Courage? Why what doſt thou call Courage? *Hector* himſelf would not have chang'd his ten Years ſiege for our ten Days Storm at Sea——a Storm——a hundred thouſand fighting Men are nothing to't; City's ſackt by Fire nothing; 'tis a reſiſtleſs Coward that attacques a Man at diſadvantage; an unaccountable magick that firſt conjures down a Mans Courage, and then plays the Devil over him. And in fine, it is a Storm——

Gload. Good lack that it ſhould be all theſe terrible things, and yet that we ſhould out-brave it.

Hau. No god a mercy to our Courages though, *I* tell you that now *Gload*; but like an angry Wench, when it had hurt

and

and bluſter'd it ſelf weary, it lay ſtill again. (*Drinks.*

Gload. Hold, hold, Sir, you know we are to make Viſits to Ladies, Sir; and this repleniſhing of our Spirits, as you call it Sir, may put us out of Caſe.

Hau. Thou art a Fool, *I* never made love ſo well as when *I* was drunk, it improves my Parts, and makes me witty; that is, it makes me ſay any thing that comes next, which paſſes now-a-days for Wit; and when *I* am very drunk, *I*'ll home and dreſs me, and the Devil's in't if ſhe reſiſt me ſo qualify'd and ſo dreſs'd.

Glo. Truly, Sir, thoſe are things that do not properly belong to you.

Hau. Your Reaſon, your Reaſon; we ſhall have thee witty too in thy Drink, hah? (*Laughs.*

Gload. Why, *I* ſay, Sir, none but a Cavalier ought to be ſoundly drunk, or wear a Sword and Feather; and a Cloak and Band were fitter for a Merchant.

Hau. Salerimente, *I*'ll beat any *Don* in *Spain* that does but think he has more right to any ſort of Debauchery, or Gallantry than *I*, *I* tell you that now *Gload.*

Gload. Do you remember, Sir, how you were wont to go at home? when inſtead of a Periwig, you wore a ſlink, greaſie Hair of your own, through which a pair of large thin Souſes appear'd, to ſupport a formal Hat, on end thus——— (*Imitates him.*

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue improves upon't. (*Gives him Brandy.*

Gload. A Collar in ſtead of a Cravat twelve inches high; with a blew, ſtiff, ſtarcht, lawn Band, ſet in print like your Whiskers; a Doublet with ſmall Skirts hookt to a pair of wide-kneed Britches, which dangled half way over Leg, all to be daſh'd and dirty'd as high as the gartering.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, very well, proceed. (*Drinks.*

Gload. Your Hands defil'd with countling of damn'd dirty Money, never made other uſe of Gloves, than continually to draw them through——thus——— till they were dwindled into the ſcantling of a Cats-gut.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, a pleaſant Raſcal. [*Drinks.*

Gload. A Cloak, half a yard ſhorter than the Breeches, not through lin'd, but fac'd as far as 'twas turn'd back, with a pair of frugal Butter-hams, which was always manag'd—thus——

Hau. Well, Sir, have you done, that I may ſhow you this Merchant revers'd?

Gload. Preſently, Sir; only a little touch at your Debauchery, which unleſs it be in damn'd Brandy, you dare not go to the Expence of. Perhaps at a Wedding, or ſome treat where your

your Purſe is not concern'd, you would moſt inſatiably Tipple, otherwiſe your two Stivers-Club is the higheſt you dare go, where you will be condemn'd for a Prodigal, (even by your own Conſcience) if you add two more extraordinary to the Sum, and at Home ſit in the Chimney-corner, curſing the Face of Duke *de Alva* upon the Juggs, for laying an Impoſition on Beer: And now, Sir, *I* have done.

Haunce. And doſt thou not know when one of thoſe thou haſt deſcribed, goes but half a League out of Town, that he is ſo transform'd from the Merchant to the Gallant in all Points, that his own Parents; nay, the Devil himſelf cannot know him: Not a young Engliſh Squire newly come to an Eſtate, above the management of his Wit, has better Horſes, gayer Cloaths, Swears, Drinks, and does every thing with a better grace than he. Damns the ſtingy Cabal of the two Stiver-Club, and puts the young King of *Spain* and his Miſtriſs together in a Romer of a Pottle, and in pure Gallantry breaks the Glaſſes over his Head, ſcorning to drink twice in the ſame; and a thouſand things full as Heroick and Brave *I* coud tell you of this ſame Holy-day Squire. But come, t'other turn, and t'other ſope, and then for *Donna Euphemia.* For *I* find *I* begin to be reconcil'd to the Sex.

Glo. But, Sir, if *I* might adviſe, let's e'en ſleep firſt.

Haunce. Away you Fool, I hate the ſober Spaniſh way of making Love, that's unattended with Wine and Muſick, give me a Wench that will out-drink the Dutch, out-dance the French, and out——out——kiſs the Engliſh.

Glo. Sir, that's the Faſhon in *Spain.*

Haunce. Hang the Faſhion; I manage her that muſt be my Wife, as I pleaſe, or I'll beat her into Faſhion.

Glo. What, beat a Woman, Sir?

Haunce. Sha, all's one for that, if *I* am provok'd, Anger will have its Effects on whomſoe'er it light; ſo ſaid *Van Trump*, when he took his Miſtriſs a Cuff o'th' Ear, for finding fault with an ill-faſhion'd Leg he made her; *I* lik'd his Humour well, therefore come thy ways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *III. Draws off, diſcovers* Antonio *ſleeping on the Ground*; Hippolyta *ſitting by, who Sings.*

Ah falſe Amyntas, *can that Hour*
So ſoon forgotten be,
When firſt I yielded up my Power
To be betray'd by thee?
God knows with how much Innocence
I did my Heart reſign,

Unto

Unto thy faithleſs Eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.

I had not one Reſerve in ſtore,
But at thy Feet I laid
Thoſe Arms which conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made.
Thy Eyes in ſilence told their Tale,
Of Love in ſuch a way,
That 'twas as eaſie to prevail,
As after to betray.

[*She comes forth, weeps.*

Hip. My Grief's too great to be diverted this way.
[*Pointing to* Antonio.
Why ſhould this Villain ſleep, this treacherous Man——
Who has for ever robb'd me of my reſt?
Had I but kept my Innocence intire,
I had out-brav'd my Fate, and broke my Chains,
Which now I bear like a poor guilty Slave,
Who ſadly crys, if I were free from theſe,
I am not from my Crimes; ſo ſtill lives on,
And drags his loathed Fetters after him.
Why ſhould *I* fear to dye, or murther him?
It is but adding one Sin more to th' number.
This—would ſoon do't——but where's the Hand to guide it?
[*Draws a Dagger, ſighs.*
For 'tis an act too horrid for a Woman. [*Turns away.*
But yet thus ſleeping *I* might take that Soul, [*Turns to him.*
Which waking all the Charms of Art and Nature
Had not the Power t'effect.
Oh were *I* brave, *I* could remember that,
And this way be the Miſtreſs of his Heart.
But mine forbids it ſhould be that way won;
No, *I* muſt ſtill love on, in ſpight of me,
And wake him quickly, leſt one Moments thought
Upon my Shame ſhould urge me to undo him.
Antonio, Antonio. [*He wakes, riſes and looks amazedly to ſee the Dagger in her Hand.*

Ant. Vile Woman, why that Dagger in thy Hand?

Hip. To've kill'd thee with;
But that my Love o'ereame my juſter Paſſion,
And put it in thy Power to ſave thy ſelf,
Thank that, and not my Reaſon for thy Life.

Ant. She's doubly arm'd, with that and Injury,
And *I* am wounded and defenceleſs. [*Aſide.*

Hippolyta,

Hippolyta, why all this Rage to me? [*Kindly ſmiles.*

Hip. Antonio, thou art perjur'd, falſe and baſe.

[*In great Rage.*

Ant. What ſaid my faireſt Miſtreſs? [*Goes to her looking ſoftly.*

Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd, falſe and baſe.

[*Leſs in Rage.*

Ant. My dear *Hippolyta*, ſpeak it again,
I do not underſtand thee. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd my *Antonio*. [*Sighs.*

Ant. Thou wert to blame, but 'twas thy Jealouſie,
Which being a Fault of Love I will excuſe.
Give me that Mark of Anger, prethee do,
It miſ-becomes thy Hand.

Hip. I've nothing left but this I can command,
And do not raviſh this too.

Ant. It is unkind thus to ſuſpect my Love;
Will you make no Allowance for my Humour?
I am by Nature rough and cannot pleaſe
With Eyes and Words all ſoft as others can,
But *I* can love as truly my blunt way.

Hip. You were ſo ſoft when firſt you conquer'd me, [*Sighs.*
That but the Thoughts of that dear Face and Eyes,
So manag'd, and ſo ſet for Conqueſt out,
Would make me kind even to another Man;
Could *I* but thus imbrace and hide my Eyes,
And call him my *Antonio*.

[*She leans on his Boſom, he the while gets her Dagger.*

Ant. Stand off falſe Woman, I deſpiſe thy love,
Of which to every Man *I* know thou deal'ſt
An equal ſhare.

Hip. I do not wonder that I am deceiv'd,
But that I ſhould believe thee, after all thy Treachery.
But prethee tell me why thou treat'ſt me thus?
Why didſt thou with the ſacred Vows of Marriage,
After a long and tedious Courtſhip to to me,
Raviſh me from my Parents and my Husband?
For ſo the brave *Alonzo* was by promiſe.

Ant. Why *I* will tell thee; 'twas not love to thee,
But hatred to thy Brother *Don Marcel*,
Who made Addreſſes to the fair *Clarinda*,
And by his Quality deſtroy'd my Hopes.

Hip. And durſt you not Revenge you ſelf on him?

Ant. His Life alone could not appeaſe my Anger;
And after ſtudying what I had to do———

Hip. The Devil taught thee this.

Ant. Yes, and you I choſe,

Becauſe

Becauſe you were contracted to *Alonzo*,
That the Diſgrace might be more eminent.
Hip. I do believe thee, for when I reflect
On all thy Uſage ſince thou haſt betray'd me,
I find thou haſt not paid me back one ſigh,
Or ſmile for all that I have given thee.
Ant. Hear me out.
Hip. Moſt calmly.
Ant. From Town to Town you know I did remove you,
Under pretence to ſhun your Brother's anger:
But 'twas indeed to ſpread your Fame abroad.
But being not ſatisfy'd 'till in *Madrid*,
Here in your native Town I had proclaim'd you.
The Houſe from whence your Brother's Fury chas'd us,
Was a Bordello, where 'twas given out
Thou wert a *Venice* Courtizan to hire,
Whilſt you believ'd it was your Nuptial Palace. [*Laughs.*
Hip. Doſt think I did not underſtand the Plot?
Yes, and was mad till ſome young Lovers came.
But you had ſet a Price too high upon me,
No brisk young Man durſt venture,
I had expoſed my ſelf at cheaper rates.
Ant. Your Price, I pray, young Sinner?
[*Pulls off his Hat in ſcorn.*
Hip. Thy Life; he that durſt ſay *Antonio* lives no more,
Should have poſſeſt me *gratis*.
Ant. I would have taken care none ſhould have don't;
To ſhow, and offer you to Sale, was equally as ſhameful.
Hip. Well, what haſt thou more to do? this is no
Place to inhabit in, nor ſhalt thou force me further;
And back into the Town thou dar'ſt not go.
Ant. Perhaps I had been kinder to you,
Had you continu'd ſtill to give me that———
Might have begot a Paſſion in me.
Hip. I have too much repentance for that ſin
To increaſe it, at the Price of being belov'd by thee.
Ant. Conſider what you do, this place is ſilent,
And far from any thing that may aſſiſt you.
Come lead me to the Covert of this Grove. [*Takes her rudely.*

Enter Haunce *and* Gload *drunk*; Haunce *ſeeing them, offers to go out again.*

Glo. Hold, hold, Sir, why do you run away?
Haunce. Thou Fool, doſt not ſee the Reaſon?
Glo. I ſee a Man and a Lady, Sir.
Haunce. Why, you Coxcomb, they are Lovers;

Or ſome that are going to do the deed of Love.

Ant. How! Men here? Your Buſineſs.

Haunce. Prithee Friend do not trouble your ſelf with ours, but follow your own; my Man is a little ſaucy in his Drink indeed, but I am ſober enough to underſtand how things go.

Ant. Leave us then.

Haunce. Leave us then——— good Words, good Words, Friend, for look ye, *I* am in a notable Humour at preſent, and will be intreated.

Glo. Yes, Sir, we will be intreated.

Ant. Pray leave us then.

Haunce. That's ſomething——— but harkye Friend, ſay a Man had a mind to put in for a ſhare with you.

Ant. Rude Slaves leave us.

Haunce. Ha, *Slaves*!

Glo. Slaves ſaid you, *Sir*? hah———

Hip. Oh, as you're a Gentleman aſſiſt me. [*To* Haunce.

Haunce. Aſſiſt thee? this Fellow looks as he would not have his Abilities call'd in queſtion; otherwiſe I am amorous enough to do thee a kindneſs.

[*Offers ſtill to go, ſhe holds him.*

Hip. Sir, you miſtake me; this is a Raviſher———

Haunce. A Raviſher! ha, ha, ha, doſt like him the worſe for that? No, no, *I* beg your Pardon, Madam.

Hip. Have no Manhood, *Sir*?

Glo. She is in earneſt; now if I durſt ſtay, how I would domineer over my Maſter; I never try'd perhaps, I may be valiant thus inſpir'd. Lady, I am your Champion, who dares Raviſh you, or me either?

Ant. Raſcal, unhand her.

[*He comes up to them,* Gload *puts the Lady before him.*

Haunce. How, how *Gload*, ingag'd! Nay, *I* ſcorn to be outdone by my Man. *Sirrah*, march off with the Baggage, whilſt *I* ſecure the Enemy.

Ant. Raſh Man, what mean you?

Haunce. I ſay, ſtand off, and let him go quietly away with the Wench, or look you———

Ant. Unmanner'd Fool, *I* will chaſtiſe thy boldneſs.

[*Goes up to him with his Dagger.*

Haunce. How, how, haſt thou no other Weapon?

Ant. No, if *I* had, thou durſt not have incounter'd me.

Haunce. I ſcorn thy Words, and therefore there lies my *Sword*; and ſince you dare me at my own Weapon, I tell you I am as good at *Snick-a-Sne* as the beſt *Don* of you all———

[*Draws a great Dutch Knife.*

Ant. Can *I* indure this Affront?

Glo.

Glo. The beſt way to make a Coward fight, is to leave him in Danger———Come Lady——— [*Goes out.*

Ant. Thou baſe unmanner'd Fool; how durſt thou offer at a Gentleman, with ſo deſpis'd a thing as that?

Haunce. Deſpis'd a thing? talk not ſo contemptibly of this Weapon: I ſay, do not, but come on if you dare.

Ant. I can indure no longer———

[*Flies at him,* Haunce *cuts his Face, and takes away, after a while, his Dagger.*

Injuſtice! can ſuch a Dog, and ſuch a Weapon vanquiſh me?

Haunce. Beg your Life; for I ſcorn to ſtain my Victory in Blood———that *I* learnt out of *Pharamond.* [*aſide.*

Ant. He does not merit Life, that could not defend it againſt ſo poor and baſe a thing as thou: Had but *Marcel* left me my Sword———

Haunce. O then I perceive you are us'd to be vanquiſh'd, and therefore I ſcorn to kill thee, live, live.

Ant. How the Raſcal triumphs over me.

Haunce. And now like a generous Enemy, *I* will conduct thee to my Tent, and have thy Wounds dreſt———

That too? *I* had out of *Pharamond.* [*aſide.*

Ant. What if *I* take the offer of this Sot? ſo *I* may ſee *Hippolyta* again. But I forget——— [*aſide.*

Haunce. Will you accept my offer?

Ant. For ſome Reaſons *I* dare not venture into the Town.

Haunce. My Lodging is at *St. Peter*'s-Gate, hard by; and on the Parol of a Man of Proweſs you ſhall be ſafe and free ——

Pharamond again. [*aſide.*

Ant. *I*'ll truſt him, for worſe *I* cannot be. [*aſide.*

Lead on, *I*'ll follow, *Sir*———

Haunce. Not ſo, for though the Captive ought to follow the Victor, yet *I*'ll not truſt my Enemy at my Backſide.

Politicks too——— [*aſide.*

Ant. You muſt Command——— [*Go out.*

SCENE IV. *The Garden.*

Enter Silvio *and* Franciſca.

Silv. Well dear *Franciſca*, will *Cleonte* come,
And all alone into the Garden?

Fran. My Lord, ſhe will, I have at laſt prevail'd, to what intent ſhe knows not; this is an hour wherein you'll ſcarce be interrupted: The amorous Entertainment you have prepared for her, will advance your Deſign; ſuch Objects heighten the Deſire. Is all ready on your part?

Silv. It is, and I'm prepar'd for all the Reſiſtance ſhe can

make, and am resolv'd to satisfie my insupportable Flame, since there's no other hopes left me.

Fran. She's coming, Sir, retire.

[*Exit* Silvio *into the Garden.*

Oh how he kills me: Well, at least this pleasure I have whilst I am dying; that when he possesses the fair *Cleonte*, he for ever ruins his Interest in her Heart, and must find nothing but her mortal Hate and Scorn.

Enter Cleonte.

Cleo. Franciſca, why art thou so earnest for my coming into the Garden so early?

Fran. Because, Madam, here without interruption you may learn what the Lady *Clarinda* has to tell you.

Cleo. Is that all? go wait upon her hither then.

Fran. Yes, when you're more pleasant Affair is dispatch'd, I will———— [*Aside.* [*Exit* Franciſca.

Cleo. Can this be Love I feel?
This strange unusual something in my Soul,
That pleads so movingly for *Silvio* there;
And makes me wish him not allied to me.

[*A noise of Rural Musick is heard within the Trees, as Pipes, Flutes, and Voices.*

Hah! what pleasant Noise is this? sure 'tis in the Air———
Bless me, what strange things be these!

Enter Swains playing upon Pipes, after them four Shepherds with Garlands and Flowers, and four Nymphs *dancing an amorous Dance to that Musick, wherein the Shepherds make Love to the* Nymphs, *and put the Garlands on their heads, and go out; the* Nymphs *come and lay them at* Cleonte's *Feet, and sing.*

1. Nymph. *Here at your Feet, we Tribute pay,*
Of all the Glories of the May.
2. Nymph. *Such Trophies can be only due*
To Victors so divine as you.
Both. *Come follow, follow, where Love leads the way,*
To Pleasures that admit of no delay.

1. Nymph. *Come follow to the amorous Shade,*
Cover'd with Roses, and with Jessamine.
2. Nymph. *Where the Love-sick Boy is laid,*
Panting for Love's charming Queen.
Both. *Come follow, follow, where we lead the way*
To Pleasures that admit of no delay. [*Leads her out.*

The Scene changes to a fine Arbour, they leave her and vanish.

Cleo.

Cleo. I am all Wonder.

Enter Silvio *in Rapture, not yet seeing* Cleonte.

Silv. I'm all on fire, till *I* injoy my Sister;
Not all the Laws of Birth and Nature
Can hinder me from loving——Nor is't just:
Why should the charm of fair *Cleonte*'s Eyes,
Me, less than Aliens to her Blood surprize?
And why (since I love Beauty every where,
And that *Cleonte* has the greatest share)
Should *I* not be allow'd to worship her?
The empty words of Nature, and of Blood,
Are such as Lovers never understood.
Prudence in Love, 'twere nonsence to approve,
And he loves most that gives a loose to Love.

Cleo. Silvio here——

Silv. Hah——yonder she's! [*Sees her.*
And now my Passion knows no Bounds, nor Laws.
Cleonte come! come satisfie my flame!
[*Runs to her, and takes her passionately by the hand.*
These private shades are ours, no jealous Eye
Can interrupt our Heaven of Joy!

Cleo. What mean you? do you know I am your Sister?

Silv. Oh that accursed Name——why should it check me—
[*He pauses.*
Wouldst thou hadst rather been some mis-bègotten Monster,
That might have startled Nature at thy Birth:
Or if the Powers above would have the Fair,
Why wert thou born my Sister?
Oh, if thou shouldst preserve thy Soul and mine,
Fly from this place and me; make haste away,
A strange wild Monster is broke in upon thee;
A thing that was a Man, but now as mad,
As raging Love can make him.
Fly me, or thou art lost for ever.

Cleo. Remember *Silvio*, that you are my Brother,
And can you hurt your Sister? [*Weeps.*

Silv. Shouldst thou repeat those ties a thousand times,
'Twill not redeem thee from the fate that threatens thee.
Be gone, whilst so much Vertue does remain about me,
To wish thee out of danger.

Cleo. Sure *Silvio*, this is but to try my Vertue. [*Weeps still.*

Silv. No, look on my Eyes *Cleonte*, and thou shalt see them flame with a strange wicked Fire. [*Looks wildly on her.*
Yet do not look, thy Eyes increase it,
——Alas! [*Turns away, and hides his Eyes.*
And I shall still forget I am thy Brother:

Go, go, whilſt *I* have power to take my Eyes away;
For if they turn again, it will be fatal.

Cleo. pray hear me, Sir.

Silv. Oh, do not ſpeak, thy Voice has Charms
As tempting as thy Face, but whilſt thou art ſilent and unſeen,
Perhaps my madneſs may be moderate;
For as it is, the beſt Effects of it,
Will prompt me on to kill thee.

Cleo. To kill me?

Silv. Yes, for ſhouldſt thou live, adorn'd with ſo much Beauty,
So much my Paſſion is above my Reaſon:
In ſome ſuch fit as does poſſeſs me now
I ſhould commit a Rape, a Rape upon thee;
Therefore be gone, and do not tempt Deſpair,
That mercileſs rude thing, but ſave thy Honour,
And thy Life.

Cleo. I will obey you Sir. [*Goes into the Garden.*

Silv. She's gone——and now [*Walks and talks in ſtopping.*
my hot Fit abates——ſhe is my Siſter——that is, my Father's Daughter —— but —— what if his Wife deceiv'd him——or perhaps —— (which is the likelier thing) my Mother play'd the falſe one————for 'twas her Trade to do ſo—— and I'm not Son to *Ambroſio* ——— Oh, that ſhe were in being to confeſs this Truth, for ſure 'tis Truth, then I might love, and might injoy *Cleonte*——injoy *Cleonte!* [*In tranſport.*
Oh that thought! what Fire it kindles in my Veins, and now my cold Fit's gone— [*Offers to go, but ſtarts and returns.*
———no, let me pauſe a while———
For in this Ague of my Love and Fear,
Both the extreams are mortal——— [*Goes into the Garden.*

Enter Ambroſio *and* Marcel.

Amb. I'm reconcil'd to you, ſince your Brother *Silvio* would have it ſo.

Mar. My Blood flows to my Face, to hear him nam'd.

Amb. Let there be no more Differences between you: But *Silvio* has of late been diſcontent, keeps home, and ſhuns the Converſation which Youth delights in; goes not to Court as he was wont. Prithee *Marcel* learn thou the cauſe of it.

Mar. I do believe I ſhall my Lord,——too ſoon. [*aſide.*

Amb. I'm now going to my *Villa*, and ſhall not return till Night; by the way I mean to viſit your Wife that was deſign'd to be, the rich *Flavia*, and ſee if I can again reconcile her to you; for your neglect has been great, and her Anger is juſt.

Mar. I rather wiſh it ſhould continue, Sir, for I have yet no inclinations to marry.

Amb.

Amb. No more I'll have it ſo, if I can.
Mar. I'm ſilent, Sir. [*Exeunt* Ambroſio *and* Marcel.

Enter as from out of the Garden, Cleonte, Clarinda, Franciſca, Dormida, *from amongſt the Trees, ſadly;* Silvio *who ſtarts at ſight of them.*

Cleo. I am ſatisfy'd you knew not my Brother's being in the Garden. [*To* Fran.
Silv. Clarinda with my Siſter! and in our Houſe! ſhe's very fair —— and yet how dull and blaſted all her Beauties ſeem, when they approach the fair *Cleonte*'s —— I cannot ſhun a tedious Compliment; to ſee the fair *Clarinda* [*Goes to* Clarinda.
here, is a happineſs beyond my hope; I'm glad to ſee her kind to the Siſter, who always treated the Brother with ſo much Scorn and Rigour.
Clar. Silvio! ſure I'm betray'd. [*Aſide.*
[*He talks to her.*

Enter Marcel, *and is amaz'd.*

Mar. Hah! *Silvio* with *Clarinda* in our Houſe:
Oh daring Villain, to make this place a Sanctuary,
To all thy Luſts and Treachery.
Now I'm convinc'd, 'twas he that wounded me,
And he that fled laſt Night with that falſe Woman.
[Cleonte *goes to* Marcel.
Silv. You need not fear me now, fair Maid,
I'm diſarm'd of all my dangerous Love.
Mar. It was by his contrivance that ſhe came, [*To* Cleonte.
do not excuſe him, but ſend her quickly from you, leſt you become as infamous as ſhe——
Cleo. Oh how I hate her now, I know my Brother *Silvio* loves her.
Mar. How every Geſture ſhows his Paſſion, whilſt ſhe ſeems pleas'd to hear to him. I can indure no more——
Cleo. What will you do? [*She goes to them.*
Mar. Nothing dear Siſter.
But if I can be wiſe and angry too; [*Aſide.*
For 'tis not ſafe t' attack him in the Garden.
How now *Silvio*——under the name of Brother:
I ſee you dare too much. [*Snatches away his Siſter and* Clarinda.
Silv. What mean you by this rude Addreſs, *Marcel?*
Mar. I'll tell yot, Sir, anon. Go get you in.
[*To the Women, who go in.*
Silv. Well, Sir, your Buſineſs now?
Mar. It is not fate to tell you here, though I have hardly patience to ſtay till thou meet me in St. *Peter*'s Grove.

Sil. I will not fail you, Sir, an Hour hence.

[*Goes in after them.*

Mar. I dare not in this Rage return to upbraid *Clarinda*, leſt I do things that miſ-become a Man. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE. I. *Houſe of* Carlo.

After a Noiſe of Muſick without: Enter Haunce *dreſt as* Alonzo *was, follow'd by* Gload, *in Maſquerade.*

Hau. HOld, hold, I do not like the Salutations *I* receive from all I meet in this Houſe.

Gload. Why, Sir, methinks they are very familiar Scabs all.

Hau. Salerimente, they all ſalute me as they were my old Acquaintance. Your Servant *Myn heer* Haunce, crys one; your ſervant Monſieur Haunce, crys another.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your ſervant, Sir, you come indeed like a Bridegroom all beſet with Dance and Fiddle.

Hau. Bridegroom, ha, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload?* 'tis true faith. But how the Devil came he to know it, man, hah?

Ser. My Maſter, Sir, was juſt asking for you, he longs to ſpeak with you.

Hau. Ha, ha, with me, Sir, why? ha, ha, who the pox am I?

Serv. You, Sir, why who ſhould you be?

Hau. Who ſhould I be? why who ſhould I be?

Ser. Myn heer Haunce van Ezel, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, well gueſt, i'faith now.

Gload. Why how ſhould they gueſs otherwiſe, coming ſo attended with Muſick, as prepar'd for a Wedding.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo? faith 'tis good device to ſave the Charges of the firſt Complements: Hah, but hark ye, hark ye, friend, are you ſure this is the Houſe of *Don Carlo?*

Ser. Why, Sir, have you forgot it?

Hau. Forgot it, ha, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload?* forgot it! why how the Devil ſhould I remember it?

Gload. Sir, *I* believe this is ſome new faſhion'd Civility in *Spain* to know every Man before he ſees him.

Hau. No, no, you Fool, they never change their Faſhion in *Spain*, Man.

Gload. I mean their manner of Addreſſes, Sir.

Hau.

Hau. It may be ſo, I'll ſee farther. Friend, is *Don Carlo* within?

Ser. He has not been out ſince, Sir.

Hau. Since, ha, ha, ha, ſince when? hah.

Ser. Since, you ſaw him, Sir.

Hau. Salerimente, will you make me mad? Why you damnable Raſcal, when did *I* ſee him? hah.

Ser. Here comes my Maſter himſelf, Sir, [*Enter* Carlo. let him inform you, if you grow ſo hot upon the Queſtion.

Car. How now Son, what angry? You have e'en tir'd your ſelf with walking, and are out of Humour.

Hau. Look there again——the old Man's mad too: why how the Pox ſhould he know I have been walking?—indeed, Sir——I have, as you ſay, been walking, [*Playing with his Hat*——and am——as you ſay, out of Humour——But under favour, Sir, who are you? ſure 'tis the old [*Surlily to him.* Conjurer, and thoſe were his little Imps *I* met.

Car. Sure Son you ſhould be a Wit by the ſhortneſs of your Memory.

Hau. By the Goodneſs of yours, you ſhould be none, ha, ha, ha. Did not I meet with him there *Gload*, hah? But pray refreſh my Memory, and let me know you, *I* come to ſeek a Father amongſt you here, one *Don Carlo*.

Car. Am not *I* the Man, Sir?

Hau. How the Devil ſhould *I* know that now, unleſs by inſtinct?

Gload. The old Man is mad, and muſt be humour'd.

Hau. Cry you Mercy, Sir, I vow *I* had quite forgot you. Sir *I* hope *Donna Euphemia*——

Car. Oh, Sir, ſhe's in a much better Humour than when you ſaw her laſt, complys with our Deſires more than I could hope or wiſh.

Hau. Why look you here again——I ask'd after her Health not her Humour.

Car. I know not what Arts you have made uſe of, but ſhe's ſtrangely taken with your Converſation and Perſon.

Gload. Truly, Sir, you are mightily beholden to her, that ſhe ſhould have all this good Will to your Perſon and Converſation before ſhe ſees you.

Hau. I, ſo I am, therefore, Sir, I deſire to ſee your Daughter, for I ſhall hardly be ſo generous as ſhe has been, and be quits with her before I ſee her.

Car. Why, Sir, I hope you lik'd her when you ſaw her laſt.

Hau. Stark mad——I ſaw her laſt! why, what Devil do

do you mean, I never saw her in all my Life, man. Stark mad, as I am true Dutch——— [*Aside.*

Car. A Lover always thinks the time tedious: But here's my Daughter.

Enter Euphemia *and* Olinda

Hau. I, one of these must be she: but 'tis a wonder I should not know which is she by instinct. [*Aside.*

[*Stands looking very simply on both.*

Euph. This is not *Alonzo*———has he betray'd me? (*Aside.*

Car. Go, Sir, she expects you.

Hau. Your pardon, Sir, let her come to me, if she will, I'm sure she knows me better than *I* do her.

Gload. How should she know you, Sir?

Hau. How? by instinct, you fool, as all the rest of the House does: Don't you fair Mistress?

Euph. I know you——

Hau. Yes, you know me; you need not be so coy mun, the old Man has told me all.

Euph. What has he told you? I am ruin'd. (*Aside.*

Hau. Faith, much more than I believ'd, for he was very full of his new fashion'd Spanish Civility, as they call it: But ha, ha, I hope, fair Mistress, you do not take after him?

Euph. What if I do, Sir?

Hau. Why then I had as leeve marry a Steeple with a perpetual Ring of Bells.

Gload. Let me advise you, Sir, methinks you might make a handsomer Speech for the first, to so pretty a Lady—— Fakes an were I to do't——

Hau. I had a rare Speech for her thou knowest, and an Entertainment besides, that was though I say it, unordinary: But a pox of this new way of Civility as thou call'st it, it has put me quite beside my part.

Gload. Though you are out of your complementing Part, *I* am not out of my dancing one, and therefore that part of your Entertainment, I'll undertake for. 'Slise, Sir, would you disappoint all our Ships Company———

Hau. That's according as I find this proud Tit in Humour.

Car. And why so coy? Pray why all this Dissimulation? Come, come, *I* have told him your mind, and do intend to make you both happy immediately.

Euph. How, Sir, immediately.

Car. Yes, indeed, nay, if you have deceiv'd me, and dissembled with me, when *I* was so kind, I'll show you trick for trick i'faith——— [*Goes to* Haunce.

Euph. What shall we do, *Olinda?*

Olin.

Olin. Why marry *Don Alonzo*, Madam.

Euph. Do not rally, this is no time for Mirth.

Olin. Fie upon't, Madam, that you ſhould have ſo little Courage; your Father takes this Fellow to be *Alonzo*.

Car. What Counſel are you giving there, hah?

Olin. Only taking leave of our old Acquaintance, ſince you talk of marrying us ſo ſoon.

Car. What acquaintance pray?

Olin. Our Maiden-heads, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, a pleaſant Wench faith now; I believe you would be content to part with yours with leſs warning.

Olin. On eaſie Terms perhaps, but this marrying I do not like; 'tis like going a long Voyage to Sea, where after a while, even the Calms are diſtaſteful, and the Storm's dangerous: one ſeldom ſees a new Object, 'tis ſtill a deal of Sea, Sea; Husband, Husband, every Day———till ones quite cloy'd with it.

Car. A mad Girl this, Son.

Hau. I, Sir, but I wiſh ſhe had left out the ſimile, it made my Stomach wamble.

Gload. Pray, Sir, let you the Maid alone as an Utenſil belonging to my Place and Office, and meddle you with the Miſtreſs.

Hau. Faith now, thou haſt the better Bargain of the two: my Miſtreſs looks ſo ſcurvily and civil, that I don't know what to ſay to her———Lady———hang't, that look has put me quite out again.

Car. To her Son, to her———

Hau. Hark ye Lady———Well, what's next now? Oh pox quite out, quite out; tell me whether the old Man ly'd or no, when he told me you lov'd me.

Euph. I love you———

Hau. Look you there now how ſhe looks again.

Car. She's only baſhful, Sir, before me, therefore if you pleaſe to take a ſmall Collation, that has waited within for you this three Hours.

Hau. That's ſtrange now, that any thing ſhould wait me, who was no more expected here than *Bethlehem Gaber*: Faith now Lady, this Father of yours is very ſimple.

Euph. To take you for his Son.

Hau. I meant to have ſurpriz'd you I vow before you had dreamt of me, and when *I* came you all knew me as well as if you had caſt a Figure for me.

Car. Well, Son, you'l follow.

Euph. You will not leave me alone, Sir, with a Man?

Hau. Go your ways, go your ways———I ſhall know more of your [*Gload makes grimaſſes to* Olinda *of love.*

ſecrets

Secrets before night yet, you littling pouting Hypocrite you.

Euph. You know my Secrets! why who are you?

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good one faith now: who am I, quoth thou, why there's not a Child thus high in all your Fathers Houſe would have ask'd me ſo ſimple a Queſtion.

Olin. Madam, I find by his Man, this is your expected Lover, whom you muſt flatter, or you are undone, 'tis *Haunce van Ezel.* [*To* Euphemia.

Euph. The Fop himſelf.

Hau. Oh, do you know me now?

Euph. 'Tis impoſſible.

Hau. This is an extreme the other way now. [*Aſide.* Impoſſible, ha, ha, ha! No, no, poor thing, do not doubt thy Happineſs: for look ye, to confirm you, here are my Bills of Exchange with my own natural Name to them, if you can read written Hand——— [*Shows her Papers.*

Gload. Not love you, I'll ſwear you lye now, you little Jade, I am now in Maſquerade, and you cannot judge of me; but *I* am Book-keeper and Caſheer to my Maſter, and my Love will turn to account, I'll warrant you.

Olin. There may be uſe made of him. [*Aſide.* *I* ſhall think of it. But pray why are you thus accouter'd?

Gload. Fakes to entertain your Lady, we have brought the whole Ships Company too in Maſquerade.

Olin. That indeed will be very proper at this time of the Day and the firſt Viſit too.

Glo. Shaw, that's nothing, you little think what Blades we are mun———Sir, *I*'ll call in the Fiddles and the Company.

Hau. Well remember'd, faith, now I had e'en forgot it.

Euph. What's the meaning of this? [*Fiddles ſtrike up.*

Hau. To ſhow you the difference between the damnable dull Gravity of the Spaniſh, and brisk Gayety of the Dutch. Come, come begin all.

Enter Dutch-men and Women dancing.

Nay, *I*'ll ſhow you what I can do too, come *Gload.*

[*They two dance.*

There's for you now, and yet you have not ſeen half my good Qualities; I can ſing the neweſt Ballad that has been made, ſo I can. [*Sings a Dutch Song.*

Euph. Be theſe your Friends, Sir? they look as if you had ranſack'd a Hoy for them.

Hau. How? look on them well, they are all States or States-fellows, I tell you that now, and they can bear witneſs who I am too.

Euph. Now I'm convinced, and am ſorry I doubted my Happineſs ſo long: I had ſuch a Character of you.

Hau. Oh

Hau. Of me, oh Lord, I vow now———as they ſay——don't know———ha, ha——

Euph. I heard you were the moſt incorrigible fool, the moſt intollerable Fop.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, do you hear *Gload*——who I a Fop? I vow they were miſtaken in me, for *I* am counted as pretty a Merchant as any walks the Change; can write a very plain Hand, and caſt Account as well——My Man *Gload*——can't *I*, Sirrah?

Gload. Yes indeed, forſooth, can he.

Hau. Egad, a Fool, a Fop, quoth ye—— [*Walks angry.*

Olin. By all means flatter him, Madam.

Euph. I'm ſatisfy'd, Sir.

Hau. I care not whether you are or no, for I ſhall have you whether you will or no, mun.

Euph. 'Tis very likely; but there is a certain troubleſome Fellow in love with me, that has made me vow when ever I marry to ask him leave.

Hau. How, ask his leave? I ſcorn to ask any Bodies leave, I tell you that, though 'twere my Miſtreſs———

Euph. I cannot marry you then.

Hau. How not marry me? look here now [*Ready to cry.*
Gload, can't you marry, and let no living Soul know it?

Euph. Oh no, Sir, I love your Life better, which would be indanger'd.

Hau. Why what a curſed Cuſtom you have in *Spain*, a Man can neither marry, nor conſole his Neighbours Wife without having his Throat cut? Why, what if he will not give you leave?

Euph. Why then you muſt fight him.

Hau. How! fight him, I fight him!

Gload. Why, yes, Sir, you know you can fight, you try'd but this very Morning———

Hau. Softly, you damn'd Rogue, not a Word of my Proweſs aloud. *Salerimente*, I ſhall be put to fight when I am ſober, ſhall I, for your damn'd prating, ye Raſcal?

Euph. I am glad you have that good Quality.
[Olinda *ſpeaking to* Gload, *puſhes him to ſpeak.*

Glo. I, Madam——my Maſter——has many more: But if you pleaſe to tell him his Rivals Name.

Hau. I'll have your Ears for this Sirrah, the next time I'm ſoundly drunk, and you know that won't be long. [*Aſide.*
Lord, Madam, my Man knows not what he ſays.
Ye Raſcal ſay I have no Courage——or I will drink my ſelf to the Miracle of Valour, and exerciſe it all on thee.

Gload. I know what I do, Sir, you had Courage this Morning, is the Fit over?

Hau.

Haunce. Have I not ſlept ſince you Rogue, have I not?

Glo. I have a trick to ſave your Honour, *Sir*, and therefore I will ſtand in't you have Courage.

Haunce. A Pox of your Trick, the Rogue knows I dare not chaſtiſe him now, for fear they ſhoulk think I have Valour.

Glo. Madam, my Maſter's modeſt, but tell him who 'tis he muſt fight with———

Haunce. Oh, for a Tun of Rheniſh——— that I might abundantly beat thee——

Euph. Your Rival's Name's *Alonzo*, *Sir*.

Haunce. Oh the Divel, a thundring Name too; but will this ſame ———*Alonzo* make no allowance for neceſſity———I vow 'tis pure neceſſity in me to marry you, the old Men being agreed upon the Matter, I am but an Inſtrument——alas, not I, [*Cry's.* A very Tool, as they ſay, ſo I am.

Glo. Lord, *Sir*, why do you cry? I meant no harm.

Haunce. No harm, you Raſcal———to ſay *I* am valiant.

Glo. Why, yes, *Sir*, and if you would ſay ſo too, at worſt 'twas but getting *Don Lovis* to have fought for you; you know that's a ſmall courteſie to a Friend.

Haunce. Faith, now thou art in the right, he'll do his Buſineſs for him, I'll warrant him. [*Wipes his Eyes.* Nay then, Madam, I have Courage, and will to this *Don*——— this *Alonzo* you ſpeak of; and if he do not reſign you, and conſign you too, I'll make him; yes, make him, do ye ſee——— If *Lovis* ſhould refuſe me now——— [*Aſide.*

Glo. Shaw, *Sir*, he makes nothing to kill a Man, ten or twenty.

Euph. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, my Brother will tell you where to find this *Alonzo*; and tell him I muſt marry you to Day, for *I* am reſolv'd not to lie alone to Night.

Haunce. What would not a Man do for ſo kind a Miſtriſs?

Euph. Well, get you about it ſtraight then, leſt my Father's coming prevent it. [*Exeunt* Euphemia *and* Olinda.

Haunce. *I* am gone——But if *Lovis* ſhould fail———

Glo. He would beat you, if he thought you doubted him.

Haunce. I'll keep my Fears then to my ſelf. [*Go out.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a Man with a Paper.*

Hip. Thus I dare look abroad again:
Methinks *I* am not *I* what was,
My Soul too is all Man:
Where dwells no tenderneſs, no Womaniſh Paſſions.
I cannot ſigh, nor weep, nor think of Love,

But

But as a fooliſh Dream that's gone and paſt.
Revenge has took poſſeſſion of my Soul,
And drove thoſe Shadows thence; and ſhows me now
Love, in ſo poor, ſo deſpicable a Shape,
So quite deveſted of his Artful Beauty,
That I'm aſham'd I ever was his Votary.
Well, here's my Challenge to *Antonio*;
But how to get it to him is the Queſtion.
Baſe as he is, he'll not refuſe to come,
And ſince he never ſaw the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
Sure I may paſs for him. Who's here———

Enter Haunce *and* Gload. *She ſtands aſide.*

Haunce. Gload, if it were poſſible I could be ſober, and valiant at once, I ſhould now be provok'd to exerciſe it: for I cannot find *Lovis*, and then how ſhall I come off, the Lord knows. And then again, for letting the Lady go, whom I reſcu'd in the Grove this Morning.

Glo. Should I diſobey a Lady, Sir? for ſhe commanded me to let her go ſo ſoon as ſhe came into the Gate. And, Sir, look here comes *Don Lovis*.

Enter Lovis *and* Alonzo.

Haunce. Oh, Brother *Lovis*, where the Devil have you been all this Day, I ſtay'd for you to go with me to your Siſters, as long as Fleſh and Blood could forbear.

Lov. Why, have you been there without me?

Haunce. Yes marry have I, Sir.

Alon. I am undone then——— [*Aſide.*

Haunce. I needed no Recommendations mun, for when I came they were all as well acquainted with me——— I never ſaw them before; but by the way, they are all no wiſer than they ſhould be; except your Siſter, who is the pretty'ſt, loving, ſweet Rogue———

Alon. How's this?

Lov. But have you ſeen my Siſter?

Haunce. Seen her, yes, and will marry her too mun before Night, an ſhe were a thouſand Siſters —— But harkye *Lovis*, the buſineſs is this —— you muſt know that before I marry her, I am to ſeek out a certain Fellow, they call—— they call *Alonzo*, I, i, *Alonzo* —— a Pox on him, a troubleſome Raſcal they ſay he is, and his leave, it ſeems, muſt be askt to marry your Siſter.

Lov. Well, Sir, and what if he will not give you leave?

Haunce. Why then, you muſt know I am to get him very well favour'dly beaten.

Alon.

Alon. Sure this is the Coxcomb himſelf.

Haunce. Now for your Siſter's ſake, who loves me, poor thing; I will not run the danger of beating him my ſelf, but muſt deſire that ſmall courteſie of thee.

Lov. How! I beat him?

Haunce. You beat him, yes, you; what a Pox do you ſcruple ſuch a kindneſs to a Friend; I know you make no more of killing a Man next your Heart in a Morning, than I do of eating a pickled Herring.

Lov. But ſhe deſir'd you to do't.

Haunce. That's all one ſo it be done, mun; beſides, why ſhould I run my ſelf into a Premunire when *I* need not; your Father is bound by Agreement to mine, to deliver me the Wares (that is his Daughter) ſafe and ſound; and I have no more to do, but to proteſt againſt him in caſe of Non-performance. 'Twill be a dear Commodity to me at this rate. [*Cries.*

Lov. Well, Sir, I'll ſee what may be done.

Haunce. Spoke like a Friend now: Well, you muſt about it inſtantly, for *I* muſt be married to Day.

Alon. Muſt you ſo, Sir?——

Haunce. Yes marry muſt *I*, Sir,— Who the Divel's this now? [*To* Lovis.

Alon. That ſame *Alonzo* whom you inquire for.

Haunce. Are you ſo, Sir?——Why, what then, Sir?——*Lovis, Lovis.* [*Runs behind* Lovis.

Alon. What then, Sir; then *I* tell you, *I* will not be beaten.

Haunce. Look ye here now——*Lovis.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, canſt thou be angry with him? [*To* Alonzo.

Haunce. *I*, can you be angry with me?

Alon. *I* know not why an Aſs ſhould have more privilege than any other rude Beaſt.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, this Humour's ſo pleaſant in thee, *I* wiſh thou wouldſt purſue it a little—— *Haunce*, bear up to him, he's but a meer Huff, ha, ha, ha.

[*Claps him on the Back, he goes fearfully forward.*

Glo. *I*, Sir, as long as *Don Lovis* is here, you may ſay what you will.

Haunce. May *I* ſo?——and why, Sir?——am *I*, Sir,——an Aſs, Sir? [*Runs behind* Lovis.

Alon. 'Sdeath you Raſcal, do you queſtion me?

Haunce. Oh, hold, Sir, hold, not *I*, God forbid *I* ſhould queſtion it, *Lovis*—— is it, indeed, *Alonzo*, hah?

Lov. Yes indeed is it.

Haunce. And wilt thou not do ſo much as to beat him for me a little.

Lov.

Lov. Not *I*, *I* dare not, he's a terrible Man.

Hau. Why look you here now, you damn'd Rogue, [*to* Gload. have not you ſerv'd me finely, hah?

Glo. Why, Sir, 'tis but crying Peccavi.

Hau. Peccavi, and be hang'd to you—— Lord, Sir, [*to* Alonzo. why are you ſo angry, *I* came but to ask you a civil Queſtion, from my Wife that muſt be?

Alon. You muſt ask me leave, firſt.

Hau. Yes, yes, Sir, ſo ſhe ſaid mun; for ſhe muſt marry me to night.

Alon. Yes, you ſhall have it with this——too. [*Draws.*

Hau. Why look you [Haunce *runs away*, Lovis *ſtays him.* here now, here's damn'd doings. For my part here *I* declare it upon my Death-bed, *I* am forc'd to what *I* do, and you kill me againſt my Will.

Alon. Do'ſt think we are not diſcover'd in our Deſign? *I'd* kill the Dog if *I* thought we were.

Lov. *I* believe not; and perceive by my *Siſter's* Meſſage, that we are to come to her, and prevent this Fellow's marrying her.

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll ſpare your Life, and give your Miſtreſs leave to marry to Night.

Hau. How, *Sir*, to Night?——But is he in earneſt, *Louis!*

Lov. In very good earneſt.

Hau. Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra——hay Boys, what a Night we'll have on't, *Gload*; for Fiddles and Dancing.

Alon. Tell your Miſtreſs I will diſpatch a little Affairs and wait on her.

Glo. And pray, *Sir*, may *I* have leave to marry the Maid too.

Alon. We'll conſider on't.

Hau. I am not ſuch a Fool to venture though, till *I* know the Coaſt is clear, for his very Looks are terrible; but go you, *Gload*, and tell her what he ſays. [Alonzo *talks to* Lovis.

Enter Hipyolyta *from aſide.*

Hip. Theſe be the Men that reſcu'd me this morning,
And are not to be employ'd in my Affair.
But yonder *S*tranger has a noble Look,
And from him I'll intreat this Favour——*Sir*,—— [*to* Alonzo.

Alon. With me, *Sir*?

Hip. Yes, pleaſe you to walk a little this way, Sir. [*Takes him aſide.*

Hau. Well, make ye ſure of Fiddles, for look ye, we'll appear to Night like our ſelves.

Glo. It ſhall be done, *Sir*.

Hip. I am a *S*tranger and a Gentleman,

And have an humble Suite to you.

Alon. You may command me any thing.

Hip. Sir, there is a Gentleman, if I may call him ſo, that dares do ill; has put a baſe Affront upon a Lady ——— a Lady whom all brave Men are bound to vindicate: I've writ him here a Challenge, and only beg you'll give it him, I will attend you in St. *Peter's* Grove, where I deſire the perfidious *Antonio* (for that's his Name, to whom this is directed) to meet me.

Alon. I'm pleas'd to ſee this Gallantry in a Man ſo young, and will ſerve you in this, or whatever elſe you ſhall command. But where is this *Antonio?*

Hip. That I'll inquire of theſe. Sir, pray can you give any account of the Cavalier [*To* Haunce, *who ſtarts as aforeſaid.*] you fought with this Morning in St. *Peter's* Grove, that had a Lady with him?

Haunce. So, now perhaps I ſhall be hang'd for that. [*Aſide.* I fight, Sir, I never fought in my Life, nor ſaw no Man, not I.

Glo. Sha, you may confeſs it, Sir; there's no Law againſt killing in *Spain.*

Hip. How, have you murder'd him? [*Takes hold of him.*

Haunce. This Rogue has a mind to have me diſpatch'd, [*Aſide.* Hold, Sir, the Man's as well and alive as you are, and is now at my Lodgings; look ye here's the Dagger *I* diſarm'd him of——but that I do not love to boaſt. [*Shows it.*

Hip. It is the ſame.

Alon. Sir, *I* ſhall not fail to wait on you with the Anſwer *I* receive.

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Alon. So prithee, dear *Lovis*, go make my excuſe to your Siſter for a moment, and let her get all things ready againſt I come; let the Prieſt too wait, for *I* ſee my Deſtiny, which *I* can no longer prevent, draw on apace. [*Exit* Lovis. Come, Sir, you muſt conduct me to *Antonio.*

[*Exeunt* Alonzo, *and* Haunce, *and* Gload.

Hip. So now the Work's half done that will redeem
All the loſt Credit of our Family.
To kill, or to be kill'd, *I* care not which, [*Weeps.*
So one or both expire; be ſtrong my Soul,
And let no feeble Woman dwell about thee.
Hence Fears and Pity, ſuch poor things as theſe
Cannot the Storms of my Revenge appeaſe:
Theſe Showers muſt from his treacherous Heart proceed.
If I can live and ſee *Antonio* bleed. [*Sighs, and* exit.

SCENE III. *A deep Grove.*

Enter Marcel *alone.*

Mar. The hour is almoſt come which *I* appointed, And

And yet no *Silvio* appears, the time ſeems long to me;
But he that's circled in his Miſtriſs's Arms,
Forgets the haſty hours,
And paſſes them as unregarded by,
As Men do Beggars who demand a Charity.

Enter Hippolyta.

Young Man, haſt thou incounter'd none within this Grove?
Hip. Not any, Sir,——*Marcel!* my injur'd Brother!
Mar. Why doſt thou turn away, and hide thy Face?
Hip. 'Tis not my Face *I* hide, but Sorrow there. [*Weeps.*
Mar. Truſt me, thou weepeſt; would *I* could do ſo too,
That *I* might be leſs angry;
And Silence beſt expreſſes Grief:
But thine's a ſaucy Sorrow dares approach
A Face ſo fair and young.
Hip. If the ingrate for whom *I* grieve had thought ſo,
I might have ſpar'd my Tears. Farewel, Sir.
Mar. Stay, haſt thou been a Lover?
Hip. A very, very paſſionate one.
Mar. And wert thou not belov'd?
Hip. At firſt to draw me in, the cunning Artiſt,
Made me believe *I* was.
Mar. Oh! *I* could kiſs thee now for the alliance
Between thy Grief and mine.
Hadſt thou a looſe and wanton *Si*ſter too?
Then thou wert perfect wretched, as *I* am. [*Weeps.*
But prithee leave me, now *I* think of it:
For ſhouldſt thou ſtay, thou'dſt rob me of my anger;
For ſince a Youth like thee can be unhappy,
With ſuch a ſhape, and ſo divine a Face,
Methinks *I* ſhould not quarrel with my Star,
But bow to all my faithleſs Miſtriſs ſcorns.
[*Hollowing within.*] So ho, ho, ſo ho, ho——
Mar. So ho, ſo ho, ho, ho——'Tis my falſe Rival.
Now leave me, Sir, to reaſſume my anger.
Hip. *I* will obey——farewel——
My own Deſpair makes me neglect his Life. [*Goes out.*

Enter Silvio.

Mar. 'Tis *Silvio.*
Silv. You ſee *I* have obey'd you, Sir.
Mar. Come, Sir, your Sword.
Silv. You are my Brother, and 'twere an impious Action,
To fight you unprovok'd: give me a cauſe,
Nay, and a juſt one too, or *I* ſhall find it hard,
——To wound *Cleonte*'s Brother. [*Aſide ſighing.*

Mar. Thou cam'ſt prepar'd to talk, and not to fight.
I cannot blame thee, for were I *Silvio*,
Thus I would do to ſave a Life belov'd:
[*Offers to fight*; Silvio *ſteps back.*
But 'twill not ſerve you now.
Sil. Your Reaſon, Sir, and I am ready, if it be juſt.
Mar. Oh do not urge me to repeat my Wrongs,
For if thou doſt, I hardly ſhall have Man enough remain
To fight thee fairly. [*Offers ſtill.*
Sil. Surely he knows my Paſſion for *Cleonte*——— [*Aſide.*
I urge the Reaſon ſtill.
Mar. Haſt thou forgot thy laſt Night's Treachery? How like a Thief thou ſtol'ſt into her Lodging.
Sil. 'Tis ſo———'tis true, *Marcel*, I rudely did intrude——
Mar. Oh quickly haſte—— this looks like Womens jangling.
[*Offers to fight again.*
Sil. Oh it is bravely done, *Marcel*, to puniſh
A Paſſion which you ought to pity rather?
'Tis what I cannot reconcile nor juſtifie,
And ſo diſtracted it has made me too———
I will nor fight in ſo unjuſt a Cauſe.
Kill me, and I'll embrace you whilſt I die;
A thouſand Wounds imprinted on thy Body,
Will bring leſs Pain than that her Eyes have caus'd.
Here ſtrike———Pity my Pain, and eaſe me.
[*Opens his Arms, and throws away his Sword.*
Mar. I find thou haſt a Charm about thy Tongue,
And thou implor'ſt thy Death in ſuch a way,
I cannot hurt thee; and it gives me hopes
Thou art not yet ſo bleſs'd to be belov'd,
For then thou wouldſt not be thus deſperate.
Sil. Oh yes, *I* am belov'd.
Mar. Oh do not ſay thou art,
Nor take me from a Calmneſs, that may ſpare thee.
Sil. Not ſay I am belov'd! thou canſt not hire me
With Life or fuller Joy, to ſay I am not.
If there be Truth and Love in Innocence, ſhe loves me.
Mar. Yet, yet ye Gods *I* can endure——ſay but thou art not,
For I would yet preſerve thee.
Sil. Oh canſt thou wiſh that *I* ſhould fall ſo low,
To ſave my Life with Lies; the pooreſt Sin of all the number.
Mar. Then once again thou haſt debauch'd my pity.
[*Takes to his Sword.*
Sil. Her Paſſion *I* will juſtifie, but not my own;
Her's as pure as Prayers of Penitence;
But mine———*I* cannot give a Name to.
[*They fight: Enter* Alonzo *and parts them.*
Alon. How

Alon. How now, what's here to do *Marcel?*

Mar. *Alonzo!* the only Man I wish to shun.

Silv. I'm glad, who e'er thou be'st, thou hast prevented us.

Alon. Thou hast more Wit than he, then I find: Your Quarrel, Sir, may a Man have leave to inquire into't.

Mar. This is that *Silvio*, that noble Youth my Brother, whom thou hast often heard me name.

Alon. An excellent Character for an Enemy, Noble, and Brother: For shame put up your Swords, and I'll be Judge between ye.

Mar. The Case is soon decided; I will not tell you with how tedious a Courtship I won the Heart, as I thought, of a young Beauty of this Town ——— and yesterday receiv'd a Billet from her, to wait on her at Night, to receive the recompence of all my Pains and Sufferings ——— In this extasie of Joy I show'd him the Paper; and he getting thither before me, rob'd me of my Prize.

Silv. I am so pleas'd at this mistake of thine,
I can forgive it freely.

Mar. Not content with this, most treacherously, hid in the shades of Night, he met me in the Hall of this false Woman, and stab'd me, which did secure his flight with her; and wouldst thou have me put this *Injury* up?

Alon. Faith you must, and your Sword too.
Unless you mean to keep it drawn on me.
'Twas I that wounded you i'th' dark; and it was I
That rob'd you of *Clarinda.*

Mar. Thou?

Alon. I, am I so unlikely a Man to do such a feat?

Mar. How dare you, Sir, do this?

Alon. I dare do any thing, but break my Word, as thou hast basely done with me——But *I* am now in haste, and should be glad to know where to meet you anon.

Mar. I'll wait on you at the farther side of this Grove by the River.

Alon. *I* will not fail you—— [*Ex.* Alonzo.

Mar. Come, Sir, till *I* can better prove you are my Rival, *I* will believe you are my Friend and Brother.

Silv. When thou shalt know my miserable Story,
Thou wilt believe and pity me. [*Go out.*

Enter again Hippolyta *from out of the Wood.*

Hip. *I* wonder this Cavalier stays so long.
Pray Heaven he meet *Antonio.*

Enter Alonzo.

Your Servant, Sir.

Alon. The Cavalier to whom you ſent me, Sir,
Will wait upon you here.

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir, and ſhould be glad to know how I might pay my Gratitude.

Alon. My Duty ends not here; I have a Sword to ſerve you.

Hip. You ſhame me with this generoſity, but, Sir, I hope my own will be ſufficient in ſo good a Cauſe.

Alon. Though you are young, I queſtion not your Bravery; but I muſt beg to ſtay and ſee fair play,
And offer you my Service when you've done.

Hip. The Enemy appears, Sir,——and ſince you are ſo good, I beg you would retire behind thoſe Trees; for if he ſee us both, ſince he is ſingle, he will ſuſpect ſome treachery.

Alon. You've reaſon, Sir, and I'll obey you. [*Goes aſide.*

Enter Antonio *reading a Paper.*

SIR,

I Do deſire you to meet me in St. Peter's *Grove, with your Sword in your Hand, about an Hour hence; you will gueſs my Buſineſs, when you know my Name to be*

Alonzo.

Alon. How's that? [*Aſide.*

Ant. I wiſh't had been another Enemy,
Since from the Juſtice of his Cauſe I fear
An ill ſucceſs; would I had ſeen *Hippolyta*,
That e'er I dy'd I might have had her pardon.
This Conſcience——'tis ominous.
But ne're appears in any horrid ſhape,
'Till it approaches Death——

[*Goes forward, ſees* Hippolyta, *who juſtles him in paſſing by; he ſtops and looks.*

Hip. You ſeem, Sir, to be he whom I expect.

Ant. I'm call'd *Antonio*, Sir—— ——

Hip. And I *Alonzo*; the reſt we need not ask,
For thou art well acquainted with my Injuries,
And I with thy Perfidiouſneſs. [*Draws.*

Ant. I know of none you have receiv'd from me,
If on *Hippolyta*'s account you fight,
She lov'd me, and believ'd, and what dull Lover
Would have refus'd a Maid ſo eaſily gain'd?

Hip. Ah Traytor, by how baſe a way
Thou wouldſt evade thy Fate?

Didſt

Didst thou not know she was my Wife by promise?
Did not *Marcel*, *Ambrosio*, all consent
To make her mine as soon as *I* arriv'd?

Alon. Who the Devil's that young Bully that takes my Name, and my Concerns upon him? [*Aside.*

Hip. But why should *I* expect a Truth from thee,
Who after so much time, so many Vows,
So many Tears, Despairs and Sighs, at last
Didst gain a Credit with this easie Fool,
Then left her to her shames, and her despairs — Come, Sir, —
Or *I* shall talk my self to calmness——— [*Aside.*

Ant. I'm ready, Sir, to justifie the Deed.
[*They offer to fight,* Alonzo *steps forth.*

Alon. Hold! hold! fair Thief that rob'st me of my Name,
And wouldst my Honour too. [*Puts her by.*
If thou hast wrong'd the fair *Hippolyta*, [*To* Antonio.
No Man but *I* has right to do her justice.
Or you are both my Rivals———tell me which,
Which of you is it *I* must kill ———or both?
I am *Alonzo*, who dares love *Hippolyta?*

Hip. Let not your friendship, Sir, proceed so far,
To take my Name, to take my Quarrel on you.

Alon. In this Dispute none's more concern'd than *I*,
And *I* will keep my ground in such a Cause,
Though all the Rivals that her Beauty makes me,
Were arm'd to take my Life away.

Ant. Come, Sir, *I* care not which of you's *Alonzo.*
[*They go to fight, she holds* Alonzo.

Hip. This Gallantry's too much, brave Stranger.
Antonio hurt him not; *I* am the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
And this a perfect Stranger to the business;
Who seeing me appear less Man than he,
And unacquainted with my Deeds abroad,
In Bounty takes my Name and Quarrel on him.

Alon. Take heed young man, and keep thy Vertue in,
Lest thus misguided it become a Crime.
But thou he says hast wrong'd *Hippolyta*, (*to* Antonio.
And *I* am he must punish it.

Hip. Sure it is he indeed———
For such a Miracle my Brother render'd him. (*Aside.*
Hold, hold, thou wonder of thy Sex——— (*They fight.*

Alon. Stand by, *I* shall be angry with thee else,
And that will be unsafe———

[*As* Alonzo *fights with one Hand, he keeps her off with t'other; she presses still forward on* Antonio *with her Sword indeavouring to keep back* Alonzo.

Enter to them Marcel.

Mar. Sure *I* heard the Noiſe of Swords this way! [*Draws.* Hah, two againſt one? Courage, Sir. [*To* Antonio,

[*They fight all four,* Marcel *with* Hippolyta *whom he wounds, and* Alonzo *with* Antonio, *who is diſarm'd.*

Hip. Good Heaven how juſt thou art!

Mar. What, doſt thou faint already——Hah, the pretty talking Youth I ſaw but now! [*Runs to her, and holds her up.* Alas, how doſt thou?

Hip. Well, ſince thy Hand has wounded me.

Ant. My Life is yours, nor would I ask the Gift,
But to repair my Injuries to *Hippolyta.*

Alon. I give it thee—— [*Gives him his Sword.*

Mar. How, *Antonio!*——
What unkind Hand has rob'd me of the Juſtice,
Of killing thee?

Alon. His that was once thy Friend, *Marcel.*

Mar. Oh doſt thou know my Shame? [*Turns away.*

Alon. I know thou art falſe to Friendſhip,
And therefore do demand mine back again, thou'ſt us'd it ſcurvily.

Mar. Thou know'ſt too much to think I've injur'd thee.

Alon. Not injur'd me! Who was it promis'd me *Hippolyta?*
Who his Alliance, and his Friendſhip too?
And who has broke them all but thou perfidious?
Come 'tis *Hipyolyta* that I demand,

Mar. By this he ſhould not know my Siſters Shame. [*Aſide.*
Oh, Sir, you muſt not have *Hippolyta.*

Alon. How! not have *Hippolyta!*
Though every Step were guarded by a Brother:
Though ſhe were circled round about with Rivals,
Ye ſhould not all have Power to keep her from me.
Not have *Hippolyta!*——
'Sdeath, Sir, becauſe I do not know my Birth,
And cannot boaſt a little empty Title,
I muſt not have *Hippolyta*——
Now I will have her, and when you know I can,
You ſhall petition me to marry her.
And yet I will not do't. Come, Sir—— [*Offers to fight.*

Hip. Hold, hold brave Man, or turn your Sword on me,
I am the unhappy Cauſe of all your Rage:
'Tis I generous *Alonzo* that can tell you
What he's aſham'd to own,
And thou wilt bluſh to hear.

Mar. Hippolyta! thou wretched wicked Woman:

Thus

Thus I reward thy Sins———

[*Offers to kill her,* Antonio *ſteps between.*

Ant. Hold, Sir, and touch her not without my leave,
She is my Wife; by ſacred Vows my Wife.

Alon. I underſtand no riddling, but whoever thou be'ſt, Man or Woman, thou'rt worth our Care———
She faints———come let us bear her hence.

[*She faints,* Antonio *kneels to her.*

Ant. Oh ſtay *Hippolyta,* and take me with thee,
For I have no uſe of Life when thou art gone. [*Weeps.*
Here kill me brave *Marcel*;——and yet you need not,
My own Remorſe, and Grief will be ſufficient.

Mar. I credit thee, and leave thee to their Mercy.

Hip. That goodneſs, Sir, has call'd me back to Life,
To pay my humble Thanks; could you have Mercy too, to pardon me———you might redeem my Soul.

Mar. Some Pity I have yet, that may preſerve thee too,
Provided this Repentance be not feign'd.

Ant. My Life, Sir, is Security for both.

Mar. Doubt not, I'll take the Forfeit, Sir—Come *Hippolyta,*
Thy Fathers Houſe ſhall once again receive thee.

Ant. Lean on my Arm my deareſt.

Mar. Sir, by the way, I'll let you know her Story,
And then perhaps you will not blame my Friendſhip.

Alon. And in return, I'll give you back *Clarinda*———
And beg your Pardon for the Wound I gave you.

[*Exeunt leading* Hippolyta.

ACT V. SCENE. I. *A Garden.*

Enter Cleonte, Clarinda *weeping,* Dormida, *and* Franciſca.

Cleo. FEar not, I'll uſe my Intereſt both with your Mother and my Father, to ſet your Heart at reſt,
Whoſe Pain *I* feel by ſomething in my own.

Clar. The Gods reward your Bounty, fair *Cleonte.*

Dor. I, I, Madam, *I* beſeech you make our Peace with my good Lady her Mother, whatever becomes of the reſt, for ſhe'll e'en dye with Grief—— [*Weeps.*
She had but two fair Pledges of her Nuptial Bed,
And both by cruel Fate are raviſht from her.
Manuel a Child was loſt,
And this; not holy Reliques were more ſtrictly guarded,
Till falſe *Marcel* betray'd me to debauch her. [*Weeps aloud.*

Cleo. Alas, had you a Brother once? [*To* Clarinda.

Clar.

Clar. Madam, I might have had: but he was loſt e're I was born.

Cleo. Ah would my *Silvio* had been ſo. [*Aſide.*
By what ſtrange Accident *Clarinda?*

Dorm. Madam, I can inform you beſt. [*Puts herſelf between.*

Cleo. Do then *Dormida.*

Dorm. Madam, you muſt know, my Lady *Octavia*, for that's her name, was in her Youth the very Flower of Beauty and Vertue: Oh ſuch a Face and Shape, had you but ſeen her—— And though I ſay it, Madam, I thought my ſelf too ſomebody then.

Clar. Thou art tedious: Madam, 'tis true my Mother had the Reputation of both thoſe Attractions, which gain'd her many Lovers: amongſt the reſt, *Don Manual*, and *Don Alonzo*, were moſt worthy her Eſteem.

Dor. I, Madam, *Don Alonzo*, there was a Man for you, ſo obliging and ſo bountiful———Well, I'll give you an Argument of both to me: for you muſt know I was a Beauty then, and worth obliging. [*Puts herſelf between.*
And he was the Man my Lady lov'd, though *Don Manuel* were the richer: but to my own Story——

Cleo. Forward *Clarinda.*

Clar. But as it moſt times happens,
We marry where our Parents like, not we;
My Mother was diſpos'd of to *Don Manuel.*

Dor. I, Madam; but had you ſeen *Don Alonzo*'s Rage, and how my Lady took this Diſappointment—But I who was very young, and very pretty as I told you before———

Cleo. Forbear, Madam, 'tis true,
Alonzo was ſo far tranſported,
That oft he did attempt to kill my Father;
But bravely tho', and ſtill he was prevented:
But when at the Intreaties of my Mother,
The King confin'd my Father,
Alonzo then ſtudyed a new Revenge,
And thinking that my Father's Life depended
Upon a Son he had ſcarce a Year old;
He did deſign to ſteal him, and one Evening,
When with the Nurſe and Maid he took the Air,
This deſperate Lover ſeiz'd the ſmiling Prize,
Which never ſince was heard of.

Cleo. I gueſs the Grief the Parents muſt ſuſtain.

Dor. It almoſt caus'd their Deaths, nor did kind Heaven
Supply them with another till long after,
Unhappy this was born.
Which juſt her Father liv'd to ſee, and dy'd. [*Weeps:*

Then

Then she was, Daughter, Son, and Husband too,
To her afflicted Mother: But as *I* told you, Madam, I was then in my Prime———

Clar. Now, Madam, judge what her Despair must be,
Who is depriv'd of all her Joys in me. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. Franciſca, see who is that knocks so hastily. [*One knocks.*

Franc. Oh, Madam, 'tis *Don Marcel* leading a wounded Man.

Cleo. Oh my Fears, 'tis *Silvio.*

Franc. 'Tis not *Don Silvio.*

Enter Marcel *leading* Hippolyta *wounded, followed by* Alonzo *and* Pedro. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Alas, what Youth is this you lead all bleeding?

Mar. One that deserves your Care; where's my Father?

Cleo. Not yet return'd.

Mar. 'Tis well; and you, Sir, *I* must confine till I know how to satisfie my Honour, and that of my wrong'd Sister. [*To* Antonio.

Ant. The holy Man will soon decide our Difference:
Pray send for one, and reconcile us all.

Hip. I fear *Antonio* still thou dost dissemble.

Ant. So let me find forgiveness when *I* dye:
If any fear of Death have wrought this change:
But a pure Sense of all my Wrongs to thee,
Knowing thy constant Love, and Vertue to me.

Mar. I will secure your fear—— *Franciſca*, send for Father *Joseph* to me, and conduct these Gentlemen to the Lodgings next the Garden. [*Exeunt* Franciſca, Antonio *and* Hippolyta.

Alon. Prethee *Marcel*, are thee and *I* awake, or do we dream? thou, that thou art in thy Father's House; and I, that *I* see those two fair Women there. Pray lovely Fugitive, how come you hither? [*To* Clarinda.

Mar. I thought thou wert mistaken,
'Twas *Silvio* brought her hither, that false Man.
But how came you to know her?

Alon. Know her! 'slife I question my Sense.
Pray Lady, are you Flesh and Blood? [*To* Cleonte.

Cleo. Yes surely, Sir; for 'twere pity you should have bestow'd your Heart on a Shadow, and I well remember you gave it one of us last Night.

Alon. A Dream, a Dream, but are you indeed the same fair Person, and is this the same House too?

Cleo. I am afraid your Heart's not worth the keeping, since you took no better Notice where you dispos'd of it.

Alon. Faith, Madam, you wrong a poor Lover, who has languish'd in search of it all this live-long day.

Cleo.

Cleo. Brother, I beſeech you, receive the innocent *Clarinda*, who, I fear, will have the greateſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt you. [*To* Marcel. *Gives him to* Clarinda.

Alon. But pray, fair one, let you and I talk a little about that ſame Heart you put me in mind of juſt now.

[*To* Cleonte, *with whom he ſeems to talk.*

Ped. Surely that's my old Miſtreſs *Dormida*; twenty years has not made ſo great an Alteration in that ill-favour'd Face of hers, but I can find a Lover there.

[*Goes to her, they ſeem to talk earneſtly, and ſometimes pleaſantly, pointing to* Clarinda.

Mar. Enough *Clarinda:* I'm too well convinc'd,
Would thou hadſt ſtill remain'd a Criminal.
Now how can I reward thy Faith and Love?

Clar. I know *Marcel*, it is not in thy Power,
Thy faithleſs Story I'm acquainted with.

Mar. Do not reproach me with my Shame *Clarinda.*
Tis true, to gain thee to Conſent to my Deſires,
I made an honourable Pretence of loving.
Pardon a Lover, all the ways he takes
To gain a Miſtreſs ſo belov'd and fair.
But I have ſince repented of that Sin,
And came laſt Night for thy Forgiveneſs too.

Ped. This is News indeed; 'tis fit I keep this Secret no longer from my Maſter. *Don Manuel* being dead, my Vow's expir'd. [*Aſide*] [Pedro *goes to* Alonzo.

Clar. And do you mean no more to love me then?

Mar. In ſpight of me above my Sence or Being.

Clar. And yet you'll marry *Flavia?*

Mar. Againſt my Will I muſt, or loſe a Father.

Clar. Then I muſt dye, *Marcel.*

Mar. Do not unman my Soul, it is too weak
To bear the Weight of fair *Clarinda*'s Tears.

Alon. Why was this Secret kept from me ſo long?

Ped. I was oblig'd by Vow, Sir, to *Don Alonzo* my dead Maſter, not to reſtore you till *Don Manuel*'s Death; believing it a Happineſs too great for his Rival, for ſo he was upon your Mother's Score.

Alon. Have *I* a Mother living?

Ped. Here in *Madrid*, Sir, and that fair Maid's your Siſter.

[*Pointing to* Clarinda.

Alon. *I* ſcarce can credit thee, but that I know thee honeſt.

Ped. To confirm that belief, Sir, here are the Writings of twelve thouſand Crowns a Year, left you by your Foſter

[*Gives him Papers, he reads.*

Father, the brave *Alonzo*, whoſe Name he gave you too.

Alon.

Alon. I am convinc'd ——— How now *Marcel*, what all in Tears? why, who the Devil would love in earneſt? Come, come, make me Judge between you.

Mar. You'll ſoon decide it then, my Heart's *Clarinda*'s; But my forc'd Vows are given to another.

Alon. Vows! doſt think the Gods regard the Vows of Lovers? they are things made in neceſſity, and ought not to be kept, nor puniſh'd when broken; if they were ——— Heaven have mercy on me poor Sinner.

Enter Ambroſio.

Mar. My Father return'd!

[*Bows, and goes to him, and then leads* Alonzo *to him.*

Sir, this is the gallant Man that was deſign'd to be your Son-in-Law.

Amb. And that you were not ſo, Sir, was my misfortune only.

Alon. I am glad to find it no ſlight to my Perſon, Or unknown Quality that depriv'd me of that Honour.

Mar. To convince you of that, *Alonzo*, I know my Father will beſtow this other Siſter on you; more fair and young, and equally as rich. [Ambroſio *calls* Marcel *aſide.*

Alon. How, his Siſter! Fool, that I was, I could not gueſs at this; and now have I been lying and ſwearing all this while how much I lov'd her. Well, take one time with another, a Man falls into more Danger by this amorous Humour, than he gets good turns by it.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, I knew not you had deſign'd her elſewhere ——— Dear *Alonzo*, my Father ———

Alon. I, Sir, I am much oblig'd to him. Oh Pox would I were well with *Euphemia.*

Mar. I proteſt I could wiſh ———

Alon. I, ſo could I, Sir, that you had made a better Judgement of my Humour: All muſt out, I have no other way to avoid this Complement elſe. Why look ye, *Marcel* ——— Your Siſter is ——— Pox I am ill at Diſſimulation, and therefore in plain Terms, I am to be marryed this very Evening to another.

Mar. This was happy, and has ſav'd me an Excuſe. [*Aſide.* But are you in earneſt, Sir? How is it poſſible, being ſo lately come into *Madrid?*

Alon. Deſtiny, Deſtiny, *Marcel*, which there was no avoiding, tho' I miſt of *Hippolyta.*

Mar. Who is it, prithee?

Alon. A Woman I hope, of which indeed I would have been better aſſur'd; but ſhe was wilful. She's call'd *Euphemia.*

Mar.

Mar. Our next Neighbour, the Daughter of old *Carlo.*

Alon. The ſame.

Mar. Thou art happy to make ſo good a Progreſs in ſo ſhort a time, but I am——

Alon. Not ſo miſerable as you believe. Come, come, you ſhall marry *Clarinda.*

Mar. 'Tis impoſſible.

Alon. Where's the hindrance.

Mar. Her want of Fortune; that's enough, Friend.

Alon. Stand by and expect the beſt—— [*Goes to* Ambroſio. Sir, I have an humble Suit to you.

Amb. I ſhould be infinitely pleas'd you could ask me any thing in my Power, but, Sir, this Daughter I had diſpos'd of, before I knew you would have miſt of *Hippolyta.*

Alon. Luckier than I expected. [*Aſide.* Sir, that was an Honour I could not merit, and am contented with my Fate: But my Requeſt is, that you would receive into your Family a Siſter of mine, whom I would beſtow on *Don Marcel.*

Mar. Hah, what mean you, Sir! a Siſter of yours?

Alon. Yes, ſhe will not be unwelcome—This is ſhe.

Amb. This is the Daughter to *Octavia*—— Her Mother was a Lady whom once I did adore, and 'twas her fault ſhe was not more happy with me, than with *Don Manuel.* Nor have I ſo wholly forgot that Flame, but I might be inclin'd to your Propoſal: But, Sir, ſhe wants a Fortune.

Alon. That I'll ſupply.

Mar. You ſupply, Sir? On what kind Score, *I* pray?

Alon. That which you'll ſuffer without being jealous, When you ſhall know ſhe is indeed my Siſter.

Clar. How! this brave Man my Brother?

Alon. So they tell me, and that my Name is *Manuel,* Had you not ſuch a Brother?

Dor. Oh ye Gods, is this the little *Manuel?*

Ped. Yes *Dormida,* and for a farther Proof ſee this.

[*Opens his Maſters Boſom, and ſhows a Crucifix.*

Dor. This *I* remember well, it is *Don Manuel:*
Pray let me look upon you: Juſt like my Lord——
Now may the Soul of *Don Alonzo* reſt in Peace,
For making ſo hopeful a Man of you.

Alon. Amen. But, Sir, if you approve of my Siſter,
I'll make her as worthy of *Marcel,* as *Flavia.*

Amb. I've loſt the Hopes of her—She's not to be reconcil'd, [*Aſide.*
Clarinda needs no more than to belong to you,
To make her valuable——and I conſent with Joy.

[*Gives her to* Marcel.

Mar.

Mar. And I with Joys beyond Expreſſion, Sir, receive her.

Alon. Pedro, there reſts no more than that you wait on my Mother, and let her know all that has happen'd to my ſelf and Siſter, and that I'll pay my Duty to her e're I ſleep.

Dor. The very Joy to find her Son again, will get my pardon too, and then perhaps *Pedro* and I may renew our old Amours.

Alon. Sir, I have another Requeſt to make.

Amb. You muſt command, Sir.

Alon. That is, that you will permit this fair Company to Honour me this Evening at my Father-in-laws *Don Carlo*.

Amb. How, has *Don Carlo* married the Lady *Octavia?*

Alon. No, Sir, but a worſe matter than that, I am to marry his Daughter.

Amb. Oh, Sir, *Euphemia* has too much Beauty and Vertue to make you doubt your Happineſs.

Alon. Well, Sir, I muſt venture that. But your Company I'll expect, the Ladies may clap on their Vizards, and make a maſquerading Night on't: though ſuch Freedoms are not very uſual in *Spain*; we that have ſeen the World, may abſolve one another.

Amb. My Garden joins to that of *Don Carlo*, and that way we will wait on you, as ſoon as I have diſpatcht a ſmall Affair.

Alon. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Goes out.* Ambroſio *the other way.*

Mar. Siſter, go you and prepare my Father to receive *Hippolyta*, whilſt I go ſee them married.

[*Exeunt* Cleonte *and* Clarinda.

[Marcel *paſſing over the Garden, ſees* Silvio *enter in Paſſion, follow'd by* Franciſca.

Silv. Do not *Franciſca*——do not blow my Flame,
The Cure thou bring'ſt is much the greater Hell.

[*Offers to go, but ſtops.*

Mar. Hah, *Silvio*; unſeen I'll hear the Buſineſs.

[*Goes aſide.*

Sil. I would fain ſhun thee, but this impious Weight
Of Love upon my Soul, hinders my flight:
I'm fixt——like conſcious Guilt it keeps me here,
And I am now inſenſile of Fear.
Speak on! thou Meſſenger of ſacred Love——ſpeak on!

Franc. The fair *Cleonte*, Sir, whoſe Soul's inflam'd
No leſs than yours; though with a Virgin Modeſty
She would conceal it, pitying now your Pain
Has through my Interceſſion——

Sil. Oh quickly ſpeak! What Happineſs deſign'd me?

Franc. To

Franc. To admit you, Sir, this Night into her Chamber.
Mar. Death to my Soul! What's this? [*Aside.*
Sil. Her Chamber? is that all? Will that allay this Fever
In my Blood—— No, no, *Franciſca*,
'Tis grown too high for amorous Parleys only;
Her Arms, her charming Boſom, and her Bed,
Muſt now receive me, or I dye, *Franciſca.*
Franc. I mean no other, Sir; why can you think
A Maid in love as much as you can be,
Aſſiſted with the Silence of the Night;
(Which Vail her Bluſhes too) can ſay—— I dare not?
Or if ſhe do, ſhe'll ſpeak it faintly o'er,
And even whilſt ſhe ſo denyes will yield.
Go, go, prepare your ſelf for this encounter,
And do not dally as you did to day,
And fright your Pleaſure with the Name of Siſter——
Mar. Oh curſed Witch! [*Aside.*
Franc. What ſay you, Sir?
Sil. That Name has check'd my Joy——
And makes it ſtrangely ſilent and imperfect. [*Walks away.*
Franc. Why do you go, before you Anſwer me?
[*Follows him into the Garden.*
Mar. I'll follow him, and kill them. [*Comes out with a Dagger.*
Oh who would be allyed unto a Woman,
Nature's looſe Handy-work? the ſlight Imploys
Of all her wanton Hours——Oh I could rave now——
Abandon Senſe and Nature.
Hence all conſiderate Thoughts, and in their Room,
Supply my Soul with Vengeance that may prove
Too great to be allay'd by Nature, or by Love.
[*Goes into the Garden after them.*

Enter again Silvio *melancholy follow'd by* Franciſca.

Franc. But will you loſe this Opportunity,
Her Lodgings too being ſo near your own?
Sil. Hell take her for her Wickedneſs.
Oh that ten thouſandMountains ſtood between us,
And Seas as vaſt and raging as her Luſt,
That we might never meet—Oh perfect Woman,
I find there is no ſafety in thy Sex:
No truſting to thy Innocence.
That being Counterfeit, thy Beauty's gone,
Dropt like a Roſe o're blown,
And left thee nothing but a wither'd Root,
That never more can bloom.
Franc. Alas, I fear I have done ill in this. [*Aside.*
Sil. I now ſhould hate her; but there yet remains

Some-

Something within, ſo ſtrangely kind to her,
That I'm reſolv'd to give her one Proof more,
Of what *I* have vow'd her often, yes, I'll kill her———
Fran. How, kill her, Sir? Gods, what have *I* done! [*aſide.*
Silv. Yes, can *I* let her live, and ſay *I* lov'd her?
No, ſhe ſhall tempt no more vain yielding Men.
Fran. Conſider, Sir, it is to ſave your Life ſhe does it.
Silv. My Life!
'Twere better ſhe and *I* were buried
[*Enter* Marcel *from amongſt the Trees ſoftly with his Dagger behind* Silvio.
Quick in one Grave, than ſhe ſhould fall to this,
She has out-ſinn'd even me in this conſent.
Mar. Oh, here they are.———
Fran. My Lord, defend your ſelf, you are undone elſe.
Silv. Hah, *Marcel!* [*Draws.*
Fran. Help, help.
Mar. Hell take thy Throat.

Enter Ambroſio, Clarinda, Cleonte, *and the reſt of the Houſe.*

Amb. Hold Villain, hold!
How dareſt thou thus rebel———ungrateful Wretch?
Mar. This Cauſe, Sir, is ſo juſt, that when you hear it,
You'll curſe me, that I let him live thus long:
He loves my Siſter, Sir; and that lewd Woman
Repays his luſtful Flame; and does this Evening
Invite him to her Bed;———Oh, let me kill him.
[*Offers to go to him.*
Amb. That he ſhould love *Cleonte* I'll allow,
And her returns too, whilſt they are innocent.
Mar. But, Sir, he does not love her as a Siſter.
Amb. If that be all his Crime, *I* ſtill forgive him.
Silv. Yes, Sir, 'tis true, *I* do adore my Siſter,
But am ſo far from that foul thing he nam'd,
That could *I* think *I* had a ſecret thought
That tended that way, *I* would ſearch it———thus———
[*Goes to ſtab himſelf.*
Cleo. What mean you by this Deſperation?
Silv. Oh, take away this Woman from my ſight,
[*Pointing to* Cleonte.
For ſhe will finiſh what this has ill begun. [*Holds his Dagger up.*
Fran. Thus low, Sir, for your Mercy *I* muſt kneel; [*Kneels.*
Which yet *I* muſt deſpair of when you know
How very very wicked *I* have been. [*Weeps.*
Cleonte, Sir, is chaſte as Angels are.
Silv. My Siſter innocent! how ſoon I do believe thee!

Fran. Yes, Sir, nor knows of that vile Meſſage which I brought you.

Silv. What Devil ſet thee on to tempt me then?

Fran. The worſt of Devils, hopeleſs, raging Love;
And you my Lord, were the unhappy Object.

Mar. Oh ſinful Woman, what was thy Deſign?

Cleo. What means all this? [*aſide.*

Fran. At leaſt to have injoy'd him once; which done,
Thinking it had been the fair *Cleonte*,
It would have made him hate her.

Silv. Should all thy other Sins be unrepented,
The Piety of this Confeſſion ſaves thee.
Pardon, *Cleonte*, my rude Thoughts of thee,
[*Kneels, ſhe takes him up.*
I had deſign'd to've kill'd thee———
Had not this knowledge of thy Innocence
Arriv'd before I'd ſeen thee next.
And, Sir, your pardon too I humbly beg; [*To* Ambroſio
With licenſe to depart, I cannot live
Where I muſt only ſee my beauteous Siſter;
That torment is too great to be ſupported,
That ſtill muſt laſt, and never hope a Cure.

Amb. Since you are ſo reſolv'd, I will unfold
A ſecret to you, that perhaps may pleaſe you.

Silv. Low at your Feet I do implore it, Sir. [*Kneels.*

Amb. Your Quality forbids this Ceremony. [*Takes him up.*

Silv. How, Sir!

Amb. Your Father was the mighty Favourite, the *Conte de Olivaris*; your Mother, *Spain*'s celebrated Beauty, *Donna Margarita Spiniola*, by whom your Father had two natural Sons, *Don Lovis de Harro*, and your ſelf *Don Roderigo*. The Story of his Diſgrace, you know, with all the World; 'twas then he being baniſht from the Court, he left you to my care then very young. I receiv'd you as my own, and as more than ſuch educated you, and as your Father oblig'd me to do, brought you always up about their Majeſty's—— For he hoped, if you had Beauty aad Merits, you might inherit part of that Glory he loſt.

Mar. This is wondrous———

Amb. This truth you had not known ſo ſoon, had you not made as great an Intereſt at Court as any Man ſo young ever did; and if I had not acquitted my ſelf in all Points as became the Friend of ſo great and brave a Man, as *Conte de Olivaris*; the Fortune he left you was two Millions of Crowns.

Silv. Let me imbrace your Feet for this bleſt News.
Is not the fair *Cleonte* then my Siſter?

Amb.

Amb. No, Sir, but one whom long ſince I deſign'd your Wife, if you are pleas'd to think her worthy of it. [*Offers her.*

Silv. Without her, Sir, I do deſpiſe my Being:
And do receive her as a Bleſſing ſent from Heaven, to make my whole Life happy.

Amb. What ſay you, *Cleonte*?

Cleo. Sir, I muſt own a Joy greater than is fit for a Virgin to expreſs.

Mar. Generous *Don Roderigo*, receive me as your Friend, and pardon all the fault you found in me as a Brother.

[*Imbraces him.*

Silv. Be ever dear unto my Soul, *Marcel.*

Mar. Now is the time to preſent *Hippolyta* and *Antonio* to my Father, whilſt his Humour is ſo good. And you, dear Brother, I muſt beg to joyn with us in ſo juſt a Cauſe.

Silv. You need not doubt my Power, and leſs my Will.

Mar. Do you prepare him then, whilſt I bring them in: For by this I know my Confeſſor has made them one. [*Ex.* Marcel.

Silv. Sir, I've a Suit to you.

Amb. You cannot ask what I can deny.

Silv. *Hippolyta*, Sir, is married to *Antonio*,
And humbly begs your pardon for her paſt fault.

Amb. *Antonio* and *Hippolyta!* oh name them not.

Enter Antonio *and* Hippolyta, *a Fryar, and* Marcel.

Mar. Pray, Sir, forgive them, your Honour being ſafe,
Since *Don Antonio* has by marrying her,
Repair'd the Injury he did us all,
Without which *I* had kill'd him.

Amb. Thou art by Nature more ſevere than I,
And if thou think'ſt our Honour ſatisfy'd,
I will endeavour to forget their Faults.

Ant. We humbly thank you, Sir, and beg your Bleſſing:
At leaſt beſtow it on *Hippolyta*;
For ſhe was ever chaſte, and innocent,
And acted only what became her Duty;
Since by a ſacred Vow ſhe was my Wife.

Amb. How cam'ſt thou then to treat her ſo inhumanely?

Ant. In pure revenge to *Don Marcel* her Brother:
And forc'd my Nature to a ſtubbornneſs,
Which whilſt *I* did put on, *I* bluſh to own;
And ſtill between thoughts ſo unjuſt, and action,
Her Vertue would riſe up and check my Soul,
Which ſtill ſecur'd her Fame.

Hip. And *I* have ſeen in midſt of all thy anger,
Thou'ſt turn'd away, and chang'd thy words to ſighs;

Dropt now and then a Tear, as if aſham'd,
Not of thy Injuries, but my little Merit.
Amb. How weak and eaſie Nature makes me——Riſe,
I muſt forgive you both.
Come, Sir, I know you long to be ſecur'd
Of what you ſay you love ſo much, *Cleonte*——
Fran. But, Madam, have you fully pardon'd me?
Silv. We will all joyn in your behalf, *Franciſca.*
Cleo. I can forgive you, when you can repent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Houſe of* Carlo.

Enter Olinda.

Olin. But is the Bride-Chamber dreſt up, and the Bed made as it ought to be?

Dorm. As for the making, 'tis as it uſe to be, only the Velvet Furniture.

Olin. As it uſe to be? Oh ignorance! I ſee theſe young Wenches are not arriv'd yet to bare Imagination: Well, I muſt order it my ſelf, *I* ſee that.

Dorm. Why, *Olinda*, *I* hope they will not go juſt to Bed upon their marrying without ſome ſigns of a Wedding, as Fidles, and Dancing, and ſo forth.

Olin. Good Lord, what Joys you have found out for the firſt Night of a young Bride, and Bridegroom. Fidles and Dancing, ha, ha, ha! they'll be much merrier by themſelves, than Fidles and Dancing can make them, you Fool.

Enter Haunce *and* Gload.

Bleſs me!, what is't *I* ſee! [*Stares on* Haunce.

Hau. Why? what the Divel means ſhe? Look about me *Gload*, and ſee what *I* have that's ſo terrible.

Olin. Oh, I have no power to ſtir, it is a Sprite.

Hau. What does ſhe mean now *Gload*?

Glo. She deſires to be ſatisfy'd whether we be Fleſh and Blood, Sir, I believe.

Ha. Do'ſt ſee nothing that's Divel-wiſe about me?

Glou No, indeed, Sir, not I.

Hau. Why then the Wench is tippled, that's all, a ſmall Fault.

Olin. I, in the name of Goodneſs, Sir, what are you?

Glo. *I*, *I*, Sir, 'tis that ſhe deſires to know.

Olin. Who are you, Sir?

Hau. Why, who ſhould *I* be, but he that's to be your Maſter anon?

Glo. Yes, who ſhould he be but *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel?*

Olin.

Olin. What, did you come in at the Door?

Hau. Yes marry did *I*, what do you think *I* creep in like a *Lapland* Witch through the Key-holes?

Dorm. Nay, nay, this cannot be the Bridegroom.

Olin. No, for 'tis but a moment ſince we left him, you know in my Lady's Chamber.

Hau. Very drunk, by this good Light.

Dorm. And therefore it cannot be *Myn heer Haunce.*

Hau. What the Divel will you perſwade me out of my Chriſtian Name?

Olin. The Prieſt has yet ſcarce done his Office, who is marrying him above to my Lady.

Hau. Salerimente, here's brave doing, to marry me, and never give me notice; or thou art damnable drunk, or very mad.

Glo. Yes, and I am married to you too, am *I* not? [*To* Olinda.

Olin. You? we know neither of you.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, here's a turn for you.

Enter Carlo.

Car. Why, *Olinda*, *Dorice*, *Olinda*, where be theſe mad Girls? 'tis almoſt Night, and nothing in Order. Why, what now? Who's here?

Hau. So the old Man's poſſeſt too —— Why, what a Divel ails you, Sir? [*Goes roughly to him.*

Car. From whence come you, Sir? and what are you?

Hau. Gload, let's be gone, for we ſhall be tranſmigrated into ſome ſtrange Shapes anon, for all the Houſe is inchanted. Who am *I*, quoth ye? before *I* came you all knew me; and now you are very well acquainted with me, you have forgot me.

Car. If you be my Son *Haunce*, how came you here?

Hau. If *I* be your Son *Haunce*, where ſhould *I* be elſe?

Car. Above with your Wife, not below amongſt the Maids.

Hau. What Wife? what Wife? Ha, ha, ha, do not provoke me, leſt *I* take you a ſlap in the Face, *I* tell you that now.

Car. Oh, *I* find by his Humour this is he, and *I* am finely cheated and abus'd. I'll up and know the Truth. [*Goes out.*

Hau. And ſo will *I.* [*Follows.*

Glo. Why, but Miſtriſs *Olinda*, you have not, indeed, forgot me, have you?

Olin. For my Lover *I* have, but perhaps *I* may call you to mind, as my Servant hereafter.

Glo. Since you're ſo proud and ſo fickle, you ſhall ſtand hereafter as a Cypher with me; and I'll begin upon a new Account with this pretty Maid, what ſay you forſooth?

Dorm. I am willing enough to get a Husband as young as I am.

Glo. Why, that's well ſaid, give your Hand upon the Bargain——God-ha-mercy, with all my Heart i'faith. [*Go in.*

[*Scene draws off, diſcovers a Chamber. Enter* Alonzo, Euphemia, *and* Lovis; *to them* Carlo, Haunce, *and the reſt.*

Car. Oh, I am cheated, undone, abus'd.

Lov. How, Sir, and where?

[Haunce *ſees* Alonzo *dreſt like him, goes gazing about him, and on himſelf, calling* Gload *to do the ſame.*

Car. Nay, I know not how, or where; but ſo I am; and when I find it, I'll turn you all out of Doors. Who are you, Sir? quickly tell me.

Alon. If you be in ſuch haſte, take the ſhorteſt Account, I am your Son.

Car. I mean, Sir, what's your Name, and which of you is *Haunce van Ezel?*

Hau. I, which of us is *Haunce van Ezel*, tell us that, Sir; we ſhall handle ye i'faith now——

Alon. He, Sir, can beſt inform you. [*Pointing to* Haunce.

Hau. Who, I! I know no more than the great *Turk*, not I, which of us is me; my Hat, my Feather, my Sute, and my Garniture all over faith now; and I believe this is me, for I'll truſt my Eyes before any other Senſe about me. What ſay'ſt thou now *Gload?* gueſs which of us is thy own natural Maſter now if thou canſt.

Glo. Which, Sir?—— why —— let me ſee—— let me ſee, [*Turns them both about.*

faſes I cannot tell, Sir.

Car. Come, come, the Cheat is plain, and I'll not be fob'd off, therefore tell me who you are, Sir. [*To* Alonzo.

Alon. One that was very unwilling to have put this Trick upon you, if I could have perſwaded *Euphemia* to have been kind on any other Terms, but nothing would down with her but Matrimony.

Car. How long have you known her?

Alon. Faith, Sir, too long by at leaſt an Hour.

Car. I ſay again, what are you, Sir?

Alon. A Man I am, and they call me *Alonzo.*

Car. How! I hope not the great fighting Colonel, whom my Son ſerv'd as a Voluntier in *Flanders.*

Alon. Even he, Sir.

Car. Worſe and worſe, I ſhall grow mad, to think that in ſpight of all my Care, *Euphemia* ſhould marry with ſo notorious a Man of War,

Hau.

Hau. How! is this *Alonzo*, and am I couzen'd? pray tell me truly, are you not me indeed?

Alon. All over, Sir, only the inside a little less Fool.

Hau. So here's fine jugling—— ——are not you a rare Lady, hah?—— [*To* Euphemia; *crys.*

Euph. I assure you, Sir, if this Man had not past for you, I had never had him.

Hau. Had him! Oh, you are a flattering thing, I durst ha' sworn you could no more ha' been without me, than a Barber's Shop without a Fidle, so I did: Oh, what a damnable Voyage have I back again without a Wife too—— [*Crys again.*

Lov. If that be all, we'll get you one before you go; that shall be my care.

Hau. A Pox of your care, well, I will get my self most soundly drunk to Night, to be reveng'd of these two damnable Dons. Come *Gload*, let us about something in Order to't. [*Exit.*

Euph. Pray, Sir, be perswaded, he's worth your owning.

Car. Tell not me of owning; what Fortune has he?

Lov. His Horse and Arms, the Favour of his Prince, and his Pay.

Car. His Horse and Arms I wholly dislike, as Impliments of War, and that same Princely Favour, as you call it, will buy no Lands, and his Pay he shall have when he can get it.

Lov. But, Sir, his coming to *Madrid* was to take possession of a place the Prince has promis'd him.

Car. Has promis'd him? what! I shall marry my Daughter to the Promises of e're a Prince in *Christendom*, shall I? No, no; Promises, quoth ye?

Alon. Well, Sir, will this satisfie you?

[*Gives him a Parchment.*

Euph. If it should not, let us consider what next to do.

Alon. No consideration *Euphemia*; not so much as that we are married, lest it lessen our Joys.

Car. 12000 Crowns a Year! —— Sir, I cry you mercy, and wish you joy with my Daughter.

Lov. So his Courage will down with him now.

Alon. To satisfie you Father, Sir, read this.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

And now *Euphemia* prepare your self to receive some gallant Friends of mine, whom you must be acquainted with, and who design to make a merry Night on't,

Euph. A whole Night *Alonzo?*

Alon. By no means *Euphemia*, for the first too, which if the thoughts of its being part of my Duty do not hinder, will be pleasant enough to me.

Car. So considerable an Office at Court too! —— Let me imbrace you, Sir; and tell you how happy I am in so brave a Son-in-law.

Alon. With that assurance, Sir, I'll take a more than ordinary freedom with you, and teach *Euphemia* a franker way of living, than what a native *Spaniard* would have allow'd her.

Car. She shall be what sort of Wife you'll have her.

Enter Servant: After a noise of Musick.

Alon. What Musick's that?

Serv. It waits upon some Ladies and Gentlemen who ask for you, Sir.

Alon. Wait them in, they are those Friends of mine I told you of. [*He goes and brings them in.*

Enter Marcel *and* Clarinda, Silvio *and* Cleonte, Antonio *and* Hippolyta, Dormida *and* Franciſca, *all salute* Euphemia.

Enter Haunce, *and* Gload *in Masquerade to the Company*, Olinda *and* Dorice *Masked.*

Hau. Well, the Divel's in't if we shall not appear ridiculous enough, hah, *Gload?*

Glo. I, Sir, the more ridiculous the better.

Hau. I was always of that mind. —— Ha, hay Boys, who be all these Dons and Donna's? —— Harkye *Lovis*, *I* hope the Wife you promis'd me is amongst these fair Ladies, for so *I* gues they are both fair, and Ladies.

Lov. You gues right, Sir.

Alon. Now Ladies and Gentlewomen command your Musick, and do what likes you best.

Lov. Here's the Lady *I* recommend to you, take her, Sir, be thankful. [*Gives him* Olinda.

Olin. This is the fool that I am to manage.

Dorm. And this is my Lot. [*Takes* Gload.

[*Musick plays, they all Dance.*

Lov. There is within a young Father ready to joyn your Hands: take this opportunity, and make sure of a Wife.

Hau. *I* warrant you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Haunce, Olinda, Gload, *and* Dorice.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Your Mother, Sir, whom *I* found more dead than living, for the loss of your Sister, was very near dying out-right with Joy, to hear of your Arrival, and most impatiently expects you.

Dorm. And are we all forgiven, *Pedro?*

Ped. Yes, you and *I* are like to be Fellow-Servants together again, *Dormida.*

Dorm.

Dorm. And fellow Lovers too *I* hope, *Pedro.*

Ped. The Divel's in't if Age have not allay'd Flames of all ſorts in thee; but if you contribute to my allowance———

Dor. Thou know'ſt I could never keep any thing from thee, *Pedro.*

Alon. Come Ladies, there is a ſmall Banquet attends you in the next Room.

Silv. We'll wait on you, Sir.

Enter Haunce, Gload, Olinda, *and* Dorice.

Hau. Hold, hold, and give me Joy too, for I am Married, if ſhe has not miſtaken her Man again, and I my Woman.

Olin. No, you are the Man I look for, and I no Cheat, having all about me that you look for too, but Money.

[*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Alon. How, *Olinda!*

Olin. Yes, indeed, Sir, I ſerv'd my Lady firſt, and then thought it no Offence to take the Reward due to that Service.

Hau. Here's a *Spaniſh* Trick for you now, to marry a Wife before one ſees her.

Euph. What *Dorice* married too?

Dorm. After your Example, Madam.

Glo. Yes, indeed, forſooth, and I have made bold too after the Example of my Maſter.

Hau. Now do they all expect I ſhould be diſſatisfied; but, Gentlemen, in Sign and Token that *I* am not, *I'll* have one more merry Frisk before we part, 'tis a witty Wench; faith and troth, after a Month 'tis all one whoſe who; therefore come on *Gload.*

[*They Dance together.*

Alon. Monſieur *Haunce*, *I* ſee you are a Man of Gallantry. Come let us in, *I* know every Man here deſires to make this Night his own, and ſacrifice it to Pleaſure.

The Ladies too in Bluſhes do confeſs
Equal Deſires; which yet they'll not confeſs.
Their's, though leſs fierce, more conſtant will abide;
But ours leſs currant grow the more they're try'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Hiss 'em, and cry 'em down, 'tis all in vain,
Incorrigible Scriblers can't abstain:
But impudently i'th' old Sin engage;
Though doom'd before, nay banish'd from the Stage.
Whilst sad Experience our Eyes convinces,
That damn'd their Plays which hang'd the German Princess,
And we with Ornament set off a Play,
Like her dress't fine for Execution-day.
And faith, I think, with as small hopes to live;
Unless kind Gallants the same Grace you'd give
Our Comedy as Her; beg a Reprieve.
Well, what the other mist, let our Scribe get
A Pardon, for she swears she's the less Cheat.
She never gull'd you Gallants of the Town
Of Sum, above four Shillings, or half a Crown.
Nor does she as some late great Authors do,
Bubble the Audience, and the Players too.
Her humble Muse soars not in the High-rode
Of Wit transverst, or Bawdy A-la-mode:
Yet hopes her plain and easie Stile is such,
As your high Censures will disdain to touch.
Let her low Sense creep safe from your Bravadoes,
Whilst Rotas and Cabals aim at Granadoes.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

GAllants you have ſo long been abſent hence,
That you have almoſt cool'd your Diligence;
For while we ſtudy or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country ſtay,
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles Toot;
Or, in Montero-Caps at Feldfares ſhoot.
Nay, ſome are ſo obdurate in their Sin,
That they ſwear never to come up again.
But all their Charge of Cloathes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for ſome Country Wench:
Even they, who in the Summer had Miſhaps,
Send up to Town for Phyſick for their Claps.
The Ladies too, are as reſolv'd as they,
And having Debts unknown to them, they ſtay,
And with the Gain of Cheeſe and Poultry pay.
Even in their Viſits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale;
And in Diſcourſe with ſecreſie Report
State News, that paſt a Twelve-month ſince at Court.
Thoſe of them who are moſt refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the laſt Summer's Play:
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
Theſe Country Grievances too great appear:
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
You come not ſharp, as you are wont, to Plays;
But only on the firſt and ſecond Days:
This made our Poet, in her Viſits, look
What new ſtrange Courſes, for your time you took,
And to her great Regret ſhe found too ſoon,
Damn'd Beaſts and Umbre ſpent the Afternoon;
So that we cannot hope to ſee you here
Before the little Net-work Purſe be clear.
Suppoſe you ſhould have Luck———
Yet ſitting up ſo late, as I am told,
You'll loſe in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another ſays,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Mr. *Harris*,	Ferdinand	A young King of *Spain*, in love with *Florella*.
Mr. *Smith*,	Philip	His Brother.
Mr. *Betterton*,	Abdelazer	The Moor.
Mr. *Medburne*,	Mendozo	Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen.
Mr. *Crosbie*,	Alonzo	A young Nobleman of *Spain*, contracted to *Leonora*.
Mr. *Norris*,	Roderigo	A Creature to the Moor.
	Antonio	Two Officers of *Philip*'s.
Mr. *John Lee*,	Sebaſtian	
Mr. *Percivall*,	Oſmin	Moors, and Officers to *Abdelazer*.
Mr. *Richards*,	Zarrack	

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Lee*,	Iſabella	Queen of *Spain*, mother to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*, in love with *Abdelazer*.
Mrs. *Barrey*,	Leonora	Her Daughter, Siſter to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*.
Mrs. *Betterton*,	Florella	Wife to *Abdelazer*, and Siſter to *Alonzo*.
Mrs. *Osburne*,	Elvira	Woman to the Queen.

Other Women, Attendants.

SCENE *Spain*, and in the Camp.

THE

ABDELAZER:

OR, THE

Moor's Revenge.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A rich Chamber.*

A Table with Lights, Abdelazer *ſullenly leaning his Head on his Hands; after a little while, ſtill Muſick Plays.*

SONG.

Love in Phantaſtick Triumph ſat,
Whilſt bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom freſh Pains he did create,
And ſtrange Tyrannick Pow'r he ſhew'd;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in ſport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took Deſires,
Enough t' undo the Amorous World.

From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee, his Pride and Cruelty;
From me his Languiſhments and Fears,
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And ſet him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilſt thine the Victor is, and free.

[*After which he rouzes, and gazes.*

Abd. On

Abd. On me this Muſick loſt?——this Sound on me
That hates all ſoftneſs?——What, ho, my Slaves!

Enter Oſmin, Zarrack.

Oſm. My gracious Lord——— [*Enter* Queen, Elvira.
Qu. My deareſt *Abdelazer*———
Abd. Oh, are you there?——Ye Dogs, how came ſhe in;
Did I not charge you on your Lives to watch,
That none diſturb my Privacy?
Qu. My gentle *Abdelazer*, 'tis thy Queen,
Who 'as laid aſide the Buſineſs of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love———
Play all your ſweeteſt Notes, ſuch as inſpire
The active Soul with new and ſoft Deſire,
[*To the Muſick, they play ſoftly.*
Whilſt we from Eyes——thus——dying, fan the Fire.
[*She ſits down by him.*
Abd. Ceaſe that ungrateful Noiſe—— [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Qu. Can ought that I command diſpleaſe my Moor?
Abd. Away, fond Woman———
Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind———
Abd. Nay, prithee good Queen, leave me——*I* am dull,
Unfit for Dalliance now———
Qu. Why doſt thou frown?—to whom was that Curſe ſent?
Abd. To thee———
Qu. To me!——it cannot be—to me, ſweet Moor!——
No, no, it cannot——prithee ſmile upon me——
Smile whilſt a thouſand *Cupids* ſhall deſcend
And call thee *Jove*, and wait upon thy Smiles,
Deck thy ſmooth Brow with Flowers;
Whilſt in my Eyes needing no other Glaſs,
Thou ſhalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.
Abd. Away, away, be gone———
Qu. Where haſt thou learnt this Language, that can ſay
But thoſe rude Words——Away, away, be gone?
Am *I* grown ugly now?
Abd. Ugly as Hell———
Qu. Didſt thou not love me once, and ſwore that Heav'n
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?
Abd. Thy Face and Eyes——Bawd, fetch me here a Glaſs,
[*To* Elvira.
And thou ſhalt ſee the Balls of both thoſe Eyes
Burning with Fire of Luſt——
That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks ſo hot,
That have not *I* to cool it
Made an Extraction ev'n of my Soul,

Decay'd

Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Luſt!
And wou'dſt thou ſtill purſue me to my Grave?
Qu. All this to me, my *Abdelazer!*
Abd. I cannot ride through the *Caſtilian* Streets,
But thouſand Eyes
Throw killing Looks at me ——
And cry—That's he that does abuſe our King—
There goes the Minion of the *Spaniſh* Queen,
Who, on the lazy Pleaſures of his Love,
Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain*——
This many-headed Beaſt your Luſt has arm'd—
Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?
Abd. I will not anſwer thee, nor hear thee ſpeak.
Qu. Not hear me ſpeak!—Yes, and in Thunder too;
Since all my Paſſion, all my ſoft Intreaties
Can do no good upon thee,
I'll ſee (ſince thou haſt baniſh'd all thy Love,
That Love, to which I've ſacrific'd my Honour)
If thou haſt any Senſe of Gratitude,
For all the mighty Graces I have done thee.
Abd. Do;—and in thy Story too, do not leave out
How dear thoſe mighty Graces I have purchas'd!
My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
Than to lie fawning at a Womans Feet,
And paſs my Hours in Idleneſs and Love——
If I cou'd bluſh, I ſhou'd through all this Cloud
Send forth my Sence of ſhame into my Cheeks.
Qu. Ingrate!
Have *I* for this abus'd the beſt of Men?
My noble Husband!
Depriving him of all the Joys of Love,
To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;
Neglected all my Vows, and ſworn 'em here a-new,
Here, on thy Lips—
Exhauſted Treaſures that wou'd purchaſe Crowns,
To buy thy Smiles—to buy a gentle Look;
And when thou didſt repay me—bleſt the Giver—
Oh *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done——
This very Hour, the laſt the King can live,
Urg'd by thy Witch-craft I his Life betray'd:
And is it thus—my Bounties are repaid?
What e'er a Crime ſo great deſerves from Heav'n,
By *Abdelazer* might have been forgiven—— [*Weeps.*
But I will be reveng'd by Patience,

And

And e're the King dies, own my black Offence———
And yet that's not enough———*Elvira*——— [*Pauses.*
Cry murder, murder, help, help———
[*She and her Woman cry aloud, he is surpiz'd, the Queen falls, he draws a Dagger at* Elvira.
Elv. Help, murder, murder———
Abd. Hell, what's this!——peace Bawd——'sdeath,
They'll raise the Court upon me, and then I'm lost——
My Queen—my Goddess—Oh raise your lovely Eyes,
I have dissembled Coldness all this while;
And that Deceit was but to try thy Faith———
[*Takes her up, sets her in a Chair, then kneels.*
Look up—by Heav'n 'twas Jealousie———
Pardon your Slave—pardon your poor Adorer.
Qu. Thou didst upbraid me with my shameful Passion.
Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its Profanation.
Qu. And when I woo'd thee, but to smile upon me,
Thou cry'st——Away, I'm dull, unfit for Dalliance.
Abd. Call back the frighted Blood into thy Cheeks,
And I'll obey the Dictates of my Love,
And smile, and kiss, and dwell for ever here———

Enter Osmin *hastily.*

How now———why dar'st thou so———
Osm. My Lord———the King is dead.
Abd. The King dead—'Twas time then to dissemble. [*Aside.*
What means this Rudeness?——— [*One Knocks.*

Enter Zarrack.

Zar. My Lord———the Cardinal enquiring for the Queen,
The Court is an Uproar, none can find her.
Abd. Not find the Queen! and wou'd you search her here!
Qu. What shall *I* do? I must not here be found.
Abd. Oh, do not fear——no Cardinal enters here;
No King——no God, that means to be secure———
Slaves guard the Doors and suffer none to enter,
Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your Security—
You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,
Into the which the busie Sun ne'er entred,
But all is dark, as are the Shades of Hell;
Through which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,
Guided by Love, to your Apartment Madam——
They knock agen—thither, my lovely Mistress, [*Knocks.*
Suffer your self to be conducted———
Osmin, attend the Queen——descend in haste,
[*Qu.* Osm. *and* Elv. *descend the Vault.*

My

My Lodgings are beſet.
Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer,
Don *Ordonio*, Sir, to ſeek the Queen.
Abd. How dare they ſeek her here?
Zar. My Lord, the King has ſounded twice,
And being recover'd, calls for her Majeſty.
Abd. The King not dead!——go *Zarrack*, and aloud
Tell Don *Ordonio* and the Cardinal,
He that dares enter here to ſeek the Queen,
[*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*
Had better ſnatch the She from the fierce ſide
Of a young amorous Lyon, and 'twere ſafer.——
Again, more knocking!——
Zar. My gracious Lord, is it your Brother, Don *Alonzo*?
Abd. I will not have him enter,——I am diſorder'd.——
Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?
Abd. My Lord.
Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?
Abd. The Queen with me!
Becauſe, Sir, I am married to your Siſter,
You, like your Siſter, muſt be jealous too:
The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
A Slave of *Barbary!* for ſo
Your gay young Courtiers chriſten me—but Don,
Although my Skin be black, within my Veins
Runs Blood as red, and Royal as the beſt.——
My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life
Loſt too his Crown; both moſt unjuſtly raviſh'd
By Tyrant *Philip*; your old King I mean.
How many Wounds his valiant Breaſt receiv'd,
E're he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
Methinks I ſee him cover'd o'er with Blood,
Fainting amidſt thoſe numbers he had conquer'd;
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
Though not revenge, or to deſie my Fetters;
For then began my Slavery: And e'er ſince
Have ſeen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
Which crown'd the ſacred Temples of my Father,
And ſhou'd adorn mine now——ſhou'd! nay, and muſt——
Go tell him what I ſay——'twill be but death——
Go, Sir,——the Queen's not here.——
Alon. Do not miſtake me, Sir,——or if I wou'd,
I've no old King to tell——the King is dead——

And I am answer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
And so good night.——— [Exit.

Abd. Now all that's brave and Villain seize mp Soul,
Reform each faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance; noble Vengeance!
Oh glorious Word! fit only for the Gods,
For which they form'd their Thunder,
Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge,
Sway'd Destiny as well as they,
And took their trade of killing.
And thou, almighty Love!
Dance in a thousand forms about my Person,
That this same Queen, this easie *Spanish* Dame,
May be bewitch'd, and dote upon me still:
Whilst I make use of the insatiate Flame
To set all *Spain* on fire.———
Mischief, erect thy Throne,
And sit on high; here, here upon my Head;
Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defie,
The influence of this—must raise my Glory high.
[*Pointing to his Sword.* [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Fernando *weeping*, Ordonio *bearing the Crown, followed by* Alonzo, *leading* Leonora *weeping*; Florella, Roderigo, Mendozo, *met by the Queen weeping*; Elvira *and Women.*

Qu. What doleful Cry was that, which like the Voice
Of angry Heav'n struck through my trembling Soul!
Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death;
Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
Sending up Prayers in Sighs, t' implore from Heaven,
Health for the Royal Majesty of *Spain*———
All cry'd, the Majesty of *Spain* is Dead,
Whilst the sad sound flew through the ecchoing Air,
And reach'd my frighted Soul———Inform my Fears,
Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son——— [Weeps.

King. Madam, read here the truths, if looks can shew
That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:
The common Fate, in ev'ry Face appears;
A King's great loss, the publick Grief declares,
But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.
[*Card. leads in the Queen attended.*

Leon. Ah, Sir!
If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y'ave lost,

To

To all the greatneſs that a King can boaſt;
What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
Who've loſt at once a King and Father too.
King. My *Leonora* cannot think my Grief
Can from thoſe empty Glories find relief;
Nature within my Soul has equal ſhare,
And that and Love ſurmount my Glory there.
Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip*'s Life,
And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife, [*Bows to* Florella.
To Crown and Scepters I had made no claim,
But ow'd my Bleſſings only to my Flame.
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away, [*To* Flor.
I had no buſ'neſs for another Joy.—— [*Weeps.*
The King, *Alonzo*, with his dying Breath, [*Turns to* Alon.
To you my beauteous Siſter did bequeath; *and* Leon.
And I his Generoſity approve,
And think you worthy *Leonora*'s Love.

Enter Card. *and* Queen *weeping.*

Alon. Too glorioufly my Services are paid,
In the poſſeſſion of this Royal Maid,
To whom my guilty Heart durſt ne'er aſpire,
But rather choſe to languiſh in its Fire.

Enter Philip *in a Rage*, Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

Phil. I know he is not dead; what envious Powers
Durſt ſnatch him hence? he was all great and good,
As fit to be ador'd as they above.
Where is the Body of my Royal Father?
That Body which inſpir'd by's ſacred Soul,
Aw'd all the Univerſe with ev'ry Frown,
And taught 'em all Obedience with his Smiles.
Why ſtand you thus diſtracted——Mother——Brother——
My Lords——Prince Cardinal——
Has Sorrow ſtruck you dumb?
Is this my Welcome from the Toils of War?
When in his Boſom I ſhou'd find repoſe,
To meet it cold and pale! ——Oh guide me to him,
And with my Sighs I'll breath new Life into't.
King. There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now, [Phil. *goes out.*
Pay all thy Sorrow there——whilſt mine alone
Are ſwoln too high t' admit of Lookers on. [*Ex.* King *weeping.*

Philip *returns weeping.*

Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity;
And yet methought it did inform his Body,

That *I*, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd
With Conqueſt on my *S*word; and even in Death
Sent me his Joy in *S*miles.
Qu. If *S*ouls can after Death have any Senſe
Of humane things, his will be proud to know
That *Philip* is a Conqueror. [*Enter* Abdelazer.
But do not drown thy Lawrels thus in Tears,
*S*uch Tributes leave to us, thou art a *S*oldier.
Phil. Gods! this ſhou'd be my Mother——
Mon. It is, great *S*ir, the Queen.
Phil. Oh ſhe's too foul for one or t'other Title.
Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me?
Phil. When you wore juſt, I did——
And with a Reverence, ſuch as we pay Heav'n,
I paid my awful Duty;——
But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,
For ſuch a Sin the baſeſt of your Slaves
Wou'd bluſh to call you Mother.
Qu. What means my Son?
Phil. Son! by Heav'n I ſcorn the Title.
Qu. Oh Inſolence!——out of my ſight, rude Boy.
Phil. We muſt not part ſo, Madam;
I firſt muſt let you know your ſin and ſhame;——
Nay hear me calmly—for by Heav'n you ſhall——
My Father whilſt he liv'd, tir'd his ſtrong Arm
With numerous Battles 'gainſt the Enemy,
Waſting his Brains in warlike Stratagems,
To bring Confuſion on the faithleſs Moors,
Whilſt you, lull'd in ſoft Peace at home—betray'd
His Name to everlaſting Infamy;
Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Luſt,
Gave up your Self, your Honour, and your Vows,
To wanton in yon ſooty Leacher's Arms. [*Points to* Abd.
Abd. Me, doſt thou mean!
Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,
'Tis thee *I* mean.
Qu. Oh moſt unnatural, to diſhonour me!
Phil. That Dog you mean, that has diſhonour'd you,
Diſhonour'd me, theſe Lords, nay, and all *Spain*;
This Devil's he, that——
Abd. That——what——Oh pardon me if *I* throw off
All Ties of Duty:——wert thou ten King's Sons,
And *I* as many Souls as I have Sins,
Thus——I would hazard all—— [*Draws, they all run*
Phil. Stand off—or *I*'ll make way upon thy *between.*
Boſome——

Abd. How

Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring?
Phil. From injur'd *Philip*'s Death,
Who, whilſt he liv'd, unjuſtly cheriſh'd thee,
And ſet thee up beyond the reach of Fate;
Blind with thy brutal Valor, deaf with thy Flatteries,
Diſcover'd not the Treaſons thou didſt act,
Nor none durſt let him know 'em—but did he live,
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.
Abd. You durſt as well been dam'd——
Phil. Hell ſeize me if *I* want Revenge for this—
Not dare!
Ariſe thou injur'd Ghoſt of my dead King,
And through thy dreadful Paleneſs dart a Horrour,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.
Abd. Oh inſupportable! doſt hear me, Boy?
Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided?
[*To the Lords.*
Phil. Dare ye detain me, whilſt the Traytor braves me?
Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble Heat
That ſhou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.
Abd. You politick Cheat——
Men. *Abdelazer*——
By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of *Spain*,
By Warrant of a Council from the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatneſs,
Thoſe Offices and Truſts you hold in *Spain*.
Abd. Cardinal— who lent thee this Commiſſion?
Grandees of *Spain*—do you conſent to this?
All. We do——
Alon. What Reaſon for it? let his Faith by try'd.
Men. It needs no tryal, the Proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his Veil for Treaſon.
Alon. Why ſhould you queſtion his Religion, Sir?
He does profeſs Chriſtianity.
Men. Yes, witneſs the Habit which he ſtill retains
In ſcorn to ours——
His Principles are too as unalterable.
Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring?——
I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown
Covers a Soul more ſanctify'd
Than this Mooriſh Robe.
Phil. Damn his Religion—— he has a thouſand Crimes
That will yet better juſtifie your Sentence.
Men. Come not within the Court, for if you do

Worſe miſchief ſhall enſue—you have your Sentence.
[*Ex.* Phil. *and* Men.

Alon. My Brother baniſh'd! 'tis very ſudden;
For thy ſake, Siſter, this muſt be recall'd. [*To* Flor.
Qu. Alonzo, joyn with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this inſulting Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all, except* Abdelazer, Florella.

Abd. Baniſh'd! if I digeſt this Gall,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
Which I have purchas'd with ſo many Wounds,
And all for *Spain*; for *Spain!* ingrateful *Spain!*——
Oh my *Florella*, all my Glory's vaniſh'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him) wou'd have me baniſh'd.

Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

Abd. Tamely——ha, ha, ha,——yes, by all means;
A very honeſt Religious Cardinal!

Flor. I wou'd not for the World you ſhou'd be baniſh'd.

Abd. Not *Spain*, you mean—for then ſhe leaves the King. [*Aſide.*
What if I be?—Fools! not to know—all parts o'th' World
Allow enough for Villany——for I'll be brave no more.
It is a Crime——and then I can live any where——
But ſay I go from hence——I leave behind me
A Cardinal that will laugh;——I leave behind me
A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in ſport——
But the worſt Wound is this——I leave my Wrongs,
Diſhonours, and my Diſcontents, all unreveng'd——
Leave me, *Florella*——prithee do not weep;
I love thee, love thee wondrouſly——go leave me——
I am not now at leiſure to be fond——
Go to your Chamber——go——

Flor. No, to the King I'll fly,
And beg him to revenge thy Infamy. [*Ex.* Flor.
To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have thee baniſh'd *Spain*;
I've left the Queen in angry Contradiction,
But yet I fear the Cardinal's Reaſoning.

Abd. This Prince's Hate proceeds from Love,
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my Power. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Come, rouſe thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,
And arm thy Juſtice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Juſtice with a brave Revenge. [*Sullenly.*

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once
Proud to attend thy Conqu'ring Chariot-Wheels?

Abd. I care not——I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,
Since my lov'd Siſter did become your Wife;
And if yours ſuffer, mine too is unſafe.

Abd. I

Abd. I cannot help it———

Alon. What Ice has chil'd thy Blood?
This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true; but now the World is chang'd you ſee;
Thou art too brave to know what I reſolve——— [*Aſide.*
No more———here comes the King with my *Florella.*
He loves her, and ſhe ſwears to me ſhe is chaſte;
'Tis well, if true———well too, if it be falſe: [*Aſide.*
I care not, 'tis Revenge———
That I muſt ſacrifice my Love and Pleaſure too.
[Alon. *and* Abd. *ſtand aſide.*

Enter King, Lords, Guards paſſing over the Stage, Florella *in a ſuppliant poſture weeping.*

King. Thou woo'ſt me to reverſe thy Husband's Doom,
And I wooe thee, for mercy on my ſelf;
Why ſhoud'ſt thou ſue to him for Life and Liberty,
For any other, who himſelf lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little pity?

Flor. Oh mighty King! in whoſe ſole Power, like Heav'n,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redreſs my *Abdelazer*'s Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain.
Miſtaken charming Creature, if my Power
Be ſuch, who kneel and bow to thee,
What muſt thine be,
Who haſt the Sovereign Command o'er me and it!
Wou'dſt thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
And he will ſurely live, and live for ever.
Canſt thou do this, and com'ſt to beg of me?

Flor. Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,
My *Abdelazer*'s Pardon.

King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to the offend?
Thou art ſo ſacred and ſo innocent,
That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
Muſt change even Vice to Vertue.
Oh my *Florella!*
So perfectly thou doſt poſſeſs my Soul,
That ev'ry wiſh of thine ſhall be obey'd:
Say, wou'dſt thou have thy Husband ſhare my Crown?
Do but ſubmit to love me, and I yield it.

Flor. Such Love as humble Subjects owe their King,
[*Kneels, he takes her up.*
And ſuch as I dare pay, I offer here.

King. I muſt confeſs it is a Price too glorious:
But my *Florella.*——

Abd. I'll interrupt your amorous Discourse. [*aside.*

[Abd. *comes up to them.*

Flor. Sir,——*Abdelazer*'s here.——

King. His presence never was less welcome to me;— [*aside.*
But Madam, durst the Cardinal use this Insolence?
Where is your noble Husband?

Abd. He sees me, yet enquires for me. [*aside.*

Flor. Sir, my Lord is here.——

King. Abdelazer, I have heard with much surprize,
O'th' Injuries y'ave receiv'd, and mean to right you:
My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
I think you worthy of that Honour still.

Abd. True,——for my Wife's sake.—— [*aside.*

King. When my Coronation is solemnized,
Be present there, and re-assume your wonted state and place;
And see how I will check the insolent Cardinal.

Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign——

[*Kneels and kisses the King's Hand.*

That he loves my Wife so well.—— —— [*aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Flor. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part?

Abd. Oh wonderfully! y'ave learnt the art to move;
Go, leave me.——

Flor. Still out of humour, thoughtful, and displeas'd!
And why at me, my *Abdelazer*, what have I done?

Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amiss you are so beautiful,
So very fair!—— Go, get you in, I say.— [*Turns her in ruffly.*
She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
Teaching it lazy softness from her Looks.——
But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,
And blows it thus,——to Air.——Idol Ambition,
Florella must to thee a Victim fall:
Revenge,——to thee——a Cardinal and Prince:
And to my Love and Jealousie, a King——
More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,
None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act;
That fawning servile Crew shall follow next,
Who with the Cardinal cry'd banish *Abdelazer*.

Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,
And to the Shades thou shalt descend in State. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendozo, Queen, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *Officers and Guards; met by* Abdelazer, *follow'd by* Oſmin, Zarrack; *and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, ſtaring on* Philip *and* Mendezo, *and takes his ſtand next the King.*

Phil. WHY ſtares the Devil thus, as if he meant
From his infectious Eyes to ſcatter Plagues,
And poiſon all the World? was he not baniſh'd?—
How dares the Traytor venture into th' Preſence?———
Guards, ſpurn the Villain forth.
Abd. Who ſpurns the Moor
Were better ſet his Foot upon the Devil———
Do, ſpurn me, and this Hand thus juſtly arm'd,
Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
Divide his Body from his Soul—Stand back!— [*To the Guards.*
Spurn *Abdelazer!*———
Phil. Death, ſhall we bear this Inſolence!
Alon. Great Sir, *I* think this Sentence was unjuſt. [*To the K.*
Men. Sir, you're too partial to be Judge in this,
And ſhall not give your Voice.
Abd. Proud Cardinal——but he ſhall—and give it loud,
And ſhall not who ſhall hinder him?———
Phil. This—and cut his Wind-Pipe too, [*Offers to draw.*
To ſpoil his whiſp'ring. [Abb. *offers to draw, his Attend. do the ſame.*
King. What means this Violence?
Forbear to draw your Swords——'tis we command.
Abd. Sir, do me Juſtice, I demand no more,
[*Kneels, and offers his Sword.*
And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.
Men. Sir, *Abdelazer* has had Juſtice done,
And ſtands by me baniſh'd the Court of *Spain.*
King. How, Prince Cardinal!
From whence do you derive Authority,
To baniſh him the Court without our leave?
Men. Sir, from my Care unto your Royal Perſon,
As I'm your Governor———then for the Kingdoms Safety.
King. Becauſe *I* was a Boy, muſt I be ſtill ſo?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And *I* am of an Age to Rule alone;
And from henceforth, diſcharge you—of your Care

We

We know your near Relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you muſt fill the Throne,
Till when, Sir, *I* am abſolute Monarch here——
And you muſt learn Obedience.

Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which *I* hope
You will approve, and not recall his Baniſhment.

King. Sir, but *I* will; and who dares contradict it, is a Traytor.

Phil. I dare the firſt, yet do defie the laſt.

King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.

Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to *Rome*.

Phil. By Heav'n I'll to the Camp——Brother, farewel,
When next I meet thee, it ſhall be in Arms;
If thou can'ſt get looſe from thy Miſtreſs Chains,
Where thou ly'ſt drown'd in idle wanton Love.

Abd. Hah—his Miſtreſs!—who is't Prince *Philip* means?

Phil. Thy Wife! thy Wife! proud Moor, whom thou'rt content
To ſell (for Honour) to eternal Infamy——
Does't make thee ſnarle?—bite on, whilſt thou ſhalt ſee,
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.
[*Going out, turns and draws.*

Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already—turn, proud Boy.
[Abd. *draws.*

King. What mean you, *Phillip?*—— [*Talks to him aſide.*

Qu. Ceaſe! ceaſe your moſt impolitick Rage!— [*To* Abd.
Is this a time to ſhew't?—Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempeſt.

King. How dare you diſobey my Will and Pleaſure?
[*To* Abd.

Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n I could not hold my juſt Reſentment.

Qu. Twas in his Paſſion, noble *Abdelazer*——
[*King talking to* Phil. *aſide.*
Imprudently thou doſt diſarm thy Rage,
And giv'ſt the Foe a warning, e'er thou ſtrik'ſt;
When with thy Smiles thou might'ſt ſecurely kill.
You know the Paſſion that the Cardinal bears me:
His Power too o'er *Phillip*, which well manag'd
Will ſerve to ruine both;——put up your Sword——
When next you draw it teach it how to act.

Abd. You ſhame me, and command me.

Qu. Why all this Rage?——does it become you, Sir?
[*To* Men. *aſide.*
What is't you mean to do?

Men. You

Men. You need not care, whilſt *Abdelazer*'s ſafe.
Qu. Jealouſie upon my Life—how gay it looks.
Men. Madam, you want that pitying Regard
To value what I do, or what I am;
I'll therefore lay my Cardinals Hat aſide,
And in bright Arms, demand my Honour back.
Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me Proofs of Love?
Have then my Eyes loſt all their wonted Power?
And can you quit the Hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge?——go——go to fight,
Bear Arms againſt your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthleſs Honour loſt.
Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do?
Qu. Not ſide with *Phillip*, as you hope my Grace—
Now, Sir, you know my Pleaſure, think on't well.
Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And uſe it too tyrannically—but diſpoſe.
The Fate of him, whoſe Honour, and whoſe Life,
Lies at your Mercy———
I'll ſtay and die, ſince 'tis your gracious Pleaſure.
King. Philip, upon your Life,
Upon your ſtrict Allegiance, *I* conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.
Phil. Never Sir,
Nor can you bend my Temper to that Tameneſs.
King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Priſoner;
But you're my Brother——yet remember too
I am your King——No more.
Phil. I will obey.
King. Abdelazer,
I beg you will forget your Cauſe of hate
Againſt my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal;
He's young, and raſh, but will be better temper'd.
Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your Royal Pardon.
King. Come *Philip*, give him your Hand.
Phil. I can forgive without Ceremony.
King. And to confirm ye Friends,
I invite you all to Night to Banquet with me,
Pray ſee you give Attendance—Come Brother,
You muſt along with us. [*Exeunt all but* Abd. *Queen and Women.*
Qu. Leave me——— [*To the Women, who Ex.*
Now my dear Moor———
Abd. Madam———
Qu. Why doſt thou anſwer with that cold Reſerve?——
Is that a Look—an Action for a Lover?

Abd.

Abd. Ah, Madam———

Qu. Have I not taken off thy Baniſhment?
Reſtor'd thee to thy former State and Honours?
Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy Hopes;
And ſtill to raiſe thee equal to this Heart,
Where thou muſt ever Reign.

Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Miſtreſs, all this you've done—
But———

Qu. But what, my *Abdelazer*.

Abd. *I* will not call it to your Memory.

Qu. What can'ſt thou mean?

Abd. Why was the King remov'd?

Qu. To make thy way more eaſie to my Arms.

Abd. Was that all?

Qu. All!

Abd. Not but it is a Bleſſing Gods would languiſh for—
But as you've made it free, ſo make it juſt.

Qu. Thou mean'ſt, marry thee

Abd. No, by the Gods——— [*Aſide.*
Not marry me, unleſs I were a King.

Qu. What ſignifies the Name, to him that Rules one?

Abd. What uſe has he of Life, that cannot live
Without a Ruler?

Qu. Thou wouldſt not have me kill him.

Abd. Oh by no means, not for my wretched Life!
What, kill a King!—forbid it Heaven!
Angels ſtand like his Guards about his Perſon.
The King!
Not ſo many Worlds as there be *Stars*
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament!
The King!
He loves my Wife *Florella*, ſhou'd he die———
I know none elſe durſt love her.

Qu. And that's the Reaſon you wou'd ſend him hence.

Abd. I muſt confeſs, *I* wou'd not bear a wrong,
But do not take me for a Villain, Madam,
He is my King, and may do what he pleaſes.

Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.

Abd. Again that Frown, it renders thee more charming,
Than any other Dreſs thou could'ſt put on.

Qu. Away, you do not love me.

Abd. Now may'ſt thou hate me, if this be not pretty.

Qu. Oh you can flater finely—

Abd. Not I, by Heaven!
Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,

And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth!
And that I was, till by thy Husband's Power
I was deveſted in my Infancy.———
Then you ſhou'd ſee, I do not flatter ye.
But I, inſtead of that, muſt ſee my Crown
Bandy'd from Head to Head, and tamely ſee it;
And in this wretched ſtate *I* live, 'tis true;
But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might gueſs.

Qu. We need no Crowns; Love beſt contented is
In ſhady Groves, and humble Cottages,
Where when 'twou'd ſport, it ſafely may retreat,
Free from the noiſe and danger of the Great;
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,
But what their Nymphs beſtow on Holy-days;
Nor Envy, can the amorous Shepherd move,
Unleſs againſt a Rival in his love

Abd. Love and Ambition, are the ſame to me,
In either, I'll no Rivals brook.

Qu. Nor I;
And when the King you urge me to remove,
It may be from Ambition, not from Love.

Abd. Thoſe ſcruples did not in your Boſom dwell,
When you a King did in a Husband kill.

Qu. How, Sir! dare you upbraid me with that Sin,
To which your Perjuries firſt drew me in?

Abd. You interrupt my ſenſe; *I* only meant
A ſacrifice, to Love, ſo well begun,
Shou'd not Devotion want to finiſh it;
And if that ſtop to all our Joys were gone,
The envying World wou'd to our Power ſubmit:
But Kings are Sacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes muſt Judge, and puniſh too, or none—
Yet he alone deſtroys his Happineſs.

Qu. There's yet one more———

Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,
To bind him ever faſt.

Qu. *Florella.*

Abd. *Florella!* Oh I could gnaw my Chains,
That humble me ſo low as to adore her:
But the fond Blaze muſt out——while I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.
———*Florella* dies———a Victim to your Will.

[*Aſide.*

I will not let you loſe one ſingle wiſh,

for

For a poor Life, or two;
Though I muſt ſee my Glories made a Prey,
And not demand 'em from the Raviſher;
Nor yet complain——becauſe he is my King!
But *Philip*'s Brow, no ſacred Ointment deifies,
If he do wrong, ſtands fair for the Revenger.
Qu. Philip! inſtruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate;
The publick Infamy I hav'd receiv'd,
I will revenge with nothing leſs than Death.
Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Reſentments,
For I have vow'd he ſhall not live a day;
He has an Art to pry into our Secrets:
To all beſides, our Love is either hid,
Or elſe they dare not ſee——but this Prince
Has a moſt dangerous Spirit muſt be calm'd.
Qu. I have reſolv'd his Death,
And now have waiting in my Cabinet,
Engines to carry on this mighty work of my Revenge.
Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd;
You, like the Gods! need only but Command,
And I will execute your ſacred Will———
That done, there's none dare whiſper what we do.
Qu. Nature be gone, I chaſe thee from my Soul,
Who Love's Almighty Empire does controul;
And ſhe that will to thy dull Laws ſubmit,
In ſpight of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
No rigid Vertue ſhall my Soul poſſeſs;
Let Gown-men preach againſt the wickedneſs;
Pleaſures were made by Gods, and means for us,
And not t'enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.
Abd. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex!
Like thy great ſelf 'twas ſpoke, reſolv'd and brave——
I muſt attend the King———where I will watch
All *Philip*'s Motions.———
Qu. And——after that——if you will beg admittance,
I'll give you leave to viſit me to Night.
Abd. That Bleſſing now muſt be deferr'd!
[*Leads her to the Door.*
My Wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
And bring forth Vengeance, with the Morning's light.

Enter Oſmin, Zarrack.

Oſm. My gracious Lord.———
Abd. Come near——and take a ſecret from my Lips;
And he who keeps not ſilence, hears his Death.———
This Night the Prince and Cardinal——do you mark me——
Are murder'd!

Oſm.

Osm. Where, Sir?——
Abd. Here in the Court.
Osm. By whom, Great Sir?
Abd. By thee——I know thou darst.——
Osm. Whatever you command.
Abd. Good! —— then see it be perform'd.
——*Osmin*, how goes the Night?
Osm. About the Hour of Eight,
And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir:
Prince *Philip* storms, and swears you're with the Queen.
Abd. Let him storm on; the Tempest will be laid——
Where's my Wife?——
Osm. In the Presence, Sir, with the Princess and other Ladies.
Abd. She's wondrous forward!——what——the King;——
(I am not jealous though)——but he makes Court to her;
——Hah, *Osmin!*
He throws out Love from Eyes all languishing;——
Come tell me,—he does sigh to her;—no matter if he do;—
And fawns upon her Hand,—and—kneels;—tell me Slave!
Osm. Sir, I saw nothing like to Love; he only treats her
Equal to her Quality.
Abd. Oh damn her Quality.
Zar. I came just now.
From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,
And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,
Having something to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.
Abd. And so it shall, by Heav'n! [*aside.*
Zar. But she deny'd, and he the more intreated,——
But all in vain, Sir.
Abd. Go *Osmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of Moors)
Chuse out the best affected Officers,
To keep the Watch to Night——
Let every Guard be doubled——you may be liberal too——
And when I give the Word, be ready all——
Osm. What shall the Word be? [*Ex.* Zarrack.
Abd. Why—Treason—mean time make it your bus'ness,
To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet;
Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,
You'll find him easily to be attack'd.
Osm. Sir, do not doubt my management nor success.
[*Ex.* Osmin.
Abd. So, I thank thee Nature, that in making me,
Thou didst design me Villain!
Fitting each Faculty for active Mischief:
Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,
It will discover nought that's hid within.——

Thus

Thus arm'd for Ills,
Darkneſs! and Horrour! I invoke your aid;
And thou dread Night! ſhade all your buſie Stars
In blackeſt Clouds,
And let my Dagger's Brightneſs only ſerve
To guide me to the Mark———and guide it ſo,
It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Banquet; under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, *Ladies waiting;* Philip, Mendozo, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebaſtian, *Lords and Attendants: As ſoon as the Scene draws off, they all riſe, and come forward.*

King. My Lords you're ſad to Night; give us loud Muſick—
I have double Cauſe to mourn;
And Grief has taken up its dwelling here———
Beyond the Art of Love, or Wine to conquer——
'Tis true, my Father's dead———and poſſibly
'Tis not ſo decent to appear thus gay;
But Life, and Death, are equal to the wretched,
And whilſt *Florella* frowns—'tis in that Number
I muſt account her Slave———*Alonzo*,
How came thy Father ſo bewitch'd to Valour,
(For *Abdelazer* has no other Virtue)
To recompence it with ſo fair a Creature?
Was this—a Treaſure t' inrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Vertues, more than Courage,
Royally born, ſerv'd well his King, and Country;
My Father brought him up to martial Toils,
And taught him to be brave; I hope, and good—
Beſide, he was your Royal Fathers Favourite.

King. No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his Love to Vertue,
But nice Obedience to his King, and Maſter,
Who ſeeing my Encreaſe of Paſſion for her,
To kill my Hopes, he gave her to this Moor.

Alon. She's now a vertuous Woman, Sir.

King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other?———
Againſt her Will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
Whilſt all the World was wondring at his madneſs.

Alon. He did it with her Approbation, Sir.

King. With thine, *Florella!* coud'ſt thou be ſo criminal

Flor. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience;
My humble Thoughts durſt ne'er aſpire to you,
And next to that—Death, or the Moor, or any thing.

King.

King. Oh God! had I then told my Tale
So feebly, it could not gain Belief!
Oh my *Florella!* this little Faith of thine
Has quite undone thy King!——*Alonzo*,
Why didſt not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
She being thy only Siſter?

Alon. Great Sir, I did oppoſe it with what Violence
My Duty would permit; and wou'd have dy'd
In a juſt Quarrel of her dear Defence:
And Sir, though I ſubmitted to my Father,
The Moor, and I, ſtand on unequal Terms.

Phil. Come, who dares drink Confuſion to this Moor?

Ant. That, Sir, will I.

Sebaſt. And I.

Phil. Page, fill my Glaſs, I will begin the Round,
Ye all ſhall pledge it—*Alonzo*, firſt to thee. [*Drinks.*

Alon. To me, Sir!

Phil. Why yes, thou lov'ſt him—therefore—
Nay, you ſhall drink it, though 'twere o'th' *Stygian* Lake
Take it—by Heaven thou'dſt Pimp for him to my Mother—
Nay, and after that, give him another Siſter.

Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.

Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs—come pledge me—

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way——— [*Drinks.*

Phil. So woud'ſt thou any——though they trod on thee.
So—nay, Prince Cardinal, though it be not decent
For one ſo ſanctify'd to drink a Health;
Yet 'tis your Office, both to damn and bleſs———
Come, drink and damn the Moor.

Men. Sir, I'm for no carouſing.

Phil. I'm in an Humour now to be obey'd,
And muſt not be deny'd———But ſee, the Moor.
[*Enter* Abdelazer, *gazes on them.*
Juſt come to pledge at laſt—Page, fill again———

Abd. I'll do you Reaſon, Prince, whate'er it be.
[*Gives him the Glaſs.*

Phil. 'Twas kindly ſaid—Confuſion to the Moor.

Abd. Confuſion to the Moor—if this vain Boy,
See the next riſing Sun.

Phil. Well done, my Lad———

King. *Abdelazer*, you have been miſſing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole Concern,
But we ſhall ſhortly eaſe you of that Load———
Come let's have ſome Muſick;
Ordonio, did I not call for Muſick?

Ord. You did, Sir.
Abd. Roderigo!———
Rod. My gracious Lord——— [Roderigo *whispers to* Abd.
Abd. No more——— the Prince observes us.
Phil. There's no good towards when you are whisp'ring.
Ord. The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

SONG.

Nymph. *Make haste* Amintas, *come away,*
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day.
Make haste, Amintas, *to this Grove,*
Beneath whose Shade so oft I've sat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea *lov'd;*
Whilst all the list'ning Birds around,
Sung to the Musick of the blessed Sound.
Make haste Amintas, *come away,*
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day.

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Pipes,

I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here;
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid;
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd:
And I the little Wanderer have brought,
That with one angry Look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou may'st the little Fugitive chastise,
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, *haste away,*
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day. [Dance.

King. How likes *Florella* this?
Flor. Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,
I've lost the Taste of every single Joy.
Abd. Gods! this is fine! Give me your Art of Flattery,
Or something more of this, will ruine me———
Though I've resolv'd her Death, yet whilst she's mine,
I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.
Phil. Mark how he Snarles upon the King!
The Cur will bite anon.
Abd. Come, my *Florella,* is't not Bed-time, Love?
Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir. [*Going out.*
Phil. The

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.
Abd. What has he ta'en away? [*Turns about.*
Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.
Abd. Was this your Sport? [*To his Wife.*
King. *Abdelazer*, keep your way—Good night fair Creature!
Abd. I will obey, for once. [*Ex.* Abd. *and* Flor.
King. Why this Resentment, Brother, and in publick?
Phil. Because he gives me Cause, and that in Publick.
And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Insolence;
I saw him dart Revenge from both his Eyes,
And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,
To keep his Jealousie from breaking forth!
Which when it does——stand fast my King.
King. But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him;
Till when we must dissemble—take my Counsel—Good night.
Phil. I cannot, nor *I* will not——yet good Night.
[*Exit King, and all but* Philip's *Party.*
Well Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,
And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor;
But I'll be active, Boys——
Therefore *Antonio*, you command the Horse;
Get what more Numbers to our Cause you can:
'Tis a good Cause, and will advance our Credit:
We will awake this King, out of his Lethargy of Love,
And make him absolute——Go to your Charge,
And early in the Morning I'll be with you——
[*Ex. all but* Phil.
If all fail, *Portugal* shall be my Refuge,
Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall protect me——
But this *Alonzo*, I shou'd make an Interest in;
Cou'd *I* but flatter——'tis a Youth that's brave.

Enter Cardinal in haste.

Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.
Phil. Betray'd and lost! Dreams, idle Coward, Dreams.
Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,
And you must either quickly fly, or die;
'Tis so ordain'd——nor have I time to tell
By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.
Phil. Nor care I, I will stay, and brave it.
Men. That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,
And 'tis the Army only can secure us.
Phil. Where had you this Intelligence?
Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment;
Where we must put our selves in Holy Dress;
For so the Guards are set in every Place,
(And those all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)

That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to escape.
Come, haste with me, and let us put 'em on.
Phil. I had rather stay and kill, till I am weary—
Let's to the Queens Apartment, and seize this Moor;
I am sure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.
Men. Sir, we lose time in talking—Come with me.
Phil. Where be these lowsie Gaberdines?
Men. I will conduct you to 'em.
Phil. Mother—and Moor, Farewell,
I'll visit you again, and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Abdelazer *and* Zarrack.

Zar. *Osmin* (my Lord) by this has done his Task,
And *Philip* is no more among the living—
Will you not rest to night?
Ab. Is this a time for Sleep and Idleness—dull Slaves——
Zar. The Bus'ness we have Order, Sir, to do,
We can without your Aid.

Enter Osmin.

Abd. Osmin!
Thy ominous Looks presage an ill Success;
Thy Eyes no joyful News of Murders tell:
I thought I thou'd have seen thee dress in Blood—
Speak! Speak thy News——
Say that he lives, and let it be thy last——
Osm. Yes, Sir, he lives——
Abd. Lives! thou ly'st, base Coward—lives!—Renounce thy Gods!
It were a Sin less dangerous——speak again.
Osm. Sir, *Philip* lives. *Abd.* Oh treacherous Slave!
Osm. Not by my Fault, by Heav'n!
Abd. By what curst Chance,
If not from thee, could he evade his Fate?
Osm. By some Intelligence from his good Angel.
Abd. From his good Devil!
Gods! must the Earth another Day at once
Bear him and me alive!
Osm. Another Day!——an Age for ought I know;
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.
Abd. Fled! fled——say'st thou?

Oh I cou'd curſe the Stars, that rule this Night:
'Tis to the Camp they're fled; the only Refuge
That Gods, or Men cou'd give 'em——
Where got you this Intelligence?

Oſm. My Lord, enquiring for the Prince
At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)
His Pages anſwer'd me, he was at his Devotions:
A lucky time (I thought) to do the Deed;
And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,
And a poor ſleepy Groom, who with much threatning,
Confeſs'd that they were fled, in holy Robes.

Abd. That Caſe of Sanctity was firſt ordain'd,
To cheat the honeſt World:
'Twas an unlucky Chance—but we are idle——
Let's ſee, how from this Ill, we may advance a good— [*Pauſes.*
'Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darkneſs—
I'll ring through all the Court, with doleful Sound,
The ſad Alarms of Murder—Murder—*Zarrack*,
Take up thy ſtanding yonder—*Oſmin*, thou
At the Queens Apartment—cry out, Murder!
Whilſt I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King.
Perhaps in this Diſorder I may kill him. [*Aſide.*
—Treaſon—Murder—Murder—Treaſon.

Enter Alonzo, *and Courtiers:*

Alon. What diſmal Crys are theſe?——
Abd. Where is the King?— Treaſon— Murder!—
Where is the ſleeping Queen?——ariſe!—ariſe!
Oſm. The Devil taught him all his Arts of falſhood. [*Aſide.*

Enter King in a Night-Goown with Lights.

King. Who frights our quiet Slumbers with this Noiſe?

Enter Queen and Women, with Lights.

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the Sound
Of Treaſon, call me from my ſilent Griefs?
King. Who rais'd this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you?
Abd. I did, Great, Sir.
King. Your Reaſons.
Abd. Oh, Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a Senſe of Wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the Fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot this Night, to murder you;
And 'cauſe they knew it was my waiting Night,
They would have laid the Treaſon, Sir, on me.

King. The Cardinal, and my Brother! bring them forth,
Their Lives ſhall anſwer it.
Abd. Sir, 'tis impoſſible;
For when they found their Villany diſcover'd,
They in two Friers Habits made eſcape.
King. That Cardinal is ſubtle, and ambitious,
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.
Qu. The Ambition of the one, infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live——
But might a Mother's Counſel be obey'd,
I wou'd adviſe you, ſend the valiant Moor
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp:
For thither they are fled——where they will find
A welcome fatal to us all.
King. Madam, you Counſel well; and *Abdelazer*,
Make it your Care to fetch theſe Traytors back,
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
But for they are your Enemies; and th' envious World
Will ſay, you made this Story to undo 'em.
Abd. Sir, I'll obey; nor will I know repoſe,
[Abd. *goes to the Queen, and talks to her.*
Till I have juſtify'd this fatal Truth.
King. Mean time I will to my *Florella*'s Lodging,
Silence, and Night, are the beſt Advocates [*Aſide.*
To plead a Lover's Cauſe—*Abdelazer*—haſte.
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.
Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.
King. Madam, good Night—*Alonzo*, to your reſt.
[*Ex. all but* Qu. *and* Abd.
Qu. Philip eſcap'd!
Oh that I were upon ſome Deſart Shoar,
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
Breath out my Senſe of Rage for this Defeat.
Abd. Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.
Qu. Give me but any Hopes of bleſt Revenge,
And I will be as calm, as happy Lovers.
Abd. There is a way! And is but—that alone;
But ſuch a way, as never muſt be nam'd.
Qu. How! not be nam'd! Oh ſwear thou hat'ſt me rather,
It were a Torment equal to thy Silence.
Abd. I'll ſhew my Paſſion rather in that Silence.
Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'ſt thou?
Abd. To ſhew you, Madam, *I* had rather live
Wrong'd and contemn'd by *Philip*,
Than have your dearer Name made infamous.
Qu. Heavens! doſt thou mock my Rage! can any Sin

I could commit, undo my Honour more
Than his late Inſolence!
Oh name me ſomething may revenge that Shame!
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it—Come, oh quickly give me eaſe.
Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.
Qu. How little I am underſtood by thee——
Come, tell me inſtantly, for I grow impatient;
You ſhall obey me—nay, I do command you.
Abd. Durſt you proclaim—*Philip* a Baſtard, Madam.
Qu. Hah! proclaim my ſelf—what he wou'd have me thought!
What mean'ſt thou?———
Abd. Inſtruct you in the way to your Revenge.
Qu. Upon my ſelf thou mean'ſt— *Abd.* No—
He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortify'd
Beyond our Power to hurt, but by this means;
Which takes away his Hopes of being a King,
(For he'd no other Aim in taking Arms)
And leaves him open to the Peoples Scorn;
Whom own'd as King, numbers would aſſiſt him,
And then our Lives he may diſpoſe,
As he has done our Honours.
Qu. There's Reaſon in thy Words, but oh my Fame!
Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
To ſave that too, which I'll at leiſure tell you.
In the mean time ſend for your Confeſſor,
And with a borrow'd Penitence confeſs,
Their Idol *Philip* is a Baſtard;
And zealouſly pretend you're urg'd by Conſcience:
A cheap Pretence to couzen Fools withal.
Qu. Revenge, although I court you with my fatal Ruine,
I muſt enjoy thee! there's no other way,
And I'm reſolv'd upon the mighty Pleaſure;
He has prophan'd my purer Flame for thee,
And merits to partake the Infamy— [*He leads her out.*
Abd. Now have at my young King———
I know he means to Cuckold me to Night,
Whilſt he believes I will tamely ſtep aſide———
No, let *Philip* and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
I will not hinder 'em———
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make
To my declining Honour, ſhall redeem it,
And pay it back with Intereſt—well, then in order to't,
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,

And if I ſee this hot young Lover enter,
I'll ſave my Wife the trouble of allaying
The amorous Heat——this——will more nimbly do't.
[*Snatches out his Dagger.*
And do it once for all.——

Enter Florella *in her Night-Cloaths.*

Flor. My *Abdelazer*——why in that fierce poſture,
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death——
Why is that Dagger out?——againſt whom drawn?
Abd. Or ſtay,——ſuppoſe I let him ſee *Florella*,
And when he's high with the expected Bliſs,
Then take him thus——Oh 'twere a fine ſurprize!
Flor. My Lord——dear *Abdelazer*.——
Abd. Or ſay——I made her kill him—that were yet
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.
Flor. Will you not ſpeak to me? what have I done?
Abd. Hy Heaven it ſhall be ſo.——
Flor. What ſhall be ſo?—— *Abd.* Hah—
Flor. Why doſt thou dreſs thy Eyes in ſuch unuſual wonder?
There's nothing here that is a ſtranger to thee,
Or what is not intirely thine own.
Abd. Mine! *Flor.* Thou canſt not doubt it.
Abd. No,—and for a proof thou art ſo,—take this Dagger.
Flor. Alas, Sir!—— what to do?
Abd. To ſtab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves thee.——
Flor. Heaven forbid!
Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I ſay it muſt——
Flor. what muſt?——
Abd. That Dagger muſt enter the Heart of him
That loves thee beſt, *Florella*;——gueſs the Man.
Flor. What means my Moor?——
Wouldſt thou have me kill thy ſelf?
Abd. Yes,——when I love the better than the King.
Flor. Ah, Sir! what mean you?
Abd. To have you kill this King,
When next he does purſue thee with his love——
What, do you weep?——
By Heav'n they ſhall be bloody Tears then.——
Flor. I ſhall deſerve them——when I ſuffer Love
That is not fit to hear;——but for the King,
That which he pays me, is ſo innocent.——
Abd. So innocent!——damn thy diſſembling Tongue;
Did I not ſee, with what fierce wiſhing Eyes
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilſt yours as wantonly
Return'd, and underſtood the amorous Language.
Flor. Admit it true, that ſuch his Paſſions were,

As

As (Heaven's my witneſs) I've no cauſe to fear;
Have not I Vertue to reſiſt his Flame.
Without a pointed Steel?

Abd. Your Vertue! ——— Curſe on the weak defence;
Your Vertue's equal to his Innocence. ———
Here ——— take this Dagger, and if this Night he viſit thee,
When he leaſt thinks on't —— ſend it to his Heart.

Flor. If you ſuſpect me, do not leave me, Sir.

Abd. Oh—I'm diſpatch'd away—to leave you free ———
About a wonderful Affair —— mean time,
I know you will be viſited ——— but as you wiſh to live,
At my return, let me behold him dead. ———
Be ſure you do't —— 'tis for thy Honour's ſafety ———
I love thee ſo, that I can take no reſt,
Till thou haſt kill'd thy Image in his Breaſt.
——— Adieu, my dear *Florella*. ——— [*Exit.*

Flor. Murder my King! —— the Man that loves me too ——
What Fiend, what Fury ſuch an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand, wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I ſhould ſooner ſtrike it here—than there— [*Pointing to her Breaſt.*
No! though of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canſt command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no ſuch cruel Vow;
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To ſave my King's, my Life I will expoſe,
No Martyr dies in a more glorious Cauſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen in an undreſs alone, with a Light.

Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devout and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful terrour of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Deſires; whilſt thou, bleſt Friend to Joys,
Draw'ſt all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Bluſhes of ſoft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy Covert grant the Love-ſick King,
May find admittance to *Florella*'s Arms;
And being there, keep back the buſie Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he ſhall find his Wife,
Amidſt her amorous Dalliance with my Son. ———
My watchful Spies are waiting for the Knowledge;
Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

Enter

Enter Elvira.

——*Elvira*, in thy Looks I read Succeſs;——
What haſt thou learnt?
Elv. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair *Florella*'s Lodging.
Qu. But art thou ſure he gain'd Admittance?
Elv. Yes, Madam;
But what Welcome he has found, to me's unknown,
But I believe it muſt be great, and kind.
Qu. I am of thy Opinion.——
But now, *Elvira*, for a well laid Plot,
To ruine this *Florella*;—though ſhe be innocent,
Yet ſhe muſt die; ſo hard a Deſtiny
My Paſſion for her Husband does decree:
But 'tis the way, I ſtop at.——
His Jealouſie already I have rais'd;
That's not enough, his Honour muſt be touch'd.
This Meeting 'twixt the King, and fair *Florella*,
Muſt then be render'd publick;
'Tis the Diſgrace, not Action, muſt inceníe him—
Go you to Don *Alonzo*'s Lodging ſtrait, [*Exit* Elvira.
Whilſt I prepare my Story for his Ear.——
Aſſiſt me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furniſh me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may expreſs a Grief, for this diſcovery.——
My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold;
And like the noble Raviſher of *Rome*,
Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou haſt made a Conqueſt o'er her Vertue.

Enter Alonzo, Elvira.

——Oh *Alonzo*, I have ſtrange News to tell thee!
Alon. It muſt be ſtrange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dreſs her fair Eyes in Sorrow.
Qu. It is a Dreſs that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou ſhalt hear my Story.——
You had a Siſter once. *Alon.* Had!
Qu. Yes, had,——whilſt ſhe was like thy ſelf, all Vertue;
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled ſuch Flames,
As will undo us all.
Alon. My Siſter, Madam! ſure it cannot be:——
What Eyes? what Flames?——inform me ſtrait.
Qu. *Alonzo*, thou art honeſt, juſt, and brave,
And ſhould I tell thee more,——
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)

It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baſer Spirits will call Cruelty.
Alon. Gods, Madam! do not praiſe my Vertue thus,
Which is ſo poor, it ſcarce affords me patience
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver.——
Come, Madam, ſay my Siſter———is a Whore,
I know 'tis ſo you mean; and being ſo,
Where ſhall *I* kneel for Juſtice?
*S*ince he that ſhou'd afford it me,
Has made her Criminal.——
Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King *I* mean.
Qu. *I* grieve to own, all thy Prophetick fears
Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.
Alon. Then *I*'m diſarm'd,
For Heaven can only puniſh him.
Qu. But *Alonzo*,
Whilſt that Religious Patience dwells about thee,
All *Spain* muſt ſuffer, nay, Ages that ſhall enſue,
*S*hall curſe thy Name, and Family;
From whom a Race of Baſtards ſhall proceed,
To wear that Crown.
Alon. No, Madam, not from mine,
My *S*iſter's in my power, her Honour's mine;
I can command her Life, though not my Kings.
Her Mother is a *S*aint, and ſhou'd ſhe now
Look down from Heaven upon a deed ſo foul,
I think even there, ſhe wou'd invent a Curſe,
To thunder on her Head.——
But, Madam, whence was this Intelligence?
Qu. *Elvira* ſaw the King enter her Lodgings,
With Lovers haſte, and joy. *Alon.* Her Lodgings!— when?
Qu. Now, not an Hour ago,——
Now, ſince the Moor departed.
Alon. Damnation on her! can ſhe be thus falſe?———
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this *S*trumpet,
And make me ſee this truth, [*To* Elvira.
Or *I* will leave thee dead, for thus abuſing me.
Qu. Nay, dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,
Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look;
That if, by chance, you ſhou'd behold the Wantons,
In little harmleſs Dalliance, ſuch as Lovers
(Aided with *S*ilence, and the ſhades of Night)
May poſſibly commit,
You may not do, that which you may repent of.
Alon. Gods! ſhould *I* play the Pander!
And with my Patience, aid the am'rous *S*in———

No

No, I ſhall ſcarce have ſo much tameneſs left,
To mind me of my Duty to my King.
Ye Gods! behold the Sacrifice I make
To my loſt Honour: behold, and aid my Juſtice. [*Ex.* Alon.
Qu. It will concern me too, to ſee this Wonder,
For yet I ſcarce can credit it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florella's *Lodgings.*

Enter the King, leading in Florella *all in fear.*

Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,
If by a Death leſs cruel than my Fears,
You would preſerve my Honour; begin it quickly,
And after that I will retain my Duty,
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.
King. Where learnt you, Faireſt, ſo much Cruelty,
To charge me with the Pow'r of injuring thee?
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languiſhment
Too ſenſibly inform thee of my Heart.
Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which ſuch a Viſit muſt create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frighted Ghoſts
Of reſtleſs Souls departed walk the Round.
King. That fleeting thing am I, whom all repoſe
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal Hour thou gaveſt thy ſelf away;
And I was doom'd to endleſs deſperation:
Yet whilſt I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some ſacred Treaſures in thy Breaſt I hid,
And near thee ſtill my greedy Soul will hover.
Flor. Ah rather like a Raviſher you come,
With love and fierceneſs in your dangerous Eyes;
And both will equally be fatal to me.
King. Oh do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth; *I* mean no Rapes,
Thou canſt not think that I wou'd force thoſe Joys,
Which ceaſe to be ſo, when compell'd, *Florella*—
No, I wou'd ſooner pierce this faithful Heart,
Whoſe Flame appears too Criminal for your Mercy.
Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your Looks
All pale; your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,
The awful Horrour of the dark and ſilent Night,
Strikes a cold Terrour round my fainting Heart,
That does preſage ſome fatal Accident.
King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the danger lies—
Wou'd you receive me with that uſual Tenderneſs

Which

Which did expreſs it ſelf in every Smile,
I ſhould diſmiſs this Horrour from my Face,
And place again its native Calmneſs there;
And all my Veins ſhall re-aſſume their heat,
And with a new, and grateful Ardour beat.

Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
And you advance your Fate, by ſtaying here:—
Fly, fly, this place of Death——if *Abdelazer*
Shou'd find you here——all the Divinity
About your ſacred Perſon could not guard you.

King. Ah my *Florella*, ceaſe thy needleſs fear,
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love!
Love! that with ſoft Deſires may fill thy Eyes,
And ſave thy Tongue the pain t' inſtruct my Heart,
In the moſt grateful Knowledge Heaven can give me.

Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more wretched,
Since you, I know, wou'd ſtill be wiſhing on,
And I ſhou'd grant, till we were both undone.
And, Sir, how little ſhe was worth your care,
Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
For an inglorious Life—ſhort and deſpis'd——

King. Canſt thou believe a Flame thy Eyes have kindled,
Can urge me to an infamous purſuit?——
No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Vertue,
And none prophane thoſe Shrines, to whom they offer;
—Say but thou lov'ſt—and I thus low will bow— [*Kneels.*
And ſue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;
I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
Of *Caſtile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;
And all thoſe petty Kingdoms, which do bow
Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot my ſacred Vow
All that I am, is *Abdelazer*'s now.

King. By Heav'n it was a ſacrilegious Theft!
But I the Treaſure from his Breaſt will tear.
And reach his Heart, though thou art ſeated there.

Flor. A deed like that, my Vertue wou'd undo,
And leave a Stain upon your Glories too;
A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Paſſion move;
I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.

King. Thou think'ſt it then no Sin to kill thy King;
For I muſt die, without thy love, *Florella*.

Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
Whoſe fatal Poiſon muſt your Life betray;
And though a King, cannot Divine your Fate;
Kings only differ from the Gods in that.——

See, Sir, with this,—I am your Murderer made;
[*Holds up a Dagger.*
By thoſe we love, we ſooneſt are betray'd.
King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint it ſelf with Death?
——What wilt thou do, *Florella?*
Flor. Your Deſtiny divert,
And give my Heart thoſe Wounds deſign'd for yours.
——If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.
King. Hold!——I command thee hold thy impious Hand,
My Heart dwells there, and if you ſtrike——I die.

Enter Queen, Alonzo, *and* Elvira.

Qu. Florella! arm'd againſt the King?——
[*Snatches the Dagger and ſtabs her; the King riſes.*
Oh Traitreſs!
King. Hold!——hold, inhumane Murdreſs;
What haſt thou done, moſt barbarous of thy Sex!
[*Takes* Flor. *in his Arms.*
Qu. Deſtroy'd thy Murdreſs,—and my too fair Rival [*Aſide.*
King. My Murdreſs!——what Devil did inſpire thee
With Thoughts ſo black and ſinful? cou'd this fair Saint
Be guilty of a Murder!——No, no, too cruel Mother,
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,
She might have kill'd, and her too vertuous Cruelty.
——Oh my *Florella!* Sacred lovely Creature!
Flor. My Death was kind, ſince it prevented yours!
And by that Hand, which ſav'd mine from a guilt.
[*Points to the Queen.*
——That Dagger I receiv'd of *Abdelazer*,
To ſtab that Heart,——he ſaid, that lov'd me beſt;
But I deſign'd to overcome your Paſſion,
And then to have vanquiſh'd *Abdelazer*'s Jealouſie:
But finding you too faithful to be happy,
I did reſolve to die——and have my wiſh.
——Farewel——my King——my Soul begins it's flight,
——And now——is hovering——in eternal——Night. [*Dies.*
King. She's gone——ſhe's gone——her ſacred Soul is fled
To that Divinty, of which it is a part;
Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.
Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one ſo foul.
King. What prophane Breath was that pronounc'd her foul!
Thy Mother's Soul, though turn'd into a Cherubin,
Was black to hers——Oh ſhe was all divine.
——*Alonzo*,——was it thou?——her Brother!
Alon. When ſhe was good, I own'd that Title, Sir.
King. Good——by all the Gods ſhe was as chaſte as Veſtals!
As Saints tranſlated to Divine Abodes.
——I

—— I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo!*
To share the growing Glories of my Youth;
But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,
And on her Vertues guard stood thus defended. [Alon. *weeps.*
——Oh my *Florella!* let me here lie fix'd, [*Kneels.*
And never rise, till I am cold and pale,
As thou fair Saint art now——but sure
She cou'd not die;——that noble generous Heart,
That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate
All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,
Might sure defend it self against those Wounds
Given by a Women's Hand,—or rather 'twas a Devil's. [*Rises.*
——What dost thou merit for this Treachery?
Thou vilest of thy Sex——
But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,
And therefore will not touch thee——live to suffer
By a more shameful way;——but here she lies,
Whom I, though dead, must still adore as living.

Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay;
When I reflect upon this Night's disorder,
And the Queen's Art to raise my Jealousie;
And after that my Sister's being murder'd,
I must believe there is some deeper Plot,
Something design'd against your sacred Person.

King. Alonzo! raise the Court, I'll find it, [*Ex.* Alonzo.
Though 'twere hid within my Mother's Soul.

Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,
I did believe her arm'd against thy Life.

King. Peace Fury! Not ill-boding Raven Shrieks,
Nor midnight Cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more
Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.
——Be gone! and trouble not the silent Griefs,
Which will insensibly decay my Life,
Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,
Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.
[*Kneels and weeps at* Flor.*'s Feet.*

Abd. Within.] Guard all the Chamber-Doors!——Fire and Confusion consume these *Spanish* Dogs!——was I for this
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,
To have my Wife abus'd?

Enter Abdelazer.

Qu. Patience, dear *Abdelazer!*

Abd. Patience and I am Foes! where's my *Florella?*
The *King!* and in *Florella*'s Bed-Chamber!
——*Florella!* dead too!——

Rise!

Riſe! thou eternal Author of my Shame;
Gay thing——to' you I ſpeak! [King *riſes.*
And thus throw off Allegiance.
Qu. Oh ſtay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer!*
Abd. Away, fond Woman. [*Throws her from him.*
King. Villain! to me this Language!
Abd. To thee, young amorous King!
How at this dead and ſilent time of Night,
Durſt you approach the Lodgings of my Wife?
King. I ſcorn to anſwer thee.
Abd. I'll ſearch it in thy Heart then.
[*They fight,* Qu. *and* Elv. *run out crying Treaſon.*
King. The Devil's not yet ready for his Soul,
And will not claim his due.——Oh, I am wounded! [*Falls.*
Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, theſe are no Wounds of Love.
King. Whate'er they be, you might have ſpar'd 'em now,
Since thoſe *Florella* gave me were ſufficient:
——And yet a little longer—fixing thus—
Thou'dſt ſeen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.
——*Florella!*——*Florella!*——is thy Soul fled ſo far
It cannot anſwer me, and call me on.——
And yet like dying Ecchoes in my Ears,
I hear thee cry, my Love—I come—I come, fair Soul.
—Thus at thy Feet—my Heart ſhall—bleeding—lie,
Who ſince it liv'd for thee,—for thee—will—die. [*Dies.*
Abd. So—thou art gone — there was a King but now,
And now a ſenſeleſs, dull, and breathleſs nothing.
[*A noiſe of fighting without.*

Enter Queen *running.*

Qu. Oh Heaven's! my Son—the King, the King is kill'd!—
Yet I muſt ſave his Murderer:——Fly, my Moor;
Alonzo, Sir, aſſiſted by ſome Friends,
Has ſet upon your Guards,
And with reſiſtleſs Fury is making hither.
Abd. Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo *and others, led in by* Oſmin, Zarrack, *and Moors.*

——Oh, are you faſt?—— [*Takes away their Swords.*
Alon. What mean'ſt thou, Villain?
Ebd. To put your Swords to better uſes, *Sir*,
Than to defend the cauſe of Raviſhers.
Alon. Oh Heavens! the King is murder'd!
Abd. Look on that Object—
Thy Siſter! and my Wife! who's doubly murder'd,
Firſt in her ſpotleſs Honour, then her Life.
Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this!

Qu. My

Qu. My Lords, be calm; and ſince your King is murder'd,
Think of your own dear Safeties; chuſe a new King,
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.
Alon. Who ſhould we chuſe? Prince *Philip* is our King.
Abd. By Heaven, but *Philip* ſhall not be my King!
Philip's a Baſtard, and Traytor to his Country:
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal Ruine.
And who ſhall lead you forth to Conqueſt now,
But *Abdelazer*, whoſe *S*word reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twas unſheath'd;——and all for *Spain!*
——How many Lawrels has this Head adorn'd?
Witneſs the many Battles I have won;
In which I've emptied all my Youthful Veins,
And all for *Spain!*——ungrateful of my Favours!
——I do not boaſt my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdom's Ruine;
But loſs of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd,
And ſtill for *Spain!*——
And can you think, that after all my Toyls,
I wou'd be ſtill a Slave!——to Baſtard *Philip* too!
That dangerous Foe! who with the Cardinal,
Threatens with Fire and Sword.——I'll quench thoſe Flames,
Such an eſteem I ſtill preſerve for *Spain.*——
Alon. What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?
Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,
Till we agree about a lawful Succeſſor. *Alon.* Oh Devil——
Qu. We are betray'd, and round beſet with Horrours;
If we deny him this——the Power being his,
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his Mercy.——
Beſides——Oh give me leave to bluſh when I declare,
That *Philip* is——as he has rendred him.——
But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,
Choſe rather to proclaim my Infamy,
Than an ambitious Baſtard ſhould be Crown'd.
Alon. Here's a fine Plot,——
What Devil reigns in Woman, when ſhe doats? [*Aſide.*
Rod. My Lords, I ſee no remedy but he muſt be Protector.
Alon. Oh Treachery——have you ſo ſoon forgot
The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,
The murder'd *Ferdinand!*——
——And Madam, you ſo ſoon forgot a Mother's Name,
That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son!
Abd. The modeſty wherewith I'll uſe that Power,
Shall let you ſee, I have no other Intereſt

But what's intirely *Spain's*.——Reſtore their Swords,
And he amongſt you all who is diſſatisfy'd——.
I ſet him free this minute.
Alon. I take thee at thy word———
And inſtantly to *Philip*'s Camp will fly. [*Exit.*
Abd. By all the Gods my Anceſtors ador'd,
But that I ſcorn the envying World ſhou'd think
I took delight in Blood——I wou'd not part ſo with you.
—But you, my Lords, who value *Spain*'s Repoſe,
Muſt for it inſtantly with me take Arms———
Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride
Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms muſt meet them.
To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Abdelazer, Oſmin *bearing his Helmet of Feathers*, Zarrack, *with his Sword and Truncheon.*

Abd. COme, *Oſmin*, arm me quickly, for the Day
Comes on apace; and the fierce Enemy
Will take Advantages by our delay.

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Oh my dear Moor!
The rude, exclaiming, ill affected Multitude,
(Tempeſtuous as the Sea) run up and down,
Some crying, kill the Baſtard—ſome the Moor;
Theſe for King *Philip*,—thoſe for *Abdelazer*.
Abd. Your Fears are idle,—blow 'em into Air.
I ruſh'd amongſt the thickeſt of their Crowds,
And with the awful ſplendor of my Eyes,
Like the imperious Sun, diſpers'd the Clouds.
But *I* muſt Combate now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd *Philip*, and a jealous Cardinal.
Qu. And muſt you go, before I make you mine?
Abd. That's my Misfortune——when I return with Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Lawrel at your Feet,
You ſhall exchange them, for your glorious Fetters.
Qu. How canſt thou hope for Victory, when their Numbers
So far exceed thy Powers?
Abd. What's wanting there, we muſt ſupply with Conduct,
I know you will not ſtop at any thing

That

That may advance our Intereſt, and Enjoyment.

Qu. Look back on what *I* have already done;
And after that look forward with aſſurance.

Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Muſt to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent;———
Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither:
Then undermine his Soul———you know the way on't.
And ſooth him into a Belief, that the beſt way to gain your Heart, is to leave *Philip*'s Intereſt; urge 'tis the Kingdom's ſafety, and your own; and uſe your fierceſt threats, to draw him to a Peace with me; not that you love me, but for the Kingdom's good: Then in a Tent which I will pitch on purpoſe, get him to meet me: He being drawn off, thouſands of Bigots (who think to cheat the World into an Opinion, that fighting for the Cardinal is a pious Work) will (when he leaves the Camp) deſert it too.

Qu. *I* underſtand you, and more than I have time to be
Inſtructed in, *I* will perform, and poſſibly
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conqueſts.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
———*I* muſt to Horſe, farewel my generous Miſtreſs.

Qu. Farewel! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
As ſhall my Art, when it diſſembles Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Philip's *Tent.*

Enter Philip, Alonzo, *and Guards.*

Phil. 'Tis a ſad Story thou haſt told, *Alonzo*;
Yet 'twill not make me ſhed one ſingle Tear:
They muſt be all of Blood that *I* will offer,
To my dear Brother's Ghoſt———
But gallant Friend, this Good his Ills have done,
To turn thee over to our juſter Intereſt,
For thou didſt love him once.

Alon. Whilſt *I* believ'd him honeſt, and for my Siſter's ſake;
But ſince, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods! is it poſſible the Queen ſhould countenance
His horrid Villainies!

Alon. Nay, worſe than ſo, 'tis thought ſhe'll marry him!

Phil. Marry him! then here upon my Knees I vow, [*Kneels.*
To ſhake all Duty from my Soul,
And all that Reverence Children owe a Parent,
Shall henceforth be converted into hate. [*Riſes.*
—Damnation! marry him! Oh *I* cou'd curſe my Birth!
This will confirm the World in their Opinion,

That she's the worst of Women;
That *I* am basely born too, (as she gives it out)
That thought alone does a just Rage inspire,
And kindles round my Heart an active Fire.
Alon. A Disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,
Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one:
——Yet do not, Sir, in Words abate that Fire,
Which will assist you a more effectual way.
Phil. Death! I could talk of it an Age;
And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high,
Till like my Rage, *I* have advanc'd my Courage,
Able to fight the World against my Mother!
Alon. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward Resolute.
Phil. Come, noble Youth,
Let us joyn both our several Wrongs in one,
And from them make a solemn Resolution,
Never to part our Interest, till this Moor,
This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell. *Alon. I* do.
Phil. Hark—hark—the Charge is sounded, let's to Horse,
St. *Jaques* for the right of *Spain* and me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noise of fighting at a distance: After a little while, enter Philip *in a Rage.*

Phil. Oh unjust Powers! why d'ye protect this Monster ——
And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
With the *Castilian* Troops; curse on his formal Politicks——

Enter Alonzo.

——*Alonzo*, where's the Moor?
Alon. The Moor—a Devil—never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,
Break through the Prison of the folded Earth
With more swift Horrour, than this Prince of Fate
Breaks through our Troops, in spight of Opposition.
Phil. Death! 'tis not his single Arm that works the Wonders,
But our Cowardice—Oh this Dog Cardinal! [*Enter* Ant.
Ant. Sound a Retreat, or else the Day is lost.
Phil. I'll beat that Cur to Death that sounds Retreat.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Sound a Retreat.
Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword?—continue the Alarm,
Fight on Pell-mell—fight—kill—be damn'd—do any thing

But

But ſound Retreat—Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal—[*Exeunt.*

The noiſe of fighting near; after a little while enter Philip *again.*

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward.———

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sir, bring up your Reſerves, or all is loſt;
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act
Deeds of ſuch wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.
Phil. 'Tis well—I'll raiſe my Glories to that dazling height,
Shall darken his, or ſet in endleſs Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter Card. *and* Queen; *the noiſe of a Battle continuing afar off all the Scene.*

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languiſhments,
By all thoſe Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy paſſionate Letters ſent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruine.
———*Fernando*'s kill'd——the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor *Philip* can withſtand;
And is't not better he were loſt than *Spain?*
Since one muſt be a Sacrifice.———
Beſides——if *I* durſt tell it,
There's ſomething I cou'd whiſper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee bluſh at ev'ry ſingle good
Thou'aſt done that inſolent Boy;——But 'tis not now
A time for Stories of ſo ſtrange a Nature,——
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that Arms for *Philip*'s Cauſe,
Merits the name of Traytor.——
Be wiſe in time, and leave his ſhameful Intereſt,
An Intereſt thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for taking;
Be wiſe, and make Alliance with the Moor.
Card. And Madam, ſhould *I* lay aſide my Wrongs,
Thoſe publick Injuries *I* have receiv'd,
And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
——No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
E're for its ſafety *I* forego mine Honour.——

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are loſt.
Card. Give order.———
Qu. That they ſtir not on their Lives;

Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
Is this your *Sanctity*——and Love to me;
Is't thus you treat the Glory *I* have offer'd
To raiſe you to my Bed?
To rule a Kingdom, be a Nation's ſafety,
To advance in Hoſtile manner to their Walls;
Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,
And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
Eternal Love; and will you court in Arms?
Such rude Addreſſes wou'd but ill become you.
No,—from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
Or *Philip*'s Intereſt—for let me tell you—Cardinal,
This Love—and that Revenge—are inconſiſtent.

Card. But, Madam.———

Qu. No more——disband your Rebel Troops,
And ſtraight with me to *Abdelazer*'s Tent,
Where all his Claims he ſhall reſign to you,
Both in my ſelf, the Kingdom, and the Crown:
You being departed, thouſands more will leave him,
And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your Force,
Or elſe the Prince and Victory is loſt,
Which now depends upon his ſingle Valour;
Who, like ſome ancient Hero, or ſome God,
Thunders amongſt the thickeſt of his Enemies,
Deſtroying all before him in ſuch numbers,
That piles of Dead obſtruct his paſſage to the living——
Relieve him ſtraight, my Lord, with our laſt Cavalry and hopes.

Card. I'll follow inſtantly.——— [*Ex.* Sebaſt.

Qu. Sir, but you ſhall not, unleſs it be to Death——
Shall you preſerve the only Man *I* hate,
And hate with ſo much reaſon——let him fall
A Victim to an injur'd Mother's Honour.
——Come, *I* will be obey'd——indeed *I* muſt—[*Fawns on him.*

Card. When you're thus ſoft, can *I* retain my Anger?——
Oh look but ever thus———in ſpight of Injuries———
I ſhall become as tame and peaceable,
As are your charming Eyes, when dreſs'd in Love,
Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceleſs.
———Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,
For *I* have now reſign'd my Power to you. [*Shout within.*

Qu. What Shouts are theſe?

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,

And

And *Philip*'s Arm alone ſuſtains the day?
Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory.——— [*Exit.*
Qu. Give order ſtraight, that a Retreat be ſounded;
And whilſt they do ſo, by me conducted,
We'll inſtantly to *Abdelazer*'s Tent———
Haſte—haſte, my Lord, whilſt I attend you here. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Cardinal *going out, is met by* Philip.

Phil. Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been, Sir?
——— But 'tis no time for Queſtions,
Move forward with your Reſerves.
Card. I will not, Sir. *Phil.* How, will not!
Card. Now to advance would be impolitick;
Already by your deſperate Attempts,
You've loſt the beſt part of our Hopes.
Phil. Death! you lye. *Card.* Lye, Sir!
Phil. Yes, lye, Sir,———therefore come on,
Follow the deſperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,
And where I'll die, or Conquer——follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or elſe by Heaven
I'll give the Moor the Victory in ſpight,
And turn my Force on thee———
Plague of your Cowardice—Come, follow me. [*Ex.* Card.

SCENE, *The Grove.*

As Philip *is going off, he is overtook by* Alonzo, Antonio, Sebaſtian, *and other Officers: At the other ſide ſome Moors, and other of* Abdelazer*'s Party, enter and fall on* Philip *and the reſt——the Moors are beaten off——one left dead on the Stage———. Enter* Abdelazer, *with* Roderigo *and ſome others.*

Abd. Oh, for more Work——more Souls to ſend to Hell!
—Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither—Sirrah—Slave
Moor—who kill'd thee?—how he grins—this Breaſt,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never wou'd have been a Mark for Fools.

Abd. *going out: Enter* Philip, Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *and Officers, as paſſing over the Stage.*

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find
The ſubject of my Vengeance.———
Moor, 'tis for thee I ſeek, where art thou, Slave?———
Abd. Here, *Philip.*——— [Abd. *turns.*
Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee!———
Abd. Why——thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.
Phil. Villain, a King begot me.
Abd. I know not that,

But I'll be ſworn thy Mother was a Queen,
And I will kill thee handſomly for her ſake.
[*Offers to fight, their Parties hinder them.*
Alon. Hold———hold, my Prince.
Oſm. Great Sir, what mean you? [*To* Abd.
The Victory being yours, to give your Life away
On one ſo mad and deſperate. [*Their Parties draw.*
Phil. *Alonzo*, hold,
We two will be the Fate of this great Day.
Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,
And claim no Conqueſt; though whole heaps of Bodies,
Which this Right-hand has ſlain, declare me Victor.
Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my view,
And will not leave thee,
Till thou haſt crown'd thoſe heaps, and made 'em all
The glorious Trophies of my Victory——Come on, Sir.——
Alon. You ſhall not fight thus ſingle;
If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.
Phil. Doſt thou ſuſpect my Power?
Oh, I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,
The juſtice of my Quarrel; when I look
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,
My Mother's Infamy, *Spain*'s Miſery,
I am all Fire; and yet I am too cold
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:
—Therefore ſtir not a Sword on my ſide. *Abd.* Nor on mine.

They fight; both their Parties engage on either ſide; the Scene draws off, and diſcovers both the Armies, which all fall on and make the main Battle: Philip *prevails, the* Moors *give ground: Then the Scene cloſes to the Grove. Enter ſome* Moors *flying in diſorder.*

SCENE *changes to a Tent.*

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Oſmin, Zarrack, *and ſome others of his Party.*

Rod. Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the Day is loſt.
Abd. There are three hundred and odd Days i'th' Year,
And cannot we loſe one?——diſmiſs thy Fears,
They'll make a Coward of thee.
Oſm. Sir, all the noble *Spaniards* have forſook you;
Your Soldiers faint, are round beſet with Enemies,
Nor can you ſhun your Fate, but by your flight.
Abd. I can——and muſt——in ſpite of Fate:
The Wheel of War ſhall turn about again,
And daſh the Current of his Victories.———
This is the Tent I've pitch'd, at diſtance from the Armies,
To meet the Queen and Cardinal;

Charm'd

Charm'd with the Magick of Diſſimulation,
I know by this h'as furl'd his Enſigns up,
And is become a tame and coward Aſs.

[*A Retreat is ſounded.*

——Hark——hark 'tis done; Oh my inchanting Engine!
—Doſt thou not hear Retreat ſounded? *Rod.* Sure 'tis impoſſible.
Abd. She has prevail'd——a Woman's Tongue and Eyes,
Are Forces ſtronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.

——We are betray'd.——
Qu. What means this Jealouſie? lay by your Weapons
And embrace——the ſight of theſe beget Suſpicion:
——*Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in Peace;
Lord Cardinal, on my Honour ſo comes he.
Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops then.
Qu. They're Guards for all our Safeties:
Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal—thine *Abdelazer*——

[*She brings them together, they embrace.*

This bleſt Accord I do behold with Joy.
Card. Abdelazer.
I at the Queen's Command have met you here,
To know what 'tis you will propoſe to us.
Abd. Peace and eternal Friendſhip 'twixt us two,
How much againſt my Will I took up Arms,
Be witneſs Heav'n; nor was it in Revenge to you,
But to let out the infected Blood of *Philip*,
Whoſe ſole aim
Is to be King——which *Spain* will never ſuffer;
Spain gave me Education, though not Birth,
Which has intitl'd it my Native home,
To which ſuch Reverence and Eſteem I bear,
I will preſerve it from the Tyrant's Rage.
The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,
And 'tis your Power alone that buoys him up;
And when you've lifted him into a Throne,
'Tis time to ſhake you off.
Card. Whilſt I behold him as my Native Prince,
My Honour and Religion bids me ſerve him;
Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilſt I do ſo,
I injure *Spain*.
Abd. If he were ſo, the Powers above forbid
We ſhould not ſerve, adore, and fight for him;
But *Philip* is a Baſtard:—nay, 'twill ſurprize ye,
But that 'tis truth, the Queen will ſatisfie you.
Qu. With one bold Word he has undone my Honour. [*Weeps.*

Too

Too bluntly, *Abdelazer*, you repeat
That which by ſlow Degrees you ſhou'd have utter'd.
Abd. Pardon my Roughneſs, Madam, *I* meant well.
Card. Philip a Baſtard!
If by ſuch Arts you wou'd divide me from him,
I ſhall ſuſpect you wou'd betray us both.
Qu. Sir, he informs you Truth; and I bluſh leſs
To own him ſo, than that he is a Traytor.
Card. Philip a Baſtard! Oh it cannot be——
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,
Barter your dearer Honour, and loſe both.
Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,
But better what *I* owe to *Spain*, and you——
You are a Prince o'th' Blood, and may put off
The Cardinal when you pleaſe, and be a Monarch.
Card. Though my Ambition's equal to my Paſſion,
Neither ſhall make me act againſt thoſe Principles
My Honour ever taught me to obey.
——And, Madam——
'Tis a leſs Sin, not to believe you here,
Than 'tis to doubt your Vertue.
Qu. *I* wiſh it were untold, if it muſt forfeit
The leaſt of your Eſteem—but that 'tis Truth,
Be witneſs Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, and Tears. [*Weeps.*
Card. Why, Madam, was't ſo long conceal'd from me?
Qu. The Circumſtances *I* ſhall at leiſure tell you:
And for the preſent,
Let it ſuffice, he cannot rule in *Spain*,
Nor can you ſide with him, without being made
As much incapable to Reign as he.
Card. Though Love and Honour *I* have always made
The Buſineſs of my Life;
My Soul retains too, ſo much of Ambition,
As puts me ſtill in mind of what *I* am,
A Prince! and Heir to *Spain!*
Nor ſhall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,
Make me that glorious Intereſt reſign,
Since *Philip*'s Claims are not ſo great as mine.
——Madam, though *I*'m convinc'd *I*'ve done amiſs
In taking Arms for *Philip*,
Yet 'twill be difficult to diſingage my ſelf.
Abd. Moſt eaſily——
Proclaim it in the Head of all your Troops,
The Juſtice of your Cauſe for leaving him;
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety
To follow your Example:

The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,
More than by Juſtice, Reaſon, or Allegiance.
——The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty Throne;
Marry you the Queen, and fill it—and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject. [*Bows low.*

Card. On theſe Conditions all *I* am is yours;
Philip we cannot fear, all he can do
Is to retire for Refuge into *Portugal.*

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous——
Is there no Arts to get him in our Power?

Card. Perhaps by Policy, and ſeeming Friendſhip,
For we have Reaſon yet to fear his Force;
And ſince I'm ſatisfy'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To ſacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain,*
And every Spirit that loves Liberty;
Firſt we'll our Forces join, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arreſt him;
If ſo we can ſurpriſe him, we'll ſpare the Hazard
Of a ſecond Battel.

Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things ſhall be inſtantly perform'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Grove.*

Enter ſome of Philip's *Party running over the Stage, purſu'd by* Philip, Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *and ſome few Officers more.*

Alon. Do not purſue 'em, Sir, ſuch Coward Slaves
Deſerve not Death from that illuſtrious Hand.

Phil. Eternal Plagues conſume 'em in their flight:
Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal has betray'd us!
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds
We'ad dearly earn'd the long-diſputed Victory,
Then to loſe all! then to ſound baſe Retreat!
It ſwells my Anger up to perfect Madneſs.

Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous ſtrange.

Sebaſt. I'm glad, Sir——

Phil. Art glad of it? art glad we are abandon'd?
That I, and thou have loſt the hopeful'ſt Day—

Sebaſt. Great, Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

Phil. Thou haſt a lean Face—and a carrion Heart—
A plague upon the Moor and thee—Oh *Alonzo,*
To run away—follow'd by all the Army!
Oh *I* cou'd tear my Hair, and curſe my Soul to Air!

—*Cur.*

—Cardinal—thou Traytor, *Judas*, that woud'ſt ſell
Thy God again, as thou haſt done thy Prince.
——But come—we're yet a few,
And we will fight till there be left but one——
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious care
It ſhall be in our Beds.

Sebaſt. We are as bad as one already, Sir, for all our Fellows are crawl'd home ſome with ne'er a Leg, others with ne'er an Arm, ſome with their Brains beat out, and glad they eſcap'd ſo.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'll ſtick to me.

1 *Sold.* Ay, wou'd I were well off—— [*Aſide.*

Phil. Speak ſtout *Sceva*, wilt thou not?

1 *Sold. Sceva*, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cæſar*'s ſide,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monſtrous Porcupine.

1 *Sold.* And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have dy'd for *Cæſar*'s Empire.

1 *Sold.* Hah—why, Sir, I'm none of *Sceva*, but honeſt *Diego*, yet would as willingly die as he, but that I have a Wife and Children; and if I die they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou ſhalt loſe,
I'll give thy Wife—a Diadem.

1 *Sold.* Stark mad, as I'm valiant——

Enter Card. *Officers and Soldiers:* Philip *offers to run on him, is held by* Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heaven! is not that the Cardinal?
Traytor, how dar'ſt thou tempt my Rage and Juſtice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy Aim when baſe Retreat was ſounded?
Oh thou falſe Cardinal—let me go, *Alonzo*——
Death! offer happy Peace!——no, offer War,
Bring Fire and Sword——Hell and Damnation—Peace!
Oh damn your muſty Peace——No, will you fight, and cry,
Down with the Moor! and then I'll die in peace.
I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,
I'll hazard theſe——I can but hazard all——
Come—I will kneel to thee—and be thy Slave—— [*Kneels.*
I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing,
So this damn'd Moor may fall! *Card.* Yes, Sir, he ſhall—

Phil. Gods! ſhall he—thy noble Hand upon't,
And for this Promiſe, take my grateful Heart. [*Embraces him.*
——Shall *Abdelazer* fall!

Card.

Card. Yes, upon thee———
Like the tall Ruines of a falling Tower,
To cruſh thee into Duſt———
[*As they embrace, the Guards ſeize him and the reſt.*
Traytor, and Baſtard, I arreſt thee of High-Treaſon.
Phil. Hah!—Traytor!—and Baſtard!—and from thee!
[*They hold* Philip's *Hands.*
Card. Guards, to your Hands the Priſoner is committed,
There's your Warrant—*Alonzo*, you are free. [*Ex.* Card.
Phil. Prithee lend me one Hand—to wipe my Eyes,
And ſee who 'tis dares authorize this Warrant:
——The Devil and his Dam! the Moor!——and Queen!
Their Warrant!——Gods! *Alonzo*, muſt we obey it?
Villains, you cannot be my Jaylors; there's no Priſon,
No Dungeon deep enough; no Gate ſo ſtrong,
To keep a Man confin'd—ſo mad with wrong.
—Oh doſt thou weep, *Alonzo!*
Alon. I wou'd fain ſhed a Tear,
But from my Tears ſo many Show'rs are gone,
They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute;
There's no Remedy, we muſt to Priſon.
Phil. Yes, and from thence to death———
I thought I ſhould have had a Tomb hung round
With tatter'd Enſigns, broken Spears and Javelins;
And that my Body with a thouſand Wounds,
Shou'd have been born on ſome Triumphant Chariot,
With ſolemn Mourning, Drums and Trumpets ſounding;
Whilſt all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,
Had wiſh'd my glorious Deſtiny their own:
But now, *Alonzo*——like a Beaſt I fall,
And hardly Pity waits my Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. *A Preſence-Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.*

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Rederigo, *and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cuſhion; the* Queen, Leonora, *and Ladies. They all ſeat themſelves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty.* Abdelazer *riſes and bows,* Roderigo *kneeling preſents him with the Crown.*

Abd. GRandees of *Spain*, if in this Royal Preſence
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
So faſt on ſuch a Jewel, and dares wear it

In

In the Contempt of Envy, as I dare;
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
Beſtow their Bleſſings) wou'd give ſuch Wealth away,
Let ſuch a Man ſtand forth—Are ye all fix'd?
No wonder, ſince a King's a Deity!
And who'd not be a God!———
This glorious Proſpect, when I firſt ſaw the Light,
Met with my Infant Hopes; nor have thoſe Fetters
(Which e'er they grew towards Men, *Spain* taught me how to wear)
Made me forget what's due to that illuſtrious Birth;
—Yet thus—I caſt aſide the Rays of Majeſty——
[*Kneels, and lays the Crown on the Table.*
And on my Knee, do humbly offer up
This ſplendid powerful thing, and eaſe your Fears
Of Uſurpation and of Tyranny.
Alon. What new Device is this? [*Aſide.*
Card. This is an Action generous and juſt——
Let us proceed to new Election.
Abd. Stay, Peers of *Spain*———
If young Prince *Philip* be King *Philip*'s Son,
Then is he Heir to *Philip*, and his Crown;
But if a Baſtard, then he is a Rebel,
And as a Traytor to the Crown ſhou'd bleed:
That dangerous popular Spirit muſt be laid,
Or *Spain* muſt languiſh under civil Swords;
And *Portugal* taking Advantages in thoſe Diſorders,
(Aſſiſted by the Male-contents within,
If *Philip* live will bring Confuſion home.
—Our Remedy for this is firſt to prove,
And then proclaim him Baſtard.
Alon. That Project wou'd be worth your Politicks. [*Aſide.*
——How ſhou'd we prove him Baſtard.
Abd. Her Majeſty being lately urg'd by Conſcience,
And much above her Honour prizing *Spain*,
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man;
If he be noble and a Spaniard born,
He ſhall repair her Fame, by marrying her:
Card. No; *Spaniard*, or Moor, the daring Slave ſhall die.
Qu. Wou'd I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [*Weeps.*
That I might hide the Bluſhes on my Cheeks;
But when your Safety comes into Diſpute,
My Honour, nor my Life, muſt come in Competition.
—I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and bluſhing own,
That *Philip*'s Father is ith' Preſence now.
Alon. I'th' Preſence! name him.

Qu. The Cardinal——— [*All riſe in Amazement.*

Card. How's this, Madam!

Abd. How! the Cardinal!

Card. I *Philip*'s Father, Madam!

Qu. Dull Lover—is not all this done for thee!
Doſt thou not ſee a Kingdom and my ſelf,
By this Confeſſion, thrown into thy Arms?

Card. On terms ſo infamous *I* muſt deſpiſe it.

Qu. Have *I* thrown by all Senſe and Modeſty,
To render you the Maſter of my Bed,
To be refus'd— was there any other way?—

Card. *I* cannot yield; this Cruelty tranſcends
All you have ever done me—Heavens! what a Conteſt
Of Love and Honour, ſwells my riſing Heart.

Qu. By all my Love, if you refuſe me now,
Now when *I* have remov'd all Difficulties,
I'll be reveng'd a thouſand killing ways.

Card. Madam, I cannot own ſo falſe a thing,
My Conſcience and Religion will not ſuffer me.

Qu. Away with all this Canting; Conſcience, and Religion!
No, take Advice from nothing but from Love.

Card. 'Tis certain *I'm* bewitch'd—ſhe has a Spell
Hid in thoſe charming Lips.

Alon. Prince Cardinal, what ſay you to this?

Card. *I* cannot bring it forth———

Qu. Do't, or thou'rt loſt for ever.

Card. Death! What's a Womans Power!
And yet *I* can reſiſt it.

Qu. And dare you diſobey me?

Card. *Is't* not enough *I've* given you up my Power,
Nay, and reſign'd my Life into your Hands,
But you wou'd damn me too—*I* will not yield—
Oh now *I* find a very Hell within me:
How am *I* miſguided by my Paſſion!

Alon. Sir, we attend your Anſwer.

Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,
(And 'tis the Cuſtom here to marry young)
King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*,
Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father
To this Barbarian Prince.

Abd. *I* was but young, and yet *I* well remember
My Father's Wound—poor *Barbary*—but no more.

Qu. *In* abſence of my King, *I* liv'd retir'd,
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,
Suffering no Viſits, but the Cardinals,

To whom the King had left me as his Charge;
But he unworthy of that Truſt repos'd,
Soon turn'd his buſineſs into Love.
Card. Heavens; how will this Story end? [*Aſide.*
Qu. A Tale, alas! unpleaſant to my Ear,
And for the which *I* baniſh'd him my Preſence.
But oh the Power of Gold! he bribes my Women,
That they ſhould tell me (as a Secret too)
The King (whoſe Wars were finiſh'd) would return
Without acquainting any with the time;
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
Meant to ſurprize me in the dead of Night;
This paſs'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.
Card. Gods! is there any Hell but Woman's Faiſhood? [*aſide.*
Qu. The following Night I haſted to my Bed,
To wait my expected Bliſs——nor was it long
Before his gentle Steps approach'd my Ears.
Undreſs'd he came, and with a vigorous haſte
Flew to my yielding Arms; I call'd him King!
My dear lov'd Lord! and in return he breath'd
Into my Boſom in ſoft gentle Whiſpers——
My Queen! my Angel! my lov'd *Iſabella!*
And at that word——I need not tell the reſt.
Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal?
Qu. Ah, Sir, the Night too ſhort for his Careſſes,
Made room for Day, Day that betray'd my Shame,
For in my guilty Arms, *I* found the Cardinal!
Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this?
Qu. Alas, *I* was but young, and full of Fears;
Baſhful, and doubtful of a juſt belief,
Knowing King *Philip*'s raſh and jealous Temper;
But from your Juſtice *I* expect Revenge.
Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is Death, by all our Laws.
Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith;
Oh ſhameleſs Creature, am *I* diſarm'd for this?
Had *I* but ſo much eaſe to be inrag'd,
Sure *I* ſhou'd kill thee for this Treachery;
But I'm all ſhame, and grief.——By all that's Holy,
My Lords, *I* never did commit this Crime.
Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.
Qu. Do not believe him, Lords;——
Revenge——let Sentence paſs upon the Traytor.
Card. *I* own that Name with Horrour, which you drew me to,
When *I* betray'd the beſt of Men, and Princes;
And 'tis but juſt you fit me for Deſpairs,
That may inſtruct me how to follow him in Death:

Yet as I'm Prince o'th' Blood, and Cardinal too,
You cannot be my Judges.
Abd. You ſhall be try'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.
Oſmin, we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.
Card. Heaven! ſhould I live to that! no,
I have within me a private Shame,
That ſhall ſecure me from the publick one.
Alon. A pretty turn of State,———we ſhall all follow, Sir.
Card. The Powers above are juſt,
Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice firſt made,
And now my ſelf am on the Altar laid. [*Ex.* Card. *guarded.*
Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted ſo Divinely,
You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Paſſion;
I'll wait on you in your Apartment inſtantly,
And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.
Qu. Make haſte, my deareſt Moor, whilſt I retire,
And fit my Soul, to meet thy kind Deſire.
[*Ex.* Qu. *and her Train,* Leon. *advancing to follow, is ſtaid by* Abd.
Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, ſtay, and receive that Crown,
[*Leads her back.*
Which as your due, Heav'n and all *Spain* preſent you with.
Alon. But granting *Philip* is——that thing you call him,
If we muſt grant him ſo, who then ſhall Reign?
Not that we do not know who ought to Reign,
But ask who 'tis you will permit to do ſo. [*To* Abd.
Abd. Who but bright *Leonora!* the Royal Off-ſpring
Of noble *Philip*, whoſe Innocence and Beauty,
Without th' advantage of her Glorious Birth,
Merits all Adoration.
All. With Joy we do ſalute her Queen.
Abd. Live *Leonora!* beauteous Queen of *Spain!* [*Shout.*
Alon. From *Abdelazer* this! it cannot be,
At leaſt not real. [*aſide.*
Abd. My Lords,
Be it now your care magnificently to provide
Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
Of the fair Queen;
Let nothing be omitted that may ſhew,
How we can pay, where we ſo vaſtly owe. [*Bows.*
Alon. I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,
For this great Condeſcention.
Leo. My Lords, I thank ye all,
And moſt, the gallant Moor—I am not well— [*Turns to* Alon.
Something ſurrounds my Heart ſo full of Death,
I muſt retire to give my Sorrow Breath.
[*Ex.* Leo. *follow'd by all but* Abd. *and* Rod. *who looks on* Abd.

Rod. Sir,———what have you done?
Abd. What every Man that loves like me ſhou'd do;
Undone my ſelf for ever, to beget
One moment's thought in her, that I adore her;
That ſhe may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain*———
——'Tis gone? and there's no more to ſet but this———
(My Heart) at all, and at this one laſt Caſt,
Sweep up my former Loſſes, or be undone.
Rod. You Court at a vaſt rate, Sir.
Abd. Oh, ſhe's a Goddeſs! a Creature made by Heaven!
To make my proſperous Toils all ſweet and charming!
She muſt be Queen, I, and the Gods decree it.
Rod. Sir, is ſhe not deſign'd *Alonzo*'s Bride?
Abd. Yes, ſo her ſelf, and he have ill agreed;
But Heaven and I, am of another mind,
And muſt be firſt obey'd.
Rod. *Alonzo* will not yield his Intereſt, eaſily.
Abd. Wou'd that were all my ſtop to Happineſs;
But, *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.
Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.
Abd. True, *Roderigo*, and thou haſt dealt in Murders,
And know'ſt the ſafeſt way to———*Rod.* How, Sir!——
Abd. Thou dar'ſt not ſure pretend to any Vertue;
Had Hell inſpir'd thee with leſs Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings! thou'dſt ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted height t' have known my Secrets.
Rod. But, Sir,—— ——
Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedneſs I took thee from,
What Merits hadſt thou to deſerve my Bounty?
But Vice, brave proſperous Vice!
Thou'rt neither Wiſe, nor Valiant.
Rod. I own my ſelf that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way.
Abd. My Buſineſs is———to have the Queen remov'd;
She does expect my coming this very Hour,
And when ſhe does ſo, 'tis her cuſtom to be retir'd,
Diſmiſſing all Attendance, but *Elvira*.
Rod. The reſt, I need not be inſtructed in. [*Ex.* Rod.

Enter Oſmin.

Oſm. The Cardinal, Sir, is cloſe confin'd with *Philip*.
Abd. 'Tis well.
Oſm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they ſhou'd live?
Abd. No, this day they both muſt die, ſome ſort of Death,
That

That may be thought was given them by themſelves:
I'm ſure I give them cauſe.—*Oſmin*, view well this Ring,
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,
Without conſidering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.

Oſm. Your Will ſhall be obey'd in every thing. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE, *A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.*

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, haſt thou dreſt my Lodgings up,
Fit to receive my Moor?
Are they all gay, as Altars, when ſome Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices?
Haſt thou ſtrew'd all the Floor his Feet muſt preſs,
With the ſoft new-born Beauties of the Spring?

Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights;
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does inſinuate Love into the Soul?
And makes the baſhful Lover more aſſur'd.

Elv. Madam,
You ſpeak as if this were your firſt Enjoyment.

Qu. My firſt! Oh *Elvira*, his Power like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery! every hour renews:
Love gathers Sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant,
The nearer they approach Maturity. [*Knock.*
——Hark! 'tis my Moor,—give him admittance ſtraight.
The thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raiſing my Blood into a thouſand Curls.

Elv. Madam, it is a Prieſt.———

Qu. A Prieſt! oh ſend him quickly hence;
I wou'd not have ſo cold, and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Senſe, 'tis mortifying.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis ſome Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu. Why, what have I to do with Prieſt or Cardinal?
Let him not enter.———

[Elv. *goes out, and returns with* Rod. *dreſt like a Fryer.*

Elv. From *Abdelazer*, Madam.

Qu. H'as nam'd a word will make all places free.

Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to ſend your Woman hence,
I've ſomething to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone muſt be acquainted with.

Qu. Well, your Formality ſhall be allow'd—retire—[*To* Elv.
What have you to deliver to me now?

Rod. This——— [*Shews a Dagger, and takes her by the Hands.*

Qu. Hah!— *Rod.* You muſt not call for help, unleſs to Heaven.
Qu. What daring thing art thou?
Rod. One that has now no time to anſwer thee.
[*Stabs her, ſhe ſtruggles, her Arm bleeds.*
Qu. Oh hold thy killing Hand! *I* am thy Queen.
Rod. Thou may'ſt be Devil too, for ought *I* know;
I'll try thy Subſtance thus:——— [*Stabs again.*
Qu. Oh *Abdelazer* ———
Thou haſt well reveng'd me——on my Sins of Love; ———
[*He ſeats her in the Chair.*
But ſhall *I* die thus tamely unreveng'd?———
——Help——murder——help—— [*He offers to ſtab again.*

Enter Elvira, *and the Women.*

Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd—help the Queen!
[Rod. *offers to ſtab* Elv.

Enter Abdelazer.

Abd. Hah! the Queen! what Sacrilegious Hand,
Or Heart ſo Brutal———
Durſt thus prophane the Shrine ador'd by me!
Guard well the Paſſages.———
Qu. Thou art that Sacrilegious Sacrifice—Brutal thing,——
And falſe as are the Deities thou worſhip'ſt.
Abd. Gods! let me not underſtand that killing Language!
———Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,
Leſt looking on that Sacred Stream of Blood,
I die e're I've reveng'd you, oh your Murderer.
Qu. Haſte then, and kill thy ſelf; thou art my Murderer;
Nor had his Hand, if not by thee inſtructed,
Aim'd at a Sin ſo dangerous.———
Abd.——Surely ſhe'll live——[*aſide.*——This!———
Can Miſchief dwell beneath this Reverend ſhape?
Confeſs who taught thee ſo much Cruelty!
Confeſs, or *I* will kill thee.———
Rod. The Cardinal. *Qu.* The Cardinal.
Abd. The Cardinal———oh impious Traytor———
How came *I* mention'd then? *Rod.* To get admittance.
Abd. But why do *I* delay thy Puniſhment?
Die,—and be damn'd together.—[*aſide.*]— [*Stabs him.*
——But oh my Queen!——*Elvira,*——call for help!
Have *I* remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [*Kneels.*
To have it thus blown out? thus in a minute!
When *I*, all full of youthful Fire! all Love!
Had rais'd my Soul with hopes of near Delights,
——To meet thee cold,—and pale;—to find thoſe Eyes,

Thoſe

Thoſe Charming Eyes thus dying; ———Oh ye Powers!
Take all the proſpect of my future Joys,
And turn it to Deſpair,——ſince thou art gone.———
Qu. Ceaſe—ceaſe—your kind Complaints—my ſtrugling Soul,
Twixt Death—and Love—holds an uneaſie Conteſt;
This will not let it ſtay,—nor that depart;———
And whilſt *I* hear thy Voice——thus breathing Love,
It hovers ſtill——about——the grateful——ſound.
——My Eyes——have took——an everlaſting leave——
Of all that bleſt their *Sight*, and now a gloomy Darkneſs
Benights the wiſhing Senſe,———that vainly ſtrives———
To take another view; ———but 'tis too late,———
And Life—and Love—muſt yield—to Death—and—Fate. [*Dies.*
Abd. Farewel my greateſt Plague—— [*He riſes with Joy.*
Thou wert a moſt impolitick loving thing,
And having done my bus'neſs which thou wert born for,
'Twas time thou ſhou'd'ſt retire,
And leave me free to Love, and Reign alone.

Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, *and other Men and Women.*

———Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
Since all the World has Intereſt in this loſs.
Alon. The Moor in Tears! nay, then the Sin was his.
Leon. The Queen my Mother dead!
How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,
E're it will break in pieces. [*Weeps over her.*
Alon. *I* know the ſource of all this Villainy,
And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.
Elv. My Lord, that Frier, from the Cardinal did it.
Alon. The Cardinal!———
'Tis poſſible,———for the Injuries ſhe did him
Cou'd be repair'd with nothing leſs than Death. [*aſide.*
——My Fair, your Griefs have been ſo juſt of late,
I dare not beg that you would weep no more;
Though every Tear thoſe lovely Eyes let fall,
Give me a killing Wound—— remove the Body,
[*Guards remove the Body, Ex. all but* Alon. *and* Leo.
Such Objects ſuit not *Souls* ſo ſoft as thine.
Leon. With Horrours *I* am grown of late familiar;
I ſaw my Father die, and live the while;
I ſaw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Siſter,
Florella, whilſt her Breaſt was bleeding freſh;
Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds!
The beſt and kindeſt Brother, that ever Maid was bleſt with,
Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a *Sacrifice*;
All this *I* ſaw, and liv'd———

And canſt thou hope for Pity from that Heart,
Whoſe harden'd Senſe is Proof 'gainſt all theſe Miſeries?
——This Moor *Alonzo*, is a ſubtle Villain,
Yet of ſuch Power we ſcarce dare think him ſuch.
Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,
As ill, and powerful too; yet he has a Heart
That may be reach'd with this—but 'tis not time,
[*Points to his Sword.*
We muſt diſſemble yet, which is an Art
Too foul for Souls ſo innocent as thine.

Enter Abdelazer.

——The Moor!
Hell! will he not allow us ſorrowing time?
Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humbleſt Duty,
And know what Service you command your Slave.
Leon. Alas, I've no Commands; or if I had,
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.
Abd. Can one ſo fair, and great, ask any thing
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy?
Leon. Heav'ns Will I'm not permitted to diſpute,
And may implore in vain; but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preſerve my Life.
Abd. In me! in me! the humbleſt of your Creatures!
By yon bright Sun, or your more ſplendid Eyes,
I wou'd deveſt my Soul of every hope,
To gratifie one ſingle Wiſh of yours,
—Name but the way——
Leon. I am ſo unhappy that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you muſt deny;
——The Liberty of *Philip*——
Abd. How! *Philip*'s Liberty—and muſt I grant it!
I (in whoſe Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
Had I not lov'd the good and peace of *Spain*,
Might have diſpos'd it to my own Advantage;
And ſhall that Peace,
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
Be loſt again in him, in him a Baſtard!
Alon. That he's a Baſtard, is not, Sir, believ'd;
And ſhe that cou'd love you, might after that
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the leaſt
Of all the number to declare him Baſtard.
Abd. How, Sir! that cou'd love me! what is there here—
Or in my Soul, or Perſon, may not be belov'd?
Alon. I ſpoke without Reflection on your Perſon,
But of diſhoneſt Love, which was too plain,

From

From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd;
And now being warm in Miſchiefs,
Thou doſt purſue the Game, till all be thine.
Abd. Mine!
Alon. Yes, thine———
The little humble Mask which you put on
Upon the Face of Falſhood, and Ambition,
Is eaſily ſeen through; you gave a Crown!
But you'll command the Kingly Power ſtill,
Arm, and disband, deſtroy or ſave at Pleaſure.
Abd. Vain Boy, (whoſe higheſt Fame,
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro*'s Son)
Where learnt you ſo much daring to upbraid
My generous Power thus falſly—do you know me?
Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that Knowledge makes me dare;
I know thy Fame in Arms; I know in Battles
Thou haſt perform'd Deeds much above thy Years:
My Infant Courage too,
(By the ſame Maſter taught) grew up to thine,
When thou in Rage out-didſt me, not in Bravery.
—I know thou'ſt greater Power too—thank thy Treachery!
Abd. Doſt thou not fear that Power?
Alon. By Heaven not I,
Whilſt I can this——command. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*
Abd. I too command a Sword,
[Abd. *lays his Hand on his, and comes cloſe up to him.*
But not to draw on thee, *Alonzo*;
Since *I* can prove thy Accuſations falſe
By ways more grateful—take this Ring, *Alonzo*;
The ſight of it will break down Priſon-Gates,
And ſet all free, as was the firſt born Man.
Alon. What means this turn?
Abd. To enlarge *Philip*; but on ſuch Conditions,
As you think fit to make for my Security:
Aud as thou'rt brave, deal with me as I merit.
Alon. Art thou in earneſt?
Abd. I am, by all that's ſacred.
Leon. Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er riſe,
Till I have made you know what Gratitude
Is fit for ſuch a Bounty!———
Haſte, my *Alonzo*—haſte—and treat with *Philip*;
Nor do I wiſh his Freedom, but on ſuch Terms
As may be advantageous to the Moor.
Alon. Nor *I*, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
Though it be fierce, 't has Gratitude and Honour!

And for a Deed like this, will make returns,
Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [*Exit* Alon.
Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come. [*Aside.*
——What will become of *Abdelazer* now?
Who with his Power has thrown away his Liberty.
Leon. Your Liberty! Oh Heaven forbid that you,
Who can ſo generouſly give Liberty,
Should be depriv'd of it!
It muſt not be whilſt *Leonora* lives.
Abd. 'Tis ſhe that takes it from me.
Leon. I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
Give you one Minutes Pain.
Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis againſt your Will!
Your Eyes inſenſibly do wound and kill!
Leon. What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.
Abd. Moſt charming of your Sex! had Nature made
This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
It might have ſpar'd that Language which you dread;
Whoſe rough harſh ſound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill expreſs the Buſineſs of my Life.
Leon. Forbear it, if that Buſineſs, Sir, be Love.
Abd. Gods!
Becauſe I want the Art to tell my Story
In that ſoft way, which thoſe can do whoſe Buſineſs
Is to be ſtill ſo idly employ'd,
I muſt be ſilent and indure my Pain;
Which Heaven ne'er gave me ſo much tameneſs for.
Love in my Soul! is not that gentle thing
It is in other Breaſts; inſtead of Calms,
It ruffles mine into uneaſie Storms.
——I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam;
But ſince 'tis not to be reſiſted here———
You muſt permit it to approach your Ear.
Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.
Abd. With Honour!
Nay, *I* can talk in the Defence of that:
By all that's ſacred, 'tis a Flame as vertuous,
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
And it ſhall learn to be as gentle too;
——For I muſt merit you———
Leon. I will not hear this Language! merit me
Abd. Yes——why not?
You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,
And I am Heir to great *Abdela*, Madam,
I can command this Kingdom you poſſeſs,

Or

(Of which my Paſſion only made you Queen)
And re-aſſume that which your Father took
From mine—a Crown as bright as that of *Spain.*
Leon. You ſaid you wou'd be gentle———
Abd. I will! this ſullen Heart ſhall learn to bow,
And keep it ſelf within the Bounds of Love;
Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
Soft as the Whiſpers of a yielding Virgin.
I cou'd transform my Soul into any Shape;
Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
To change their natural fierceneſs into Smiles!
——What is't *I* wou'd not do to gain that Heart!
Leon. Which never can be yours! that and my Vows,
Are to *Alonzo* given; which he lays claim to
By the moſt ſacred Ties, Love and Obedience;
All *Spain* eſteems him worthy of that Love.
Abd. More worthy it than *I*! it was a Woman,
A nice, vain, peeviſh Creature that pronunc'd it;
Had it beeen Man, 't had been his laſt Traſgreſſion!
—His Birth! his glorious Actions! are they like mine?
Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants thoſe Advantages,
Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Perſon.
Abd. Ay! there's your Cauſe of hate! Curſt be my Birth,
And curſt be Nature that has dy'd my Skin
With this ungrateful Colour! cou'd the Gods
Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo*!
——Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,
And Beauties great as thine have languiſh'd for me.
The Lights put out! thou in my naked Arms
Will find me ſoft and ſmooth as poliſh'd Ebony;
And all my Kiſſes on thy balmy Lips as ſweet,
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidſt the Groves,
Of ripening Spices in the height of Day:
As vigorous too,
As if each Night were the firſt happy Moment
I laid thy panting Body to my Boſom.
Oh that tranſporting Thought———
See—I can bend as low, and ſigh as often, [*Kneels.*
And ſue for Bleſſings only you can grant.
As any fair and ſoft *Alonzo* can———
If you could pity me as well———
But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read
[*Riſes with Anger.*
A Scorn which animates my Love and Anger;
Nor know I which I ſhould diſmiſs or chriſh.
Leon. The laſt is much more welcome than the firſt;

Yours

Your Anger can but kill, but, Sir, your Love———
Will make me ever wretched, ſince 'tis impoſſible
I ever can return it.

Abd. Why kill me then! you muſt do one or t'other, [*Kneels.*
For thus—I cannot live——why doſt thou weep?
Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul!
How tame Love renders every feeble Senſe! [*Riſes.*
——Gods! I ſhall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me
The Transformation's near——death! I'll not endure it,
I'll fly before ſhe'as quite undone my Soul—— [*Offers to go.*
But 'tis not in my Power———ſhe holds it faſt———
And I can new command no ſingle part——— [*Returns.*
Tell me bright Maid———if I were amiable,
And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me?

Leon. No! I cou'd die firſt.

Abd. Hah!—awake my Soul from out this drowſie Fit,
And with thy wonted Bravery, ſcorn thy Fetters.
———By Heaven 'tis gone! and I am now my ſelf———
Be gone, my dull Submiſſion! my lazy Flame
Grows ſenſible! and knows for what 'twas kindled.
———Coy Miſtreſs, you muſt yield and quickly too:
Were you devout as Veſtals, pure as their Fire,
Yet *I* wou'd wanton in the rifled Spoils
Of all that ſacred Innocence and Beauty.
———Oh my Deſires grow high!
Raging as midnight Flames let looſe in Cities,
And, like that too will ruine where it lights.
———Come——this Apartment was deſign'd for Pleaſure,
And made thus ſilent, and thus gay for me;
There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think
I was not meant for Love———

Leon. Am I betray'd? are all my Women gone!
And have *I* nought but Heaven for my Defence!

Abd. None elſe, and that's too diſtant to befriend you.

Leon. Oh take my Life, and ſpare my dearer Honour!
——Help! help!——ye Powers that favour *Innocence*.
[*Enter Women.*

Juſt as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, *enters to him* Oſmin *in haſte.*

Oſm. My Lord, *Alonzo*———

Abd. What of him, you Slave——is he not ſecur'd?
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'ſt not times and ſeaſons,
Or get thee hence.

Oſm. Not till I've done the Buſineſs which I came for.

Abd. Slave!———that———thou cam'ſt for.
[*Stabs him in the Arm.*

Oſm. No,

Osm. No, 'twas to tell you, that *Alonzo*,
Finding himself betray'd, made brave resistance;
Some of your Slaves h'as killld, and some h'as wounded.
Abd. 'Tis time he were secur'd;
I must assist my Guards, or all is lost. [*Exit.*
Leo. Sure *Osmin* from the Gods thou cam'st,
To hinder my undoing; and if thou dy'st,
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins,
For this one pious Deed!———
But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.
Osm. 'Tis only in my Arm—and, Madam, for this pity,
I'll live to do you Service.
Leo. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me?
Osm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the Word.
——Madam, 'twas I caus'd *Philip* and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,
And gave 'em warning of approaching Death.
Leo. Heaven bless thee for thy Goodness.
Osm. And I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,
And bearing blows too; the rest I cou'd have suffer'd.
———Madam, I'll free the Prince!
But see, thee Moor returns.———
Leo. That Monster's Presence I must fly, as from a killing
Plague. [*Ex. with her Women.*

Enter Abdelazer *with* Zarrack, *and a Train of Moors.*

Ab. It is prodigious, that a single Man
Should with such Bravery defend his Life,
Amongst so many Swords;—but he is safe.
Osmin, I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,
And when I do, you ought to grant it me.
Osm. I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a Usage.
Abd. No more, I'm asham'd to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.
Osm. Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.
Abd. Yet *Osmin*, I shou'd chide your Negligence,
Since by it *Philip* lives still, and the Cardinal.
Osm. I had design'd it, Sir, this Evenings Sacrifice.
Abd. *Zarrack* shall now perform it———and instantly:
Alonzo too must bear 'em company.
Zar. I'll shew my Duty in my haste, my Lord. [*Ex.* Zar.
Osm. Death! I'm undone;—I'll after him, and kill him.
[*Offers to go.*
Abd. *Osmin*, I've business with you.— [*Osm. comes back bowing.*

As

As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio, *other Lords, and Women.*

Leon. Oh Prince! for Pity hear and grant my Suit. [*Kneels.*
Abd. When ſo much Beauty's proſtrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny——riſe, thou brighteſt Virgin
That ever Naturre made;
Riſe, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour!
Leon. No, let me hang for ever on your Knees,
Unleſs you'll grant *Alonzo* Liberty.
Abd. Riſe, I will grant it; though *Alonzo*, Madam,
Betray'd that Truſt I had repos'd in him.
Leon. I know there's ſome Miſtake; let me negotiate
Between my Brother, and the gallant Moor.
I cannot force your Guards,
There is no Danger in a Woman's Arm.
Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt 'em more,
Than all the Treaſures of the Eaſtern Kings.
Yet, Madam, here I do reſign my Power,
Act as you pleaſe, diſmiſs *Alonzo*'s Chains.
And ſince you are ſo generous, to deſpiſe
This Crown, which I have given you,
Philip ſhall owe his Greatneſs to your Bounty,
And whilſt he makes me ſafe, ſhall rule in *Spain*.
——*Oſmin*—— [*Whiſpers.*
Ord. And will you truſt him, Madam!
Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.
Oſm. It ſhall be done——
Abd. Go, *Oſmin*, wait upon the Queen——
And when ſhe is confin'd, I'll viſit her,
Where if ſhe yield, ſhe reigns; if not, ſhe dies. [*Aſide.*
[*Ex.* Abd. *one way,* Leon. Oſm. *and the reſt another.*

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Diſcovers Philip *chain'd to a Poſt, and over againſt him the* Cardinal *and* Alonzo *in Chains.*

Phil. Oh all ye cruel Powers! is't not enough
I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour!
Have my bright Name ſtol'n from me, with my Crown!
Diveſted of all Power! all Liberty!
And here am chain'd, like the ſad *Andromede*,

To

To wait Deſtruction from the dreadful Monſter!
Is not all this enough without being damn'd,
To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view!
If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd
On the officious and accurſed Lights,
For guiding ſo much torment to my Soul.

Card. My much wrong'd Prince! you need not wiſh to kill
By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
With my too credulous, ſhameful paſt miſdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery;——
Nay, and it ſhou'd forget all other Language,
But Traytor! Cardinal, which I wou'd repeat,
Till I had made my ſelf as raging mad,
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up;
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing of Object from your Eyes.

Phil. Oh *Alonzo*, to add to my Diſtraction,
Muſt I find thee a ſharer in my Fate!

Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.——
But, Sir, my Princeſs
Has here—— a more than equal claim to Grief;
And fear for her dear Safety, will deprive me
Of this poor Life, that ſhou'd have been your Sacrifice.

Enter Zarrack *with a Dagger*; *gazes on* Philip.

Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome! quickly free my Soul!
And I will kiſs the ſooty Hand that wounds me.

Zar. Oh, I ſee you can be humble.

Phil. Humble! I'll be as gentle as a Love-ſick Youth;
When his dear Conqu'reſs ſighs a hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me———Pity me, and kill me.

Zar. I hope to ſee your own Hand do that Office.

Phil. Oh thou wert brave indeed,
If thou woud'ſt lend me but the uſe of one.

Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.

Phil. By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or ſtrike my pointed Fingers through my Breaſt.

Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand:

Enter Oſmin.

Phil. *Oſmin!* ſure thou wilt be ſo kind to kill me!
Thou hadſt a Soul was Humane.

Oſm. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King. [*Unbinds him.*

Phil. What mean'ſt thou?

Oſm. To ſet you free my Prince!

Phil

Phil. Thou art ſome Angel ſure, in that dark Cloud.
Zar. What mean'ſt thou, Traytor!
Oſm. Wait till your Eyes inform you.
Card. Good Gods! what mean'ſt thou!
Oſm. Sir, Arm your Hand with this.
[*Gives* Phil. *a Sword. goes to undo* Alonzo.
Zar. Thout art half damn'd for this!
I'll to my Prince!———
Phil. I'll ſtop you on your way—lie there—your Tongue
[*Kills him.*
Shall tell no Tales to day—Now Cardinal—but hold,
I ſcorn to ſtrike thee whilſt thou art unarm'd,
Yet ſo thou didſt to me;
For which I have not leiſure now to kill thee.
——Here, take thy liberty;———nay, do not thank me,
By Heaven, I do not mean it as a Grace.
Oſm. My Lord, take this——— [*To* Alon. *and the* Card.
And this——to arm your Highneſs.
Alon. Thou doſt amaze me!
Oſm. Keep in your Wonder with yoor Doubts, my Lord.
Phil. We cannot doubt, whilſt we're thus fortify'd———
[*Looks on his Sword.*
Come *Oſmin*, let us fall upon the Guards.
Oſm. There are no Guards, Great Sir, but what are yours;
And ſee———your Friends I've brought to ſerve ye too.
[*Opens a back Door.*

Enter Leonora *and Women*, Ordonio, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *&c.*

Phil. My deareſt Siſter ſafe!
Leo. Whilſt in your Preſence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.
Oſm. The Moor approaches,———now be ready all.
Phil. That Name I never heard with Joy till now;
Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,
Thus ſingly I defie him. [*Draws.*

Enter Abdelazer.

[Oſmin *ſecures the Doors.*
Abd. Hah! betray'd! and by my Slaves! by *Oſmin* too!
Phil. Now thou damn'd Villain! true born Soul of Hell!
Not one of thy Infernal Kin ſhall ſave thee.
Abd. Baſe Coward, Prince!
Whom the admiring World miſtakes for Brave;
When all thy boaſted Valour, fierce and hot
As was thy Mother in her height of Luſt,
Can with the aid of all theſe——treacherous Swords,
Take but a ſingle Life!——but ſuch a Life;
As amongſt all their Store the envying Gods

Has

Has not another ſuch to breathe in Man.
Phil. Vaunt on thou monſtrous Inſtrument of Hell!
For I'm ſo pleas'd to have thee in my Power,
That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,
And yet be calm, whilſt thou art near Damnation.
Abd. Thou ly'ſt, thou canſt not keep thy Temper in;
For hadſt thou ſo much Bravery of Mind,
Thou'dſt fight me ſingly; which thou dar'ſt not do.
Phil. Not dare!
By Heaven, if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy weight of Sins about me,
I durſt thus venture on;——forbear, *Alonzo*.
Alon. I will not, Sir.
Phil. I was indeed too raſh; 'tis ſuch a Villain,
As ſhou'd receive his Death from nought but Slaves.
Abd. Thou'ſt Reaſon, Prince! nor can they wound my Body,
More than I've done thy Fame; for my firſt ſtep
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.
Phil. Death! though this I knew before, yet the hard Word
Runs harſhly through my Heart;——
If thou hadſt murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,
And with inglorious Chains as many Years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal Stain upon thy Name:
—Oh thou haſt breath'd thy worſt of Venom now.
Abd. My next advance, was poiſoning of thy Father.
Phil. My Father poiſon'd! and by thee! thou Dog.
Oh that thou hadſt a thouſand Lives to loſe,
Or that the World depended on thy ſingle one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghoſt.——
But ſtay, there's ſomething of thy Count of Sins untold,
That I muſt know; not that I doubt by Heaven,
That I am *Philip*'s Son.——
Abd. Not for thy Eaſe, but to declare my Malice,
Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother
Proclaim thee Baſtard, when I miſs'd of killing thee.
Phil. Gods! let me contain my Rage!
Abd. I made her too, betray the credulous Cardinal,
And having then no farther uſe of her,
Satiated with her Luſt,
I ſet *Roderigo* on to murder her.
Thy Death had next ſucceeded; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora*'s Feet.
Alon. How! durſt you love the Princeſs!
Abd. Fool, durſt! had I been born a Slave,

I durſt

I durſt with this ſame Soul do any thing:
Yes! and the laſt Senſe that will remain about me,
Will be my Paſſion for the charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now, but for thy Treachery. [*To* Oſmin.
Phil. Deflowr'd my Siſter! Heaven puniſh me eternally,
If thou out-liv'ſt the minute thou'ſt declar'd it.
Abd. I will, in ſpight of all that thou canſt do.
—Stand off, Fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dſt be ſafe,
And do not draw thy certain Ruine on,
Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.
Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I contemn thee now.
Abd. As humble Huntſmen do the generous Lion;
Now thou dar'ſt ſee me laſh my Sides, and roar,
And bite my Snare in vain; who with one look,
(Had I been free) hadſt ſhrunk into the Earth,
For ſhelter from my Rage:
And like that noble Beaſt, though thus betray'd,
I've yet an awful fierceneſs in my Looks,
Which makes thee fear t' approach; and 'tis at diſtance
That thou dar'ſt kill me; for come but in my reach,
And with one graſp, I wou'd confound thy hopes.
Phil. I'll let thee ſee how vain thy Boaſtings are,
And unaſſiſted by one ſingle Rage,
Thus———make an eaſie Paſſage to my Heart.
[*Runs on him, all the reſt do the like in the ſame minute.*
Abd. *aims at the Prince, and kills* Oſmin,
and falls dead himſelf.
———Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten.———
[*Shout within.*
Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you now;
Your People rude with Joy, do fill each Street,
And long to ſee their King,—whom Heaven preſerve. [*Kneels.*
All. Long live *Philip*, King of *Spain* ———
Phil. I thank ye all;———and now my dear *Alonzo*,
Receive the Recompence of all thy Sufferings,
Whilſt *I* create the Duke of *Salamancha*.
Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands. [*Kneels.*
Leo. Riſe, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.
Card. And ſhall this joyful Day, that has reſtor'd you
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,
That has reſtor'd all *Spain* the greateſt Treaſure
That ever happy Monarchy poſſeſs'd,
Leave only me unhappy? when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith;———thus low *I* fall,
And from that ſtore of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd diſpenſe a little here.

Phil.

Phil. Riſe, (though with much ado) I will forgive you.
Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious buſineſs,
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haſte,
For here methinks we are in danger ſtill.
Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the diſtant wiſh'd-for Shoar afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Veſſel in,
Fearing to truſt the faithleſs Seas again.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by little Mrs. *Ariell.*

With late Succeſs being bleſt, I'm come again;
You ſee what Kindneſs can do, Gentlemen,
Which when once ſhewn, Our Sex cannot refrain.
Yet ſpight of ſuch a Cenſure I'll proceed,
And for our Poeteſs will intercede:
Before, a Poet's wheadling Words prevail'd,
Whoſe melting Speech my tender Heart aſſail'd,
And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cauſe maintain'd;
So by my means the Fop Applauſes gain'd.
'Twas wiſely done to chuſe m' his Advocate,
Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate,
For what I lik'd, I thought you could not hate.
Reſpect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
Though I confeſs he did my Paſſion try,
And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
But now not Pity, but my Sexes Cauſe
Whoſe Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
Sould now Command, being joyn'd with Wit, Applauſe.
Yet ſince our Beauty's Power's not abſolute,
She'll not the Privilege of our Sex diſpute,
But does by me ſubmit.——Yet ſince you've been
For my ſake kind, repeat it once agen.
Your Kindneſs, Gallants, I ſhall ſoon repay,
If you'll but favour my Deſign to Day:
Your laſt Applauſes, like refreſhing Show'rs,
Made me ſpring up and bud like early Flow'rs;
Since then I'm grown at leaſt an Inch in height,
And ſhall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.

Written by a Friend.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

BEauty, like Wit, can only charm when new;
Is there no merit then in being true?
Wit rather ſhou'd an Eſtimation hold
With Wine, which is ſtill beſt for being old.
Judgment in both, with vaſt Expence and Thought,
You from their native Soil, from Paris *brought,*
The Drops that from that ſacred Sodom fall,
You like induſtrious Spiders ſuck up all.
Well might the French a Conqueſt here deſign,
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worſe than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.
We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monſters too;
And will, becauſe we judge of them by you.
You'll ſay, this once was ſo, but now you're grown
So wiſe t'invent new Follies of your own:
Their ſlaviſh Imitations you diſdain;
A Pox of Fops that purchaſe Fame with Pain:
You're no ſuch Fools as firſt to mount a Wall,
Or for your King and Country venture all.
With ſuch like grinning Honour, 'twas perchance,
Your dull Forefathers firſt did conquer France
Whilſt they have ſent us in Revenge for theſe,
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Diſeaſe.
Yet for Religion, its not much will down,
In this ungirt, unbleſt, and mutinous Town.
May, I dare ſwear, not one of you in Seven,
E're had the Impudence to hope for Heaven.
In this you're modeſt———
But as to Wit, moſt aim before their time,
And he that cannot ſpell, ſets up for Rhime:
They're Sparks who are of Noiſe and Nonſence full,
At Fifteen witty, and at Twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,
And briskly draw Bamboo inſtead of Swords:
But never yet Rancounter cou'd compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;
Fierce was the Heroe, and too brave to yield.
But ſtouteſt Hearts muſt bow; and being well can'd,
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.
All laughing call———
Turn out the Raſcal, the eternal Blockhead.

PROLOGUE.

——Sounds, crys Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange coſt;
Equip me that, do you the Conqueſt boaſt.
For which to be at eaſe, a Gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.
—This is the Fruits of Idleneſs and Eaſe.
Heaven bleſs the King that keeps the Land in Peace,
Or he'll be ſweetly ſerv'd by ſuch as theſe.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DACIANS.

Queen	Of *Dacia.*
Orſames	Her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Caſtle on a Lake, ignorant of his Quality, and of all the World beſides; never having ſeen any humane thing ſave only his old Tutor.
Cleomena	His Siſter, bred up in War, and deſign'd to reign inſtead of *Orſames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties ſhould be committed during his ſhort Reign, if ever ſuffered to wear the Crown.
Honorius	General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orſames* and *Cleomena.*
Olympia	His Daughter, young and beautiful.
Iſmenes and *Artabazes*	Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena.*
Pinnante	A Fop-Courtier.
Arates	A Courtier.
Semiris	Woman to *Cleomena.*
Vallentio	A Colonel of the Army.
	Pages and Attendants.

SCYTHIANS.

King	Of *Scythia.*
Therſander	His Son, under the Name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* ſide.
Amintas	A young Nobleman, belov'd by *Therſander*, and Lover of *Urania.*
Lyſander	Page to *Therſander.*
Urania	In love with *Amintas.*
Lyces	A Shepherdreſs,
	Soldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies juſt before the Town.

THE

THE YOUNG KING: OR, *The Miſtake.*

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Grove near the Camp.*

Enter Pimante *alone with Letters.*

GOne! Well, I have never the ill Luck, I thank my Stars to meet with any of theſe mighty Men of Valour. ——*Vallentio!* Noble Colonel.

Enter Vallentio.

Val. Pimante! Whe, what the Devil brought thee to the Camp?

Pim. Affairs, affairs——

Vall. They muſt be wondrous preſſing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's paſt, and all the Noiſe over; every Man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no ſtirring——But what's thy buſineſs here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that ſame mighty Man of Proweſs——what d'ye call him?

Vall. The brave *Clemanthis?*

Pim. The ſame——But Colonel, is he indeed ſo very terrible a thing as Fame gives out——But ſhe was ever a notable Wag at Hiſtory.

Vall. How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any thing ſo terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant Man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee ſhrink into thy ſelf?

Pim. Lord, Colonel, why ſo hot? 'Tis the curſedſt thing in

the World to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a Man? I speak by way of Queſtion.

Vall. Oh! how ſoft and wanton I could grow in the Deſcription I could make of him———

He merits all in Peace as well as War:
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
As thoſe of's Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well ſaid, i'faith, Colonel; but if he be ſo fine a Man, why did you not keep him here amongſt you to do Execution on the *Scythians?* for I think e're long you'll give 'em Battle.

Vall. The General, whoſe noble Life he ſav'd,
Us'd all his Intereſt with him, but in vain:
He neither could oblige his ſtay i'th' Camp,
Nor get him to the Court. Oh! were his Quality
But like his Actions great, he were a Man
To merit *Cleomena*,
Whoſe Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
I reverence.
But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women;
It foretells the Downfall of the nobleſt Trade, War.
Give me a Man to lead me on to Dangers,
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orſames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treaſon but to name *Orſames*, much more to wiſh he were as King.

Vall. Not wiſh he were! by all thoſe Gods I will,
Who did conſpire againſt him in their Oracles.
Not wiſh him King! yes, and may live to ſee it.

Pim. What ſhould we do with ſuch a King? The Gods foretell he ſhall be fierce and bloody, a Raviſher, a Tyrant o're his People; his Reign but ſhort, and ſo unfit for Reign.

Vall. The Gods! I'll not truſt 'em for a Days Pay——— let them but give one a taſte of his Reign, though but an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Beſides, he is very ill-bred for a King; he knows nothing of the World, cannot dreſs himſelf, not ſing, nor dance, or play on any Muſick; ne're ſaw a Woman, nor knows how to make uſe of one if he had her. There's an old fuſty Philoſopher that inſtructs him; but 'tis in nothing ever that ſhall make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his Natural Reaſon's Sin———But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philoſophy, but grows as ſullen as if you'd the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

Vall. Thou tell'ſt me Heavenly News; a King, a King again! Oh for a mutinous Rabble, that would break the Priſon-Walls, and ſet *Orſames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There

Pim. There is a Diſcourſe at Court, that the Queen deſigns to bring him out, and try how he would behave himſelf: But I'm none of that Counſel, ſhe's like to make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the Virago her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would ſwear were no Woman, ſhe's ſo given to Noiſe and Fighting.

Vall. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a Child, and then ſhe naturally hated *Scythia*.

Pim. Nay, ſhe's in that mind ſtill; and the ſuperſtitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*——

Vall. Yes, that was the Promiſe of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman. Ah how ſhe loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver; and though ſhe be no natural *Amazon*, ſhe's capable of all their martial Foppe-ries——But hark; what Noiſe is that? [*Song within.*

Vall. 'Tis what we do not uſe to hear——Stand by.

SONG.

(1.)

DAmon, I cannot blame your Will,
'Twas Chance, and not Deſign, did kill;
For whilſt you did prepare your Arms
On purpoſe Celia *to ſubdue,*
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And ſav'd her from their Harms.

(2.)

Alas, ſhe could not make returns,
Who for a Swain already burns;
A Shepherd who does her careſs
With all the ſofteſt Marks of Love,
And 'tis in vain thou ſeek'ſt to move
The cruel Shepherdeſs.

(3.)

Content thee with this Victory,
I'm Young and Beautiful as ſhe;
I'll make thee Garlands all the Day,
And in the Shades we'll ſit and ſing;
I'll crown thee with the Pride o'th' Spring,
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter Urania *dreſs'd gay,* Lyces *a Shepherdeſs.*

Ly. Still as I ſing you ſigh.

Uran. I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns
The Ecchoes of theſe ſhady Groves repeat,
But I muſt find ſome Softneſs at my Heart,

——Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born. [*Sighs.*

Ly. You ſigh again: ſuch things become none but unhappy Maids that are forſaken; your Beauty is too great to ſuffer that.

Ura. No Beauty's proof againſt falſe perjur'd Man.

Ly. Is't poſſible you can have loſt your Love?

Ura. Yes pretty Maid, canſt tell me any tidings of him?

Ly. I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him?

Ura. Why by theſe——a tempting Face and Shape:
A Tongue bewitching, ſoft, and Breath as ſweet
As is the welcome Breeze that does reſtore
Life to Man half kill'd with heat before:
But has a Heart as falſe as Seas in Calms,
Smiles firſt to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

Ly. Oh fair *Urania!* there are many more
So like your Love, if ſuch a one he be,
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he:
'Tis grown the faſhion now to be forſworn;
Oaths are like Garlands made of fineſt Flowers,
Wither as ſoon as finiſh'd;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Miſtreſſes aſide like Ribbons
Which they themſelves have ſullied.

Pim. Gad *I'll* venture in——

Val. Fair Women, and ſo near the Camp!
What are ye, and from whence;

Pim. Ha! 'tis no matter for that; ask no Queſtions, but fall to. [*Goes to* Lyces.

Ura. I'm not aſham'd to tell the one or t'other;
I am a Maid, and one of the gentle Birth,
A *Scythian* born, an Enemy to thee,
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia.*

Val. What Sin have I committed, that ſo fair a Creature ſhould become my Enemy? but ſince you are ſo, you muſt be my Priſoner, unleſs your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a Woman Priſoner! I hope you are a finer Gentleman than ſo.

Val. But Madam, do not fear, for I will uſe you
As well as ſuch a Man as I can do.

Ura. Though thou be'ſt rough, thou haſt a noble look,
And I believe my Treatment will be gentle.

Val. Fair Maid, this Confidence is brave in thee;
And though *I* am not us'd to make returns,
Unleſs in Thunder on my Enemies,
Yet name the way, and I will ſtrive to ſerve you.

Ura. Then, Sir, I beg not you would ſet me free,

Nor

Nor yet retain me here a Priſoner;
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Caſtle on the Lake,
Where young *Amintas* lies, the ſpoil of War.
Val. Amintas, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains;
But I could wiſh (ſince I have vow'd to ſerve you)
You would command me ſomething
Worthy your Beauty and of that Reſolution.
Ura. There is no other way to do me ſervice.
Val. Then moſt willingly I will obey you.
Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.
Val. All your Commands ſhall ſtrickly be obey'd.
Pim. Pox on her, ſhe's Coy, and let her go. Well Colonel,
I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.
Ura. Here——take this Jewel as a part of payment,
For all thy goodneſs to an unknown Maid. [*To* Lyces.
And if by chance I ever ſee thee more,
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the ſcore. [*Ex.* Lyces *weeping.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove of Trees.*

Within the Scene lies Therſander *ſleeping, his Cap and Feather at a diſtance from him.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like an* Amazon, *with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her Back, with* Semiris *attired like her.*

Cleo. I'm almoſt tir'd with holding out the Chaſe.
Sem. That's ſtrange! methought your Highneſs followed not
So faſt to Day as I have ſeen you heretofore.
Cleo. I do not uſe to leave the Game unvanquiſh'd,
Yet now by what ſtrange inclination led
I know not,
The Sport growing dull, *I* wiſh to meet a place
Far from the noiſe and buſineſs of the Day:
Haſt thou ty'd faſt my Horſes?
Sem. Madam, *I* have.
Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris?*
Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleaſant!
Cleo. How much more charming are the Works of Nature
Than the Productions of laborious Art!
Securely here the wearid Shepherd ſleeps,
Guiltleſs of any fear, but the diſdain
His cruel Fair procures him;
How many Tales the Ecchoes of theſe Woods
Cou'd tell of Lovers, if they would betray,

That

That ſteal delightful hours beneath their Shades!
Sem. You'd rather hear 'em eccho back the ſound
Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noiſe of War.
Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,
That couzening form that veils the Face of Nature,
But does not ſee what's hid within, *Semiris:*
I have an Heart all ſoft as thine, all Woman,
Apt to melt down at every tender Object;
—Oh *Semiris!* there's a ſtrange change within me.
Sem. How, Madam!
Cleo. *I* would thou knew'ſt it;
Till now I durſt do any thing—but fear,
Yet now *I* tremble with the thoughts of telling thee
What none but thou muſt know—*I* am in love.
Sem. Why do you bluſh my Princeſs, 'tis no ſin;
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious Object?
Cleo. Why? canſt thou not gueſs then?
Sem. How is it poſſible *I* ſhould?
Cleo. Oh Gods! not gueſs the Man,
Or, rather think ſome God! Dull ſtupid Maid,
Haſt thou not heard of ſomething more than mortal?
'Twixt Humane and Divine! our Countries Genius,
Our young God of War! not heard of him!
Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabaces*, or *Iſmenes*?
Cleo. Away, thou anger'ſt me.
Sem. Pardon me, Madam,
It can be none at Court, if none of theſe;
And all beſides are much below that Glory.
Cleo. What call'ſt thou much below, miſtaken thing;
Can a gay Name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?
Can it gain Conqueſt, or in Feilds or Courts?
No, nor defend its own fantaſtick Owner.
———Come gueſs again.
Sem. *I* can gueſs no further than a Man, and that I'm ſure he is.
Cleo. *I* know not———
For yet *I* never ſaw him, but in's Character,
Unleſs ſometimes in Dreams.
Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?
Perhaps his Perſon may not be agreeable;
The beſt in Camps are not the beſt in Courts.
Cleo. So brave a mind muſt have as brave an outſide.
My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing, but Wonders of his Worth and Valour,
And 'tis impoſſible but ſuch a Man
Muſt merit Love as well as Admiration.

Sem.

Sem. Does he not come to Court?

Cleo. The Queen has made him many Invitations;
But he, for ſome unknown, and cruel Cauſe,
Humbly implores her Pardon for refuſing,
Nor can the General learn his Quality;
But like his Deeds, believes it muſt be great.

Sem. 'Tis moſt likely; but I ſhould never fall in love with Fame alone

Cleo. I hope it is not Love——but ſtrange Curioſity
To ſee this brave Unknown——and yet *I* fear——
I've hid this new impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;
And ſtrove by all my lov'd Diverſiſements,
To chaſe it from my Boſom, but in vain!
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer,
The Muſick of the Dogs diſpleas'd to day,
And *I* was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my Story:
And this lone Shade, as if deſign'd for Love,
Is fitteſt to be conſcious of my Crime;
——Therefore go ſeek a Bank where we may ſit;
And *I* will ſigh whilſt thou ſhalt pity me.

[*Stands with her Arms acroſs.*

Sem. See, Madam, what I've found!

[Sem. *looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.*

Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And muſt belong to no uncommon Man:
—And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies——
—Ha! he ſleeps, tread ſoftly leaſt you wake him:
—Oh Gods! who's this with ſo divine a Shape?

Sem. His Shape is very well.

Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his Face,

[Sem. *puts back his Hair.*

And ſee if that will anſwer to the reſt:
—All lovely! all ſurprizing! oh my Heart,
How thou betray'ſt the weakneſs of our Sex!
——Look on that Face, where Love and Beauty dwells—
And though his Eyes be ſhut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wondrous Charms?

Sem. Yes, Madam, and *I* wou'd excuſe you, if you ſhou'd now fall in Love, here's Subſtance; but that ſame Paſſion for Fame alone, *I* do not like.

Cleo. Ah, do nor call my Bluſhes to my Face,
But pardon all my weakneſs:
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?
Since after this there's not another Object

Can

Can merit their Attention———
—But I'll no longer view that pleasing form—[*Turns from him.*
—And yet I've lost all power of removing———
[*Turns and gazes.*
Even now *I* was in love with meer Report,
With Words, with empty Noise;
And now that Flame, like to the breath that blew it,
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of
Informs my Soul; how easily 'tis conquer'd!
How angry am *I* with my Destiny!
Till now, with much disdain *I* have beheld——
The rest of all his Sex, and shall *I* here
Resign a Heart to one *I* must not love!
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia*?
For *I* must lay no claim to any other:
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,
That him for whom ye have design'd your *Slave*,
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the Bounty;
——But these are vain imaginary Joys.
[Therſander *wakes, rises, and gazes.*
Ther.———Am *I* awake, or do my Dreams present me
Idea's much more bright and conquering,
Than e're approach my waking *Sense* by far?
———Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,
That Beauty and that Dress confirm me 'tis; [*Kneels.*
———Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky *Stranger*,
The Errours he commits 'gainst your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had Sacred been,
He wou'd not have prophan'd it by his Presence.
Cleo. Rise, *Sir*, *I* am no Deity,
Or if *I* were, *I* cou'd not be offended [*Rises.*
To meet so brave a Man——Gods, how he looks!
Ther. Can you be mortal!
What happy Land contains you? or what Men
Are worthy to adore you?
Cleo. *I* find you are a *Stranger* to this place,
You else had known me to be *Cleomena*.
Ther. The Princess *Cleomena*! my mortal Enemy! [*Aside.*
Cleo. You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my Name;
But, give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Wou'd have another *Sense*.
Ther. The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd me;
[*Kneels.*
But, Madam, *I* had sooner took you for

The

The Sovereign of the World than that of *Dacia*;
Nor ought you to expect leſs Adoration
From all that World, than thoſe who are born your Slaves;
———And amongſt thoſe devout ones number him,
Whoſe happy Fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll eſteem himſelf more fortunate,
If by that little ſervice he had rendred you,
Clemanthis Name have ever reach'd your Ear.

Cleo. Clemanthis! what cou'd the Gods do more, [*Aſide.*
To make me ever bleſs'd!——Riſe noble Youth— [*Raiſes him.*
Cou'dſt thou ſalute me Miſtreſs of the World,
Or bring me news of Conqueſt over *Scythia*,
It wou'd not reach ſo kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illuſtrious Name of thine.
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;
And I'm the moſt oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, ſure you wou'd not doubt,
If to thoſe Favours you've already done us,
You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

Ther. To th' Court! to th' utmoſt Bounds of all the Univerſe.
At your Command, through Dangers worſe than Death,
I'd flie with haſty Joy———
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius*.

Ther. The General here ſo ſoon! [*Aſide.*

Enter Honorius, Iſmenes, *Women and Huntſmen.*

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle. [Hon. *kiſſes* Cleo.'s *Hand.*

Hon. Madam, I heard the Noiſe of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highneſs was abroad to Day!
Following the Cry, it brought me to this Company
Who were in ſearch for you, and 'twas my Duty to attend them,
———My Gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!
This was above my hopes; let me embrace thee,——
And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the preſence
Of my fair Niece, who muſt prevail upon you,
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat let her command.

Ther. Where Duty and and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no Invitation.

Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

Iſm. Sir, is this the Man to whom all *Dacia* is ſo much oblig'd?

Hon. This is that gallant Man whoſe ſingle Valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*,
Who kill'd their King, and ſcatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble Strength (which Age and Wars,
Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint,

He

He like *Æneas*, bore my aged Limbs
Through all the Fiery Dangers of the Battle.
Therſ. Too much you've ſaid to my Advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their Glory.
Iſm. Rank me amongſt your Captives; for I find
Whether you fight, or not, you muſt be Victor [*Embraces* Therſ.
Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante; Vall. *kneels, and delivers* Urania *to the Princeſs.*
Cleo. What new Encounter's this?
Vall. I need not ask where *I* ſhall pay my Duty:
My wonder will direct me to your Feet.
Cleo. Who knows the Man that makes me ſuch a preſent?
Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant Fellow;
But that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as he'as veiw'd 'em through their batter'd Walls,
And after join'd 'em to your Territories.
Cleo. Riſe high in her Eſteem that loves a Soldier. [*He riſes.*
Vall. I need ſay nothing for my Priſoner, Madam,
Whoſe Looks will reccommend her: only this,
It was againſt my Will I made her ſo,
Who ne're refus'd till then to take your Enemies.
Therſ. It is *Urania*, ſhe'll know me, and betray me. [*Aſide.*
Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?
Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.
Pim. Aye, Madam, we took her, we took her.
Cleo. So fair an one muſt merit my Eſteem:
I hope there are not many ſuch fine Creatures
Brought into the Camp againſt us; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.
——Thy Name and Buſineſs here?
Ura. Urania, Madam——
My Story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I ſhould relate it here.
—But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my Doom,
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made:
Your Pity, not your Anger I ſhall move,
When I confeſs my Fault is only Love:
Love to a Youth who never knew till now
How to ſubmit, nor cou'd to ought but you:
—His Libery for Ranſom you deny;
I dare not ſay that this is Cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him, with whom I muſt not live.

Therſ.

Therſ. Excellent Maid! what generoſity her Love has taught her! [*Aſide.*

Cleo. That you Eſteem me cruel, is unkind,
But Faults of Lovers muſt forgiveneſs find:
Amintas Chains had far more eaſie been,
Had he been leſs a Favourite to his King;
——But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I would not render them.

Ura. Madam, this bounty wou'd exceed Belief,
But you too generous are to mock my Grief:
And when you ſhall m' unhappy Story learn,
'Twill juſtifie my Tears, and your Concern.

Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it muſt be ſo.

Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia!*
I[illegible] could be miſtaken in that form,
[illegible]te my Eyes for thus deluding me:
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aſide.*

Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us:
—You my fair Priſoner muſt along with me: [*Takes her Hand.*
—Thy Hand, *Clemanthis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle,
[*Takes him with the other Hand.*
——What *Scythian* that behlods me thus attended,
Would not repine at my Felicity,
Having ſo brave a Friend, ſo fair an Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Caſtle or Priſon on the Sea.*

After a little playing on the Lute——

Enter Orſames *with his Arms cloſs, looking melancholy, follow'd by* Geron *with a Lute in his Hand.*

Orſ. I Do not like this Muſick;
It pleaſes me at firſt,
But every touch thou giv'ſt that is ſoft and low
Makes ſuch Impreſſions here,
As puzzles me beyond Philoſophy
To find the meaning of;
Begets ſtrange Notions of I know not what,
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
That does diſturb my Quietneſs within.

Ger.

Ger. You were not wont to think ſo.
Orſ. 'Tis true—— ——
But ſince with time grows ripe and vigorous,
And will be active, though but ill employ'd.
———*Geron*, thou'ſt often told me,
That this ſame admirable Frame of Nature,
This Order and this Harmony of things,
Was worthy admiration,
———And yet thou ſay'ſt all Men are like to us,
Poor, inſignificant Philoſophers.
I, to my ſelf could an Idea frame
Of Man, in much more excellence.
Had I been Nature, I had varied ſtill,
And made ſuch different Characters of Men,
They ſhould have bow'd and made a God of me,
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation:
——Now, tell me, who's indebted to her Bounties?
Whoſe needleſs Bleſſings we deſpiſe, not praiſe.
Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been Nature?
Orſ. Some Men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With Thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man;
I wou'd have made 'em—as—thou paint'ſt the Gods.
Ger. What to have done?
Orſ. To have had Dominion o'er the leſſer World,
A ſort of Men with low ſubmiſſive Souls,
That barely ſhou'd content themſelves with Life,
And ſhould have had the Infirmities of Men,
As fear, and awe, as thou haſt of the Gods;
And thoſe I wou'd have made as numberleſs
As Curls upon the Face of yonder Sea,
Of which each Blaſt drives Millions to the Shoar,
Which vaniſhing, make room for Millions more.
Ger. But what if theſe, ſo numerous, though ſo humble,
Refuſe Obedience to the mighty few?
Orſ. I would deſtroy them, and create anew.
——Haſt not obſerv'd the Sea?
Where every Wave that haſtens to the Bank
Though in its angry Courſe it overtake a thouſand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their Ruin,
And make an eaſy Paſſage to the Shoar———
Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiſs,
And then 'twill break to nothing.
Orſ. Why, thou and I, though tame and peaceable
Are mortal, and muſt unregarded fall;
—Oh that thought! that damn'd reſiſtleſs thought!
Methinks it haſtens Fate before its time,

And

And makes me wiſh for what I fain wou'd ſhun.
Ger. Appeaſe your ſelf with thoughts of future Bliſs.
Orſ. Future Bliſs! the Dreams of lazy Fools;
Why did my Soul take Habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth!
Why did it not take Wing in its Creation,
And ſoar above the hated Bounds of this?
What does it lingring here?
Ger. To make it ſelf fit for that glorious end
'Twas firſt deſign'd for,——
By patient ſuffering here.
Orſ. But *Geron*, ſtill to live! ſtill thus to live
In expectation of that future Bliſs,
(Though I believ'd it) is a ſort of Vertue
I find the Gods have not inſpir'd me with.
Ger. Philoſophy will teach you, Sir,——
Orſ. Not to be wiſe, or happy——
I'll hear no more of your Philoſophy.
—Leave me—For I, of late deſire to be without thee.
Ger. This Diſobedience, Sir, offends the Gods—
Orſ. Let 'em do their worſt,
For I am weary of the Life they gave.
Ger. He grows too wiſe to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withſtand his Reaſons—— [Ger. *goes out.*

[Orſ. *lies down on the Ground.*

Enter Urania, *and Keeper.*

Keeper. This Ring is ſufficient Warrant, and your Path on the right Hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas* —— but have a care you advance no further that way,—— [*Keeper* Exit.
Ura. What ſtrange Diſorder does poſſeſs my Soul!
And how my Blood runs ſhivering through my Veins,
As if, alas, 't had need of all its Aid,
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas*.
Orſ. Ha! what Noiſe is that? [*He rouzes.*
Ura. I heard a Voice that way——or elſe it was the fear
This gloomy place poſſeſſes all that enter it:
——Stay, I was forbad that Walk.
—Heavens! I have forgot which 'twas I ſhould have taken,
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas*, *Amintas*——
Orſ. What Voice is that?
Methought it had more ſweetneſs in't than *Geron*'s——
[*Riſes, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*
——Ha——what charming Thing art Thou?
Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas*——yet I ſhould not fear,
He looks above the common rate of Men.
——Sir, can you direct my way——

To find a Priſoner out they call *Amintas!*——
Orſ. ——Oh Gods! it ſpeaks, add ſmiles, and acts like me;
It is a Man, a wondrous lovely Man!
Whom Nature made to pleaſe me.
——Fair thing, pray ſpeak again:
Thy Voice has Muſick in't that does exceed
All *Geron*'s Lutes, pray bleſs my Ears again.
Ura. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Inſtruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas.*
Orſ. Bright Creature! ſure thou wert born i'th' upper World,
Thy Language is not what we practice here;
Speak on, thou Harmony to every Senſe,
Raviſh my Ear as well as Sight and Touch.
Ura. Surely he's mad —— nay, Sir, you muſt not touch me.
Orſ. Perhaps thou art ſome God deſcended hither,
[*Retires and bows.*
And cam'ſt to puniſh, not to bleſs thy Creatures;
Inſtruct me how to adore you ſo,
As to retain you here my Houſhold God,
And I and *Geron* ſtill will kneel and pray to you.
Ura. Alas, I am a Woman.
Orſ. A Woman! what's that?
Something more powerful than a Deity;
For ſure that Word awes me no leſs than t'other.
Ura. What can he mean—oh, *I* ſhall die with fear— [*Aſide.*
——Sir, *I* muſt leave you.
Orſ. Leave me! oh no, not for my future Being!
You needs muſt live with me, and I will love you;
I've many things that will invite you to't;
I have a Garden compaſs'd round with Sea,
Which every day ſhall ſend freſh Beauties forth,
To make thee Wreaths to crown thy ſofter Temples.
Geron ſhall deck his Altar up no more;
The gawdy Flowers ſhall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day——
What things are theſe, that riſe and fall ſo often?
[*Touches her Breaſts.*
Like Waves, blown gently up by ſwelling Winds;
Sure thou haſt other Wonders yet unſeen,
Which theſe gay things maliciouſly do hide.
Ura. Alas, *I* am undone, what ſhall *I* do?——
Orſ.—Nature, thy Conduct's wiſe! nor could thy Favours
Be giv'n to one more apprehenſive of 'em!
——Say, lovely Waman! for I am all on fire,
Impatient of delay,
Can you inſtruct me what I am to do? [*Sighs.*

Undreſs,

Undreſs, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

Ura. Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me Heaven! [*Aſide.*

Orſ. Why, I will hold thee———thus, between my Arms,
———I'll ſee thee ſleep, and wonder at thy form,
———Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,
——And ſomething more—but yet I know not what.

Ura. His whole Diſcourſe amazes me,
And has more Ignorance than Madneſs in't:
———But how ſhall I get free?

Orſ. Thou grow'ſt impatient too, come, let us in——
[*Goes to take her in, ſhe ſtrives to get free, he ſtruggles with her.*

Ura. Hold off, you are too rude.

Orſ. This is the prettieſt play I e'er was at,
But I ſhall gain the better.—[*Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.*

Ura. Help, help.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters.*

Amin. A Woman's Voice!——Villain, unhand the Lady.

Orſ. Ha! what new thing art thou?

Amin. One ſent from Heaven to puniſh Raviſhers.———
[*Snatches* Ura. *while* Orſ. *is gazing on him.*

Orſ. Thou'ſt call'd up an unwonted Paſſion in me,
And theſe be the effects on't.
[Orſ. *ſtrikes him; they ſtruggle and fall.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a Woman too!
We are undone—Madam, I pray retire—
[Ura. *goes into* Amin.*'s Apartment.*
For here's no ſafety for your Sex.

Ura. I galdly take your Counſel.

Orſ. What art thou?

Amin. That which I ſeem to be.

Orſ. Then thou'rt a God; for till I ſaw a Woman,
I never ſaw a thing ſo fine as thou:
And 'tis but juſt thou ſhould'ſt be more than Mortal,
That durſt command that Creature from my Arms.

Amin. It is the King ——— I know it by his Innocence, and Ignorance——— [*Aſide.*
—Riſe, I beſeech you, Sir, and pardon me.

Orſ. So I could live a Year with looking on thee;
—But where's the Creature call'd it ſelf a Woman?

Ger. What Woman, Sir?

Orſ. Ha! *Geron*, where's the Woman?

Ger. What do you mean, Sir?

Orſ. The Heavenly Woman! that was here but now.

Ger. I ſaw none ſuch, nor know I what you mean.

Orſ. Not what I mean? thou could'ſt not be ſo dull:
What is't that I have ſtrove for all this while?

Amin. I'll leave him too, my Preſence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment. [*Amin. Ex.*

Orſ. Go fetch the Woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee into the Sea.

Ger. I muſt delude him. [*Aſide.*

Orſ. Fly, why ſtay'ſt thou dully here? and bring the Woman.

Ger. Sure you are Frantick.

Orſ. I am ſo, and thou ſhalt feel the effect on't,
Unleſs thou render back that lovely Creature.

Ger. Oh! this is perfect madneſs, Sir, you are loſt;
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.

Orſ. No, there's a furious Tempeſt in my Soul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

Ger. Hear reaſon yet—no Humane Being can get entrance here;
Look round this Caſtle, and no other Object
Will meet your Eyes, but a watry Wilderneſs,
And diſtant and unhabitable Lands;
—What Airy Viſion has poſſeſs'd your Fancy?
For ſuch the Gods ſometimes afflict Men with.

Orſ. Ha! an Airy Viſion;—Oh but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Fleſh and Blood.

Ger. And are you ſure you are awake?

Orſ. As thou art now.

Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.

Orſ. Away——thou'ſt often told me of ſuch Fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.

Ger. From whence, or how ſhould any living thing get hither?

Orſ. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how, I know not;
But here it was, a ſolid living thing;
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.

Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you ſtruggling on the ground alone;
But what you meant I know not.

Orſ. —'Tis ſo—I grant you that it was a Viſion——
—How ſtrong is Fancy!——yet——it is impoſſible——
Have I not yet the Muſick of its Words?
Like anſwering Ecchoes leſs'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding Senſe to follow;
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in——
Undreſt from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)
The ſweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Beſides the unerring Witneſs of my Eyes?
And can all theſe deceive me? tell me, can they?

Ger. Moſt certainly they have.

Orſ. Then

Orſ. Then let the Gods take back what they ſo vainly gave.
Ger. Ceaſe to offend, and they will ceaſe to puniſh.
Orſ. But why a Woman? cou'd they ſecure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?
Ger. Shapes Divine are moſt perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom Terrours cannot fright,
It leaves deſires of what it cannot gain,
And ſtill to wiſh for that———
Is much the greateſt torment of the Mind.
Orſ. Well ſaid,——but *Geron*, thou'ſt undone thy Aim,
And us'd the only Argument cou'd invite me
T' offend again, that thus I might be puniſh'd:
The Gods themſelves invite me to the Sin!
Not ſee'ng a Woman, I ne'er had bin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters with* Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid! this Generoſity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my Merit,
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,
Thou didſt outdo thy Sex before in Beauty,
In all the Charms that makes 'em ſo ador'd;
But this laſt Act, this noble Mark of Love,
Begets a reverend Wonder in my Soul,
And I beheld thee as ſome ſacred thing,
That—this way ſhould be worſhipp'd——
[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*
Ura. I'm glad you have ſo kind a Senſe of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me wou'd do;
What cou'd you leſs expect—ah my *Amintas*,
That fatal Night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were ſent to try your Force with theirs;
My Heart foretold your Fate; and that ſame Night,
Whoſe darkneſs vail'd my Bluſhes all alone,
Dreſt liſte a Youth I haſted from the Court,
And being well mounted, ſoon o'ertook the Army,
When all unknown, I got ſo near your Perſon,
That in the Fight I had the Glory twice,
To ſerve you, when your Horſes being kill'd,
I ſtill preſented you with freſh, whoſe Riders
Thy Valour had diſmounted.
Amin. Oh Gods! wert thou that Boy,
Whom oft I ſaid, I thought was ſent from Heaven,
And beg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended?
Ura. The ſame, 'twas all you'd time to ſay; for after that,
Venturing too far, they took you Priſoner.

Amin. Oh with what Shame I look upon your Bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge;
What follow'd then, my dear fair *Urania?*
Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Priſoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected Boy,
That was not worth their Fetters;
—Then I reſolv'd upon this laſt Adventure,
To make my Application to the Princeſs,
Knowing her noble Nature;
To try (ſince mighty Ranſoms were refus'd)
What ſimple Love would do, and in my way
I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's Youth
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks,
To him I told my Story, who encourag'd me in my reſolv'd deſign,
Hnd *I* ſo luckily have made an Intereſt
In *Cleomena*'s Heart,
Theſe Chains ſhe's given me Freedom to diſmiſs,
And you muſt only wear Loves Fetters now:
[*She takes off his Chains.*
——Come, haſte, *Amintas*, from this horrid Place,
And be thy ſelf again, appear in Arms.
The *Scythians* are encampt within thy View,
And e're three Births of Day the Armies meet;
Th' Event of which, *I* at the *Druid*'s Cell
Will wait; ſending continual Vows to Heaven
For thy dear Safety: there when the Fight is done
I wiſh to meet thee;
—But now your Country and your King expect you,
And *I* love Glory equal to *Amintas.*
Amin. But yet the generous Bounty of the Princeſs
Obliges here, no leſs than Duty there;
I know not how the Gods of War to move
To grant me Victor, or the vanquiſh'd prove;
My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,
Since——vanquiſh'd *I* am loſt, conquering unkind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therſ. Urge it no more *Lyſander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty paſt all retrieve is loſt,
But they're ſuch glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preſerve that Life
Thou juſtly ſay'ſt *I* hazard by my Love.
Lyc. The *Scythian* Gods defend it!

Therſ. The

Therſ. The Gods inſpire it, 'tis their Work alone;
——I know ſhe is my Enemy, hates *Therſander*,
Has ſent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabaſes* and *Iſmenes*
Have brought their Powers t' aſſiſt againſt my Crown:
But what of this? She loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will ſurmount her Hatred to the *Scythians*:
Oh, my *Lyſander!* did'ſt thou know her Charms,
Thou'dſt alſo know 'tis not a mortal Force
That can ſecure the Heart: She's all divine!
All Beauty, Wit, and Softneſs! and ſhe loves!
Already I have found the grateful Secret;
She Scorns the little Cuſtoms of her Sex,
And her belief of being ſo much above me,
Permits her to encourage my Deſign;
She gives a Boldneſs to my baſhful Flame,
And entertains me with much Liberty.

Lyc. Were all this true, you're equally unhappy;
She muſt be only his that conquers you,
That wins her Crown and lays it at your Feet.

Therſ.—Love never conſiders the Event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll purſue it;
Fearing no other Forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

Ly.—And will you let her know you are in love?

Therſ.—If all my Sighs, if Eyes ſtill fix'd on hers
With Languiſhment and Paſſion will inform her,
I'll let her know my Flame, or periſh in th' Attempt.

Ly.——Dare you declare it as you now appear?
And can you hope, that under the Degree
Of what indeed you are, ſhe will permit it?
And your Diſcovery is your certain ruin.

Therſ. Thy Counſel, dear *Lyſander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I muſt attend her,
And ſee where ſhe approaches—

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. The Stranger, ſay you, grown of late ſo penſive.
—I muſt enquire the Cauſe—what if it ſhou'd be Love?
And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris!*
That Thought has given me Pains I never felt;
—Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now;
—Say, didſt thou bid him wait me in the Grove?

Sem. Madam, I ſpoke to him my ſelf——

Cleo. And told him I wou'd ſpeak with him!

Sem. As you commanded me, I ſaid.

Cleo. It ſeems he values my Commands but little,

Who is ſo ſlow in his Obedience:
———Where found you him?
Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.
Cleo. Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,
———I have no Picture there.
Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia* your fair Couſin,
But for the Excellency of the Work, not Beauty.
Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, ſay you?
———Oh thou haſt touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*;
—But yonder's he that can allay my Rage, [*Sees* Therſander.
And clam me in that Love by every look.
—*Clemanthis*, you abſent your ſelf too much
From thoſe to whom your Preſence is agreeable;
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,
And viſit ſhady Groves, walk thus— and ſigh
Like melancholy Lovers; has the Court,
(Who for your Entertainment has put on
More gayety than in an Age before)
Nothing that can divert you?—Ceaſe your Ceremony;
[*Bows low.*
I am your your Friend, and if ought harbour there,
Within that ſullen Breaſt, impart it here——
And I'll contribute any thing to eaſe you.
—Come—boldly tell thy Griefs;
I have an Intereſt in thy noble Life;
—Perhaps, ſince you are arriv'd at Court, you've ſeen
Some Beauty that has made a Conqueſt o'er your Heart;
—Whoe'er ſhe be you cannot fear Succeſs.
Ther. The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been ſufficient
To have encourag'd any bold Attempt;
And here are Beauties would transform a God,
Much more a Soldier, into an amorous Shape;
—But, I confeſs, with ſhame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?
This makes me ſhun the Pleaſures of your Court,
And ſeek Retirements ſilent as my Griefs.
Cleo. It ſeems you were a Lover e'er I ſaw you,
And Abſence from your Miſtreſs makes you languiſh.
Ther. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many Queſtions,
Leſt I offend where I ſhould merit Pity,
The boldneſs may arrive unto her Knowledge,
And then you'l loſe the humbleſt of your Creatures,
Whilſt as I am, I may among the Crowd
Of daily Worſhippers, pay my Devotions.

Cleo.

Cleo. Give me your Hand, we'll walk a little.
[*They go and ſit down on a Bank.*
——How do you like this Grove?

Ther. As *I* do every place you're pleas'd to bleſs.
Heaven were not Heaven were Gods not preſent there;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

Cleo. Look *Clemanthis*—on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivulet does take its riſe,
And branches forth in Channels through the Garden;
—'Twas near a place like that—where firſt *I* ſaw *Clemanthis.*
[*Sighing.*

Ther. Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas alſo there
Clemanthis left his Liberty at the Feet
Of Divine *Cleomena!*
And charg'd himſelf with thoſe too glorious Chains,
Never to be diſmiſt but with his Life, [*She riſing in anger, he kneels.*

Cleo. How, *Clemanthis!*

Ther. Ah! Madam, if *I* too preſumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,
You ſhould forgive the Pride you do create,
And all its ſtrange Effects;
Which if *I* have miſtaken, let me die.
Only this Mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations pleaſe the Gods,
Mine cannot be offenſive to my Prince's,
Since they are equally Religious.

Cleo. Stranger—before *I* puniſh thy Preſumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended;
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his Sword has done—dares raiſe his Eyes to me?

Ther. Madam, what you demand is juſt,
And *I* had rather die than diſobey you;
But *I* am conſtrain'd by a Neceſſity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon)
For ſome time to conceal my Birth and Name.

Cleo. Till then you ſhould have kept your Flame conceal'd,
'T had been leſs diſobliging from a criminal one,
Whoſe Quality had juſtify'd his Boldneſs.

Ther. Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other Difficulty than want of Quality to merit you.

Cleo. *I* muſt confeſs, *Clemanthis*, with a Bluſh,
That nothing of the reſt diſpleaſes me.

Ther. Ah, Madam, how you bleſs me!
And now with Confidence I dare aſſure you,
That which ſhould render me more worthy of you,

Shall

Shall be in me found more to your Advantage,
Than in thoſe Princes who have taken on 'em
The Glory of your Service.

Cleo. As I am very reaſonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice,
I'll now deſire no more,
But have a Care you uſe my Bounty well;
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you ſay is true.

Therſ. Madam, baniſh me your Preſence, as the Man
Of all the World unworthy to adore you,
If I preſent not to you in *Clemanthis*
A Man enough conſiderable to hope.

Cleo. But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forgot my Fate,
My Deſtiny depends upon my People;
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a Reſolution
To give me to that Prince who does moſt powerfully
Advance the Ruin of the King of *Scythia*.

Therſ. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on thoſe pretend to you;
I will not only ſerve you in this War,
With more Succeſs than any,
But ſet the Crown of *Scythia* on your Head.

Cleo. That's bravely ſaid.

Therſ. Perhaps, it ſeems extravagantly ſpoken,
In the Condition you behold me now;
But here I vow——I never will demand [*Kneels.*
The Devine *Cleomena* till *I* have crown'd her——
Yes, Madam, till *I* have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*,
——Till then——give me but hope——enough live—— [*Riſes.*

Cleo. That's to your Perſon due; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour——I will more allow.

Sem. Madam——the Queen is here——

Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Iſmenes, *Guards*, *Attendants*, &c.

Queen. I'm glad to ſee you all in Readineſs;
To morrow *I* intend to be i' th' Camp,
——And *Cleomena* is your General,
Since 'tis her Cauſe we fight, it is but juſt
She ſhare the Danger of it with the Glory.

Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* ſhall a Witneſs be
Of what we do to ſerve her,
And ſee the eaſie Conqueſt we ſhall make
Upon the Perſons of her Enemies.

Hon. I know not, Sir, what you may do,
But we have found it not ſo eaſie.

Arta.

Arta. Oh there's no doubt, but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons to adorn your Triumphs.
Therſ. Madam, I muſt confeſs your Force is great,
And the Aſſiſtance of theſe Men, conſiderable;
Yet I adviſe your Majeſty to prepare
For the Defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a Buſineſs much more difficult
Than they preſent it to you; for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not leſs. [*Looks with ſcorn on them.*
—Conſider too, that King was never conquered,
Though theſe believe to do't with ſo much eaſe.
I oft have een *Therſander*, that young Prince,
Upon whoſe Sword Fortune her ſelf depends,
——And I can tell—he's not eaſily chain'd,
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.
Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the Praiſes
You give our Enemies?
—I have heard of that King, and of *Therſander* too;
But never heard of ſo much Terrour in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill Succeſs;
——And, you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*,
Though many ſuch as you ſhould take his part.
Therſ. How many ſuch as I! [*Comes up to his Breaſt.*
Gods! wiſh your ſelves no other Enemies
To join with that young Prince;
To conquer him and many ſuch as I,
Requires a Number of ſuch Kings as you.
Iſm. It is too much, *Clemanthis*; were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.
Therſ. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon,
I have fail'd in the Reſpect I owe you,
By what I've ſaid in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilſt you think ſo eaſily o'ercome,
You will neglect that Power ſhould make you Victor.
Queen. 'Tis Vertue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Though to the Advantage of thoſe Men you hate——
—I muſt not have you take ought ill from him. [*To the King.*
But as you've all unanimouſly join'd
To aſſiſt us in this War, ſo all imbrace,
[*Therſ. ſalutes 'em coldly.*
Be one and ever Friends.
Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army [*To Hon.*

To

To your unqueſtion'd Care; and if you can,
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever into our Service,
Cleo. Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you;
And you, *Clemanthis*, muſt be near me ſtill.
[Therſ. *bows. All go out but* Ther. Hon.
Manent Therſ. Hon. Lyſander,
Hon. Clemanthis, you are troubled.
Therſ. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.
Hon. You ſhou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,
A Man ſo young, and ſuch a Name in War!
Therſ. That, Sir, is only your Eſteem of it.
Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the World and thee, how much I prize it.
Without conſulting of your Quality,
I'll make you abſolute Maſter of my Fortune.
Therſ. Heav'ns! whence this Generoſity! [*Aſide.*
Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child
Whom all the World eſteems a vertuous one,
And for whoſe Love Princes have ſu'd in vain,
I now with Joy will render you in Marriage.
Therſ. I am undone,
It is a Princeſs, Sir, I much admire,
But never durſt behold her with Eyes of Love,
A Maid ſo much above me.
Hon. I am a Man, whoſe martial Diſpoſition
Renders unartful in my Language,
I cannot ſtudy fineneſs in my Words,
But with Sincerity declare my Heart,
And do propoſe this Marriage with *Olympia*,
For your Advantage and the publick Intereſt,
Beſides my own Content.
Therſ. Have you conſider'd, Sir, I am below her?
Hon. No more of that, go viſit my *Olympia*
She is prepar'd to give you Entertainment. [Hon. *Ex.*
Therſ. Marry *Olympia*!
—No—could he with *Olympia* give the World,
I could not love, not marry her.
——Oh my *Lyſander!* what evaſion now?
——Didſt hear the noble Offer of the General?
Ly. I did, great Sir, and what will you return?
Therſ. If I refuſe, I muſt offend the Man
To whom of all the World *I* am moſt oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Therſander* might accept.
It is fit you ſhould conſult the Princeſs, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.

Queen.

Iherſ. I'll take thy Counſel—and wait upon *Olympia:*
——Yes, I will go viſit her, tho' but to prove
No Torment can be like diſſembled Love.

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.

Queen. Is't poſſible, my Brother, you can have
So great a Paſſion for the publick good,
As willing to ſacrifice your Child to its Repoſe,
And make her Arms the ſoft and eaſie Chains
To link this gallant Stranger to our Intereſt?
Hon. His Virtue I prefer above a Crown.
Cleo. You ſhou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it;
Not give it over-meaſure—But are you ſure he will accept it?
Hon. I am not certain, being not come ſo far;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.
Cleo. This cannot be his Malice; for he was ever noble,
[Hon. *talks to the Queen.*
But falſe or feign'd, I can endure no more on't;
—Hy Heaven this Stranger's falſe! falſe as his Name!
——*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture:
——'Tis ſo——he loves *Olympia!*
And when I askt the Name of her he lov'd,
I urg'd it with ſuch ſoftneſs in my Eyes,
That he in Pity of me ſwore 'twas I:
——Now can *I* find how much my Soul's poſſeſt
With Love, ſince 'tis with Jealouſie oppreſt. [*Goes out.*
Queen. How do you like the Trial of *Orſames*,
Which *I* intend to make?
Hon. You'll oblige your People, and do a Mother's Duty.
Queen. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my Nature
That from his Infancy has kept him ignorant
Of what he was——but the Decrees of Heaven.
Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be juſt,
He muſt be King too, though his Reign be ſhort:
You cannot alter thoſe Decrees of Heaven.
Queen. The Gods are Witneſs how theſe eighteen Years
I have with much Regret conceal'd his Birth.
Hon. You know the laſt Defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient People broke the Caſtle-gates,
And againſt all your Powers were ready to have crown'd him;
And ſhou'd we now be conquer'd, nothing leſs
Will ſtill the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impreſſions,
Had he but good Examples to diſpoſe him.
Queen. I'll have it done to night Heaven,

Heaven, if it be thy Will, inſpire my Son
With Virtue fit to wear his Father's Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, diſcovers Therſander *ſeemingly courting* Olympia. *Enter* Cleomena; *ſees them, ſtarts, gazes on them, then goes out unſeen; and the Scene cloſes, and changes to her Apartment.* —— *She enters in a Rage*———

Cleo. Perfidious Man! am I abandon'd then? [*Rage.*
Abandon'd for *Olympia!* my Slave———
——And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven—— [*Soft.*
And ſhall he quit me thus?
Without being puniſht for this Infidelity?
—No, let me be a ſhame to all my Sex then—
—Oh, *Clemanthis!* to whom I fondly gave my Liberty,
When firſt I ſaw thee ſleeping in the Wood:
——But I grow ſoft, a Paſſion too unfit
For ſo much anger as my Soul's poſſeſs'd with;
'Twas but even now, he lov'd me with ſuch Ardor;
And he, who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia.*
Dar'ſt thou become unjuſt, ungrateful Stranger!
Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena,*
Would ſacrifice her to another Miſtreſs?
——This Heart which ought not to've been given away,
But by the Services and Blood of Kings,
How haſt thou loſt it on a falſe Unknown,
Without being paid for it one ſingle Sigh———
Enter Theſander; *ſhe draws a Dagger; offers to kill him, but cannot.*
Traitor—haſt thou the impudence to appear before me?
Or, doſt thou come to meet thy juſt Reward?
[*Offers to ſtab him.*
——There's ſomething in his Looks that does preſerve him,
Or I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him.
—Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
Before ſo many Princes, who in vain
Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'ſt betray'd.

Ther. Ah! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
And not inform me how I have offended?

Cleo. Be gone, I ſay, if thou would'ſt ſave a Life,
Which thoſe that dare do evil fear to loſe.

Ther. Thoſe Eyes thus ordered are far worſe than Death;
End what you have ſo well begun,
And kill me;
Yet from another's Hand
The Blow would be leſs cruel.

Cleo. Oh Impudence!
Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love;

But

But Monſter, though thou art below my Hand,
I'm yet a Princeſs, and I can Command.
By Heaven I'll try how much Rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me ſtraight;
She ſhall in Triumph with me ſtand and ſmile,
To ſee thee by ſome Vaſſal bleed.

Ther. There needs no other witneſs of my Death,
But here I have offended;
To you alone *I* offer up my Life; for dying,
I've ſomething to relate may juſtifie your Rage,
Though not deſerve your Pity.

Cleo. Hell!
Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that ſhe ſhould ſee
Him die, leſt it ſhould coſt her but a Tear;
——Why ſhould *I* want the Strength!——— [*Offers to preſent the Dagger.*
——But oh, *I* cannot.
But canſt thou live falſe Man, and ſee me frown?

Ther. No, Madam, I can die——thus—— [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Cleo. Stay———
Thou ſhalt not ſo much Glory gain:
No, live, and prove wretched enough to know
How very poorly thou haſt loſt my Heart. [*Ex. raving.*
[Ther. *gazes after her.*

Ther. Muſt I then live?———I will obey———farewel
The faireſt and unkindeſt of thy Sex;
If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one
That loves more than *Therſander*, if thou canſt
Treat him worſe than thou haſt done me———
For oh! how miſerable is the Wretch, (whoſe Prayer
Repuls'd) like me, lives only to Deſpair. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, diſcovers Orſames *ſeated on a Throne aſleep, dreſt in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either ſide of the Stage Courtiers ready dreſt, and multitude of Lights. Above is diſcovered the* Queen, Olympia, *and Women,* Pimante, Artabazes, Iſmenes; *Soft Muſick plays; whilſt he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himſelf with Wonder.*

Orſ.——GOds! what am *I*?
——Or, is there any others but *I*?

Ger.

Ger. Yes, my great Lord,
But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.
Orſ. I underſtand thee, 'tis ſome God thou mean'ſt.
Ger. On Earth it is? your Power too is as great:
Your frowns deſtroy, and when you ſmile you bleſs;
At every Nod, the whole Creation bows,
And lay their grateful Tributes at your Feet;
Their Lives are yours, and when you dain to take 'em,
There's not a Mortal dares defend himſelf;
But that you may the more reſemble Heaven,
You ſhould be Merciful and Bountiful.
Orſ. I do believe *I* am the King thou ſpeakeſt of.
Ger. Behold this Crown—this ſacred thing is yours.
[*Kneels and gives him the Scepter and Crown; he puts it on and walks about.*
Orſ. It is a glorious Object———
And fit for none but me———
Olymp. Madam, methinks the King is the fineſt Man
That e'er *I* ſaw———ſhall he not ſtill be King?
Qu. *I* hope he will deſerve it.
Orſ. So, now methinks I move like Heaven it ſelf,
All circled round with Stars,
——Hah!——what's this that kneels? [*The Queen kneels, he*
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.—— *ſnatches her up.*
Orſ. By my great ſelf it is another VVoman,
VVhich *I* have burnt with a deſire of ſeeing;
—Be gone, and leave us here alone together;
I've ſomething to impart to this fair thing,
Muſt not be underſtood by you.
Qu. VVhy, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,
VVhich thoſe about you muſt not underſtand?
Orſ. A new Philoſophy inſpir'd by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught,
——Come and augment my Knowledge.
Qu. VVhy me, Sir, more than any one about you?
Orſ. Thou art all ſoft and ſweet like ſpringing Flowers,
And gentle as the undiſturbed Air.
Qu. But *I* am your Mother.
Orſ. No matter; thou'rt a VVoman, art thou not?
And being ſo, the Mother cannot awe me.
Ger. Sir, 'tis the Perſon gave you Life and Being.
Orſ. That gave me Life! oh how I love thee for't!
Come—and I'll pay thee back ſuch kind Returns——
Ger. Moſt Royal Sir, this VVoman was
Not made by Heaven——for you.
Orſ. Away with your Philoſophy; but now you ſaid——

I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.
Ger. But Kings are Juſt as well as Powerful, Sir.
Orſ. I am ſo to my ſelf, do not oppoſe me.
Ger. Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.
Orſ. Am I a God, and can be diſobey'd?
Remove that Contradiction from my ſight,
And let him live no longer: Ha, more Women!
Enter Olympia *and other Women.*
Oh Nature, how thou'ſt furniſh'd me with ſtore!
And finer far than this—— [*Gazes on* Olympia.
——But what is that whoſe Eyes give Laws to all,
And like the Sun, Eclipſes the leſſer Lights?
Qu. Speak to him *Olympia.*
Orſ. Who tells me what ſhe is?
Olym. Oh how I tremble! —Sir, *I* am a Maid.
Orſ. A Maid! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [*Kneels.*
Olym. I am your Slave, you muſt not kneel to me——— [*Takes him up.*
Orſ. How ſoon my Glory's vaniſht!
Till now *I* did believe *I* was ſome God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my Will, but by this awful fear,
I find thou art the greater Deity:
—Pray tell me faireſt, are you not a Woman?
Olym. *I* am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.
Orſ. I did believe that thou wert ſomething more,
For *I* have ſeen a Woman, and ne'er knew
So much diſorder in my Soul before:
—For every look of thine gives me a Pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted Seat.
Olym. Alas, Sir, have *I* hurt you?
Orſ. Extreamly hurt me, thou haſt a ſecret Power,
And canſt at diſtance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you cou'd ever do.
——But 'twas my fault, had *I* not gaz'd on thee,
I had been ſtill a King, and full of Health.
—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou haſt greater power—whilſt it ſits here—
[*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*
It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere!
———So, now they're fixt again.
Qu. Pimante, ſpeak to him to take it back:
Pim. He kills me with his looks.
—Sir, when you part with this, you'l be diſpis'd;

Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vaniſh.
Orſ. I yet have ſomething that ſhall make thee fear,
I am ſtill a King, though *I* muſt bow to her;
Take him away to Death immediately———
Pim. Any where to be out of your ſight———
A King, quotha? [*Exit.*
Orſ. Come, my fair Virgin, this ſhall be my Altar,
And *I* will place thee here my Deity.
Qu. Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.
Orſ. *I* ſay again, I'll have it fit for two?
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that:
——Aſcend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it;
Aſcend, and be immortal as my ſelf.
Art. That Throne ſhe was not born to.
Ger. Into the Sea with that bold Counſellor,
And let him there diſpute with winds and waves. [Art. *Exit.*
Being ſeated on a Throne, enter ſeveral in Maſquerades, and Dance.
—— Cou'd *I* be ſenſible of any Pleaſure,
But what *I* take in thee, this had ſurpriz'd me.
Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.
Orſ. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe, my lovely Virgin,
For I've reſign'd my Being to your Will,
And have have no more of what *I* call my own,
Than Senſe of Joys and Pains, which you create.
[*They riſe, and ſit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*
Olym. Will you not pleaſe to eat?
Orſ. It is too groſs a Pleaſure for a King.
Sure, if they eat, 'tis ſome Celeſtial Food,
As *I* do by gazing on thy Eyes———
Ah lovely Maid!———
Olym. Why do you ſigh, Sir?
Orſ. For ſomething which *I* want, yet having thee,
What more can Heaven beſtow to gratifie
My Soul and Senſe withal?
Olym. Sir, taſte this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd Opinion,
And let you know the Errour of your Paſſion;
'Twill cauſe, at leaſt ſome alteration in you.
Orſ. Why ſhould'ſt thou ask ſo poor a Proof of me?
But yet, *I* will obey;——give me the Wine.
[*They put ſomething into the Bowl.*
Olym. How do you like it, Sir?
Orſ. Why——well; but *I* am ſtill the ſame.
Come, give it me again—'tis very pleaſant—
Will you not taſte it too?———
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;

What

What I've drank, has deify'd thee more,
Heightens the Pleaſure which *I* take to gaze on thee,
And ſends a thouſand ſtrange uneaſie Joys,
That play about my Heart, and more tranſport me:
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy Eyes
May find ſome Charms in me to make thee thus.
Olym. Alas they've found already but too many. [*Aſide.*
Orſ. *I* thought *I* muſt have gaz'd on thee for ever;
—But oh! my Eyes grow heavy in the play,
As if ſome ſtrange Divinity above me,
Told me my Safety lay in their Declenſion;
——Is it not Sleep?—ſure Kings do never ſleep;
That were a low ſubmiſſion to a Power
A Monarch ſhould deſpiſe——but yet 'tis ſo;
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then?
Or do you ever ſleep? *I* find ye do;
But *I* muſt——and loſe this lovely Object;
Grant, oh ye Gods, that *I* may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it ſtill in this harmonious Order———
—And gently blow the Flame 't has kindled there. [*Falls aſleep.*

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Arates.

Pim. Are you ſure he's aſleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Qu. *I* fear he is a Tyrant in his Nature.
Ger. But, ſince he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You ſhould not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.
Qu. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And ſtill continue to impoſe upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleomena *with a Truncheon in her Hand, a Sword and a Quiver of Arrows by her ſide, with* Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are ſad,
As if you doubted your Succeſs to Day.
Cleo. There are ſome Moments wherein *I* do repent me,
The too raſh Baniſhment of poor *Clemanthis.*
How did he take the Letter which I ſent?
Sem. As perſons innocent and full of health
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;
He ſigh'd, and ſaid he would obey your Will;
And, Madam, had you ſeen his ſilent Grief,
You would have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! baniſh that fooliſh Pity from your Heart,

That would perſwade thee he is innocent.
Did not *I* ſee him courting of *Olympia*?
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do *I* hear!
Till now *I* did not know his fault of Baniſhment.
Cleo. And was't not cauſe enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what injuſtice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet,
He entertain'd me for a pretty while,
With the Intentions of your generous Uncle,
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,
And that he durſt not ſeem to diſeſteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a Man to whom
He ow'd ſo much; but moſt to hide his Paſſion;
And then was coming to conſult with you,
How he ſhould manage this Affair with him.
Cleo. And is this truth thou tell'ſt me dear *Semiris*?
Sem. Madam, *I* do not uſe t'abuſe your Credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverſe his Doom.
Sem. Would *I* knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he no longer in the World?
For 'tis impoſſible to be imagined
He parted hence with any thought of Life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd——
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
And he that finds him firſt, is made for ever.
Oh Jealouſie, thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
Thy ills procure more miſchief than thy hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt conſiſtent with Loves Flame;
I'll not my weakneſs nor reſentment ſhow;
A Heart like mine, ſhould ſooner break than bow.
——Come my *Semiris*, we too long have ſtay'd;
That Call, till now, was never diſobey'd. [*Trumpet ſounds. Ex.*

SCENE III. *Scythian Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt Fine, with* Urania.

Ura. Within this ſhade till the black Day be paſt,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken Horſe, the Fight's begun,
And I muſt leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was *I* made a Woman? or being ſo,
Why had *I* not a Maſculine Courage given me?
That ſide by ſide *I* might have ſhar'd thy Glory,

Or

Or have expir'd together.

Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this tenderneſs;
Come ſend me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my Heart that may preſerve it;
Here reſt till my return; farewel, my Fair.

Ura. And if *I* never ſee thee more, farewel— [Amin. *Exit.*
Here *I* will lay me down, and never riſe,
Till thou return'ſt with Lawrel, or with Cypreſs. [*Sits down.*
Now *I* could curſe the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To ſatisfie a Flame will ruine him. [*A noiſe of fighting.*
—The Fight increaſes; oh ye Gods of Battle,
In midſt of all your Rage preſerve my Love.

Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*

Art. My Nephew kill'd! and *I* diſmounted too! oh curſt Fate!

Ura. This noiſe has comfort in't, it ſounds like Victory.
[*A hallowing within amongſt the noiſe of fighting.*

Enter Amintas.

—Oh Gods! *Amintas!* what haſt Fortune done?

Amin. The undaunted *Scythians* never loſt the Field,
Yet now at firſt 'twas doubtful
To which ſide Fortune would incline her ſelf.
Iſmenis kill'd where-e'er he turn'd his Sword,
And quite defeated our *Agrippian* Forces;
Yet was not ſatisfied, knowing the King
To be the price of *Cleomona*'s Heart,
But ſought him out on all ſides,
Whom 'twas not hard to find;
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
Diſtributing a Death to all Oppoſers.
But young *Iſmenis* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
And knowing our great King by ſeveral Marks,
Boldly cried out,—Defend the Life *I* claim.
The King made no reply, but at that word,
Prepar'd himſelf to fight.

Ura. Thou kill'ſt me, till thou bring'ſt him off again.

Amin. Diſordered thus—the *Dacian* took advantage,
And charg'd with ſo much Vigour—we gave Ground,
When on that ſide the ſingle Combat was,
There appear'd a Body of two thouſand Horſe,
Led by a Man, whoſe Looks brought Victory,
And made the conquering Foe retire again;
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
With unreſiſted Fury he made up,
And ruſhing in between them,
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,

That ſtruck him from his Horſe.
After this Victory *Therſander*'s Name
Did fly from Mouth to Mouth,
Inſpiring every *Scythian* with new Valour:
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To ſeek his ſafety by his Horſe's flight;
——But here's the King—retire into this Wood. [Ura. *Exit.*

Enter King, Therſander, *Officers and Soldiers.*

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Therſander.*
Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir.
King. He is,————but they look lovely on him.
Ther. They're too ſlight Marks to give you of my Duty;
Your Majeſty has greater need of Care.
King. Thou art my beſt Phyſician, and thy ſight
Heals all the Wounds *I* have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Boſom,
Thou great Preſerver of my Crown and Life.
Ther. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt all but* Therſ. *and* Amin.

Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;
For thou art half my ſelf, my dear *Amintas*;
I have ſtrange News to tell thee ſince we parted,
And need thy Counſel in an affair of Love——
—Thou know'ſt my buſineſs to the *Dacian* Court,
Was to have ſet thee free; but oh my Friend!
In lieu of that, I've made my ſelf a Captive.
Amin. Your Story, Sir, *I* know, but heard withal,
The Princeſs did repay your grateful Flame.
Ther. *I* thought ſhe did, for ſo a while ſhe ſeem'd,
And when *I* thought my ſelf the moſt ſecure,
Being fortify'd with all her new-made Promiſes,
My blooming hopes were blaſted e'er full blown,
And *I* receiv'd her Orders for my Baniſhment,
Which *I* as ſoon obey'd: but by the way,
I did conceive a thouſand Revolutions,
Sometimes to ſerve my Princeſs—then my Father;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love: in this Diſpute
I met the Levies of the *Iſadons*,
Who were the laſt of all our Chavalry,
To whom *I* made me known, and came ſo luckily,
As gain'd the yet-diſputing Victory.
Amin. 'Twas in an happy moment.
Ther. Thus *I* comply'd with what *I* ow'd my Duty,
But theſe of Love are ſtill unſatisfy'd;
Dare *I*, who could offend to that degree,

As to deſerve a Baniſhment from her,
Approach her uninvited?

Amin. 'Twas dangerous, Sir.

Ther. Then 'twere the fitter for my Enterpriſe:
—But her diſpleaſure————oh my *Cleomena!*
If, for the puniſhment of my Diſobedience,
You'd only take away that Life you threaten,
How willingly *I* would reſign it up,
Rather than undergo this Separation!

Amin. You'l certainly expoſe your Life by going.
What other reaſon could ſhe have to baniſh you,
But from her knowledge that you were *Therſander!*
And, Sir, you ſee her paſſion for *Clemanthis*
Could not o'ercome her hatred for her Enemy.

Ther. No, when *I* call to mind her cruel words;
If chuſing me before ſo many Kings,
I find 'twas the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly addreſt 'em; therefore I'll venture on in my deſign:
——Give order that our Horſes be made ready,
Whilſt *I* excuſe our abſence to the King: our ſtay will not be long,
Mean time it may be thought we're gone to view the Camp:
Intereſt and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I muſt reconcile 'em both in me.

SCENE IV. *The Dacian Tents,*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Iſm. *Women, Attendants.*

Cleo. 'Twas ſtrangely loſt, and yet *I* dare affirm
The Victory had been ours but for *Therſander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made breaches and o'erflow'd all that lay near it.

Iſm. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his arrival not prevented me.

Cleo. He is brave, without diſpute.

Iſm. And 'tis as certain that he did ſurprize me,
Without permitting time for my defence,
He had not elſe ſo ſoon diſmounted me;
But, Madam, I deſign (if you approve it)
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.

Arta. That Juſtice I may hope as well as you;
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.

Qu. I cannot but commend that noble Ardor
That carries you to thoſe deſigns of Glory;
What thinks my Brother of it:

Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.

Cleo. And ſo do I;

And that we may do equal Juſtice to you all,
We'll write *Therſander*'s Name,
And he who draws that Name ſhall fight the Combat.
Hon. But are you ſure he will accept the Offer?
Iſm. I dare engage he will.
Cleo. I am of your Opinion;
The only brave are never proud of Conqueſt,
I'll write his Name my ſelf.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are theſe? [*A Shout without.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Queen. The News is welcome.
Enter Therſ. *kneels, kiſſes the Queens Hand; the ſame to* Cleomena—*ſalutes all.*
Therſ. Madam, the great Neceſſity which made me leave you—
When I believ'd my ſelf unprofitable,
Could not detain me, when I was aſſur'd
My Sword could do you Service.
Queen. This Viſit recompenſes all our Loſs,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The Opinion your Abſence almoſt forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your Sight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Therſ. I ought to ſuffer, Sir, in your Opinion,
Till my Excuſes may redeem my Credit.
Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he ſeems,
And how his Eyes his paſt Offence redeems!
Whilſt all my Cruelties they ſeem t' upbraid,
They pardon too the Faults themſelves have made.
Queen. I'm ſatisfy'd, and you are fitly come
To ſhare a Danger we are now diſputing.
Therſ. 'Tis not the Danger Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to ſerve you.
Arta. Madam, conſider who we are,
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
Therſ. Your Honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice;
Would we could find in this Diſpute, whate'er it be,
That were the greateſt Difficulty:
——Madam, name your Commands.
Queen. We are drawing a Lot
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Therſ. Hah—*Therſander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.
Iſm. Since you're ſo nice, we will excuſe you, *Sir.*
Therſ. What an unlucky accident was this!
One Moment's longer ſtay had made me happy, [*Aſide.*
And rendred up theſe Rivals to my Power.

Hon.

Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.
[*They draw Lots. It falls to* Therſ.

Therſ. My Fears are all compleated—— [*Aſide.*
The Lot is mine.

Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm ſo ſenſible of the Danger [*Aſide to him.*
Whereto you muſt expoſe your ſelf for me,
I cannot think with Pleaſure on the Victory
You poſſibly may gain.

Therſ. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conqueſt:
[*Bows to her, and ſpeaks low.*
But, Madam, if *Therſander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
As theſe two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challenge from me.

Cleo. Clemanthis Deeds has rais'd his Fame too high
To be eſteem'd unworthy of that Juſtice;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his Youth and Valour too.

Therſ. If Fortune bleſs me with Succeſs to day,
I'll owe it to your Cauſe, and not my Sword.

Queen. May'ſt thou be ever Victor. [*They lead him out.*

Manent Arta. Iſm.

Arta. My Art ſhall fail me then.

Iſm. You are diſpleas'd, Sir.

Arta. Is that a wonder?
Who can be tame and ſee an unknown Youth,
Who brings no Forces but his ſingle Arm,
Raviſh the Hope and Spoil of Victory from us,
And Rival us in Love as well as Glory,
Whilſt our Claims to *Cleomena*'s Heart,
Muſt be neglected ſince we want Succeſs.

Iſm. We could pretend to her no other way.

Arta. Have you, or I, leſs Virtue than *Clemanthis*?

Iſm. Yes, if we envy at his Merits.

Arta. Purſue your vertuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reach firſt the Goal.
I'll take Revenge. [Arta. *exit.*

Iſm. I Honour will purſue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance;
——*Clemanthis*, if thy Life I baſely ſought,
Like him, I'd ſave the Hazard of my own;
But as thou'rt brave, ſo thou ſhalt bravely fall
Before *Therſander* rob me of thy Life,
Or thou the Fortune haſt to vanquiſh him——
——And if in this encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victim to an hopleſs Fire. [*Exit.*

Scene

Scene changes to the Wood, diſcovers Therſ. *and* Amin. *among the Trees, changing Cloathes; after which they come forth.*

Therſ. So, now thou doſt appear ſo like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be miſtaken in thee.

Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.

Therſ. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Untill the Sign be given for the Combat,
And then appear upon the Place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But ſo I'll order all the Blows I give,
They ſhall not wound nor hurt thee,
For ſtill remember I muſt be the Victor.

Amin. I will endeavour to perform it ſo, [*Noiſe.*
That none ſhall know the fallacy.

Therſ. Be gone, *I* hear a Noiſe; farewel, dear *Amintas*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Ex.* Therſ.

Enter ſome Fellows in Cloaks.

1 *Fel.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fel.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one ſingle Man; and here's a Place as fit as we could wiſh: ſhall we ſet upon him altogether?

1 *Fel.* Ay, ay, nearneſs in this Affair is not required; kill him and *Artabazes* deſires no more.

[*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight,* Amintas *falls.*

Enter Iſmenis.

Iſm. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my Buſineſs;
Here we unſeen may end the Difference——— [*Noiſe within.*
———Hark——what Noiſe of fighting's that?
Perhaps my Aid's required.

Iſm. *goes in, Scene draws open, diſcovers* Amintas *lying as dead all bloody,* Pimante *peeping,* Iſmenis *re-enters.*

Iſm. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous Deed
Is done by *Artbazes*.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier ſuch damn'd luck? *I* have heard it diſputed, that this ſame Danger was to be courted by the brave and bold; but *I*, who took the beſt Care *I* could whilſt the Fight laſted to ſecure my ſelf by this retreat, find my ſelf even here ſurrounded with it; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, *I*'ll warrant, came too with my Deſign, has met here what he endeavour'd to ſhun: Yonder's *Iſmenis* too——well, we are all but Men.

Iſm. Here's yet ſome Breath remaining; oh *Pimante*, lend thy aſſiſtance.
———*Clemanthis*, if thou yet haſt ſo much Senſe,

Inform

Inform us how thou cam'ſt thus wounded?

Amin. Know Sir, *Therſander*——Prince of *Scythia*——
——*Therſander*——Prince of——*Scythia*—— [*Faints.*

Pim. Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Iſm. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter a ſingle Man, has ſet a dozen to kill him; mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody fight: but, Sir, what ſhall we do with the Body?

Iſm. If *I* could command thee any thing it ſhould be Silence,
Till *I* have met *Therſander* in his Room. [Iſm. *exit.*

Pim. You ſhould command me, though *I* was never good at Secrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the entrance of the Wood:
I find *I* am a perfect Woman now,
And have my Fears, and fits of Cowardiſe.

Sem. Madam will you not ſee the Combat then?

Cleo. *I* dare not, ſomething here aſſures me
Clemanthis will be conquered.

Pim. Ha! the Princeſs here? on my Conſcience there was never Miſchief but a Woman was at one hand on't.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look ſo fearfully?

Pim. Ah, Madam, ſuch a Sight ſo diſmal and bloody!

Cleo. What ſays he?

Pim. *Clemanthis*, Madam—— ——

Cleo. *Clemanthis!* Oh what of him?
Why my prophetick Heart doſt thou betray me?

Sem. For Heavens Sake, Madam, reaſſume your Courage.

Cleo. Yes——*I* will hear——the fatal Story——out.

Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the Noiſe and Fury of the Battle, *I* came into this Wood, and when *I* thought all Danger paſt, *I* heard even here the Noiſe of Swords and fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almoſt into the Danger of them.

Sem. Leave out the Hiſtory of your own Fears, and come to the Buſineſs.

Pim. But ah, Madam, unſeen *I* ſaw: who did *I* ſee——
Ah, who ſhould *I* ſee but *Clemanthis*, Madam,
Fixt with his Back againſt yon Cypreſs-tree,
Defending himſelf againſt a dozen Murderers.
I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker ſide,
And therefore came not forth to his Aſſiſtance.
Prince *Iſmenis* would have taken his Part, but came too late too;
But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,
And he could anſwer nothing but——*Therſander.*

Cleo. Remove

Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love———
[*They lead her to* Amin. *who lies wounded: She gazes on him a while, his Face being all bloody.*
—*I* will not now deplore as Women uſe,
But call up all my Vengeance to my Aid.
Expect not ſo much Imbecility———
From her whoſe Love nor Courage was made known
Sufficiently to thee. Oh my *Clemanthis!*
I would not now ſurvive thee,
Were it not weak and cowardly to die,
And leave thee unreveng'd:
—Be calm my Eyes, and let my Soul ſupply ye;
A ſilent broken Heart muſt be his Sacrfiice:
Ev'ry indifferent Sorrow claims our Tears,
Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that
Theſe muſt be waſht away——— [*Riſes, wipes her Eyes.*
Whatever I deſign to execute,
Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,
Go not about to hinder, but be ſilent,
Or *I* will ſend my Dagger to this Heart.
Remove thy Body further into the Wood,
And ſtrip [illegible] of thoſe glittering Ornaments,
And let me perſonate this dear dear Prince.
Obey, and dreſs me ſtreight without reply.
There is not far from hence a *Druid*'s Cell,
A Man for Piety and Knowledge famous,
Thither convey the breathleſs ſacred Corps,
Laid gently in my Chariot,
There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.
Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?
Cleo. What ſhould I do but die—ah do not weep,
But haſte to do as I commanded ye;
Haſte, haſte, the time and my Revenge requires it.
Sem. For Heavens ſake, Madam, for your Royal ſelf,
Do not purſue this cruel fatal Enterprize;
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.
Cleo. Away thou feeble thing that never knew'ſt the real Joys of Love,
Or ever heard of any Grief like mine;
If thou would'ſt give me Proofs of thy Eſteem,
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge!
Let me not ſee ſo much of Woman in thee
To ſhed one Tear, but dreſs thy Eyes with fierceneſs,
And ſend me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
As if intended for my nuptial Day.

That

That Soul that ſighs in pity of my Fate,
Shall meet returns of my extremeſt hate:
Pity with my Revenge muſt find no room!
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Flat-Wood.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt in* Clemanthis's *Cloathes*, Semiris *bearing the Cap and Feather*, Pimante *the Sword.*

Cleo. COme, my *Semiris*, you muſt aſſiſt a little,
—And you, *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.
Pim. I never parted with a Sword ſo unwillingly in my Life.
Cleo. So——How doſt thou like me now?
Might I not paſs, thus habited, for *Clemanthis*
Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.
Cleo. Now go, and do as *I* have ordered you.
Sem. Ah, Madam, though I muſt not wait on you to fight,
I will in Death, 'tis my firſt Act, and laſt of Diſobedience.
[*Weeps.*
Cleo. Do not diſturb me with thy Grief, *Semiris*:
Go leave me to my ſelf, and Thoughts of Vengeance:
And thou, baſe Traytor-Prince, ſhalt buy thy Life
At ſuch a Rate ſhall ruin thee for ever;
And if *I* fall—As I believe I ſhall———
The very Shame to know I am a Woman,
Shall make thee curſe thy Fortune and thy Arms,
If thou haſt any Senſe of Manhood left,
After the barbarous Murder thou haſt done:
But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
Then *I* ſhall die with real Satisfaction:
The time draws on when I ſhould try my Fate;
Aſſiſt me, mighty Love, in my Deſign,
That I may prove no Paſſion equals mine.
Sem. Madam, conſider whom you muſt encounter.
Cleo. Conſider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis!* [*Weeps.*
Oh 'tis a Shame to weep being thus attir'd,
Let me once more ſurvey my ſelf———
And yet I need not borrow Reſolution:
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the Word,
'Tis that creates me Man, and valiant too,
And all incenſed Love can prompt me too,
Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Go,

Go, leave me to approach it ſolemnly———
Come, my dear Sword, from thee *I* muſt expect
That Service which my Arm may fail to affect;
And if thou ever didſt thy Maſter love,
Be ſure each Stroke thou mak'ſt may mortal prove.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

After a Noiſe of Trumpets at ſome diſtance and fighting—the Scene draws, and diſcovers Cleomena *and* Therſander *fighting.* Lyſander. *On one ſide ſtands the King of* Scythia *with his Party: On the other, the Queen of* Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, *and her Party*; Vallentio.

Therſ. What mak'ſt thou to fight as if indeed thou were *Clemanthis?*
But ſince thou art not him thou repreſent'ſt,
Whoe'er thou be'ſt 'twas indiſcreetly done,
To draw me from an order might have ſav'd thee;
——Who is't that dares aſſume *Clemanthis*'s ſhape? [*They fight.*

Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whoſe reported Valour
Unjuſtly was admir'd, cou'dſt thou believe the covert of the Wood, [Cleo. *falls*; *he ſtoops to look on her.*
Cou'd hide thy Treaſon—Treaſon which thou durſt own too?
[*A cry of Joy on the* Scythian's *ſide.*

Ther. Ah! *Cleomona*, is it you?
What have I done that could ſo far tranſport you?
Clemanthis boldneſs has incur'd your hate,
But he has been ſeverely puniſht for't;
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,
Receive *Therſander* with his equal Paſſions,
But not his equal Crimes.

Cleo. Oh Villain, ſince thou'ſt puniſht *Clemanthis*,
Puniſh the unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her Life who came to have taken thine.

Qu. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena*—
With whom *Therſander* fights——ah cruel Child!
[*They carry her off.*

Ther. Oh, whither, whither do you bear my Goddeſs?
Return, and here reſign your ſacred Load.
That whilſt 't has Life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched Man
That has ſo much offended———diſobey'd.
—My Arms, my Arms, *Lyſander* mount me ſtraight,
And let me force the diſobedient Troops;
Thoſe Coward-Slaves that could behold her bleed,

And

And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and ſcatter all;
Whil'ſt 'midſt the Ruins of the World I fall.

[*The* Scythian *Guards carry him off by force.*

Enter Iſmenes *with his Sword. They all deſcend.*

Iſm. Still thus defeated and outſtript by Fate,
Reſolv'd betimes, but ſallied out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
—Who can reſiſt thoſe mighty Powers combin'd? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames, Geron.

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you ſo?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.
Orſ. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh *Geron*, thou haſt hitherto ſo frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by Stories which thou tell'ſt
Of future Puniſhments i'th' other World,
That now I find thou'ſt brought me to endure
Thoſe Ills from Heaven thou ſay'ſt our *Sins* procure;
There's not a little God of all the Number
That does not exerciſe his Arts on me,
And practiſe Power, which by my ſuffering
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.
Ger. Why not, as well as *I*?
Orſ. Thou maiſt do what thou wilt; but there's a Difference
(As vaſt as 'twixt the Sun and leſſer Lights)
Between thy Soul and mine;
Thou canſt contented ſit whole Days together,
And entertain thy Lute that dull Companion,
Till duller Sleep does ſilence it and thee;
But I, whoſe active Soul deſpiſe that drouzy God,
Can ever dare him in his height of Power,
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt ſo far from Senſe, thou'ſt loſt thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Poſſeſſes me, beyond thy waking Thought——
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my ſelf a thing like thee.
Ger. What was your Dream?
Orſ. Why *I* will try to tell it thee——
——Methought I ſaw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains draw aſide;
The Sun in all his Glory, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more Luſtre ſhon!

The

The Face of Heaven, too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durſt gaze upon't but I;
In *Jove*'s illuſtrious Throne I only ſate,
Whilſt all the leſſer Gods did round me wait;
My Habit, ſuch as cannot be expreſt;
Iris in all her various Colours dreſt,
The Morning-Sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,
Was half ſo beautiful, ſo gay, as I.
The brighteſt Stars in all Heaven's Canopie
Were choſen out to make a Crown for me,
With which methought they glorify'd my Brow,
And in my Hand they plac'd the Thunder too;
The World was mine, and thouſands ſuch as thou
Still as I moved low to the Earth did bow;
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
They ſtrove, and were as numerous as they;
Thither I ſoon deſcended in a Cloud,
But in the midſt of the adoring Crowd,
Almighty Woman at my Feet did bow,
Adorn'd with Beauties more than Heaven can ſhow,
But one among the reſt (for there were ſtore)
Whilſt all did me, I did that one adore;
She did Unking me, and her wondrous Eyes,
Did all my Power and Thunder too deſpiſe;
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;
And when ſhe frown'd, ſhe kept my Soul in awe.
Oh, *Geron*, while I ſtrive to tell the reſt,
I feel ſo ſtrange a Paſſion in my Breaſt,
That though I only do relate a Dream,
My Torments here would make it real ſeem.

Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream. [*Aſide.*

—Pray do not form Idea's in your Fancy,
And ſuffer them to diſcompoſe your Thoughts.

Orſ. In ſpight of your Philoſophy, they make
A ſtrange Impreſſion on me.

Ger. That's perfect Madneſs, Sir.

Orſ. Geron, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
But follow all the Dictates of my Reaſon.
—Come tell me, for thou haſt not done ſo yet,
How Nature made us? By what ſtrange Devices;
Tell me where 'twas you lighted on me firſt?
And how *I* came into thy dull Poſſeſſion?
Thou ſay'ſt we are not born immortal,
And I remember thou wert ſtill as now,
When I could hardly call upon thy Name,
But as thou would'ſt inſtruct my liſping Tongue;

And

And when *I* ask'd thee who instructed thee,
Thou'st sigh, and say a Man out-worn by Age,
And now laid in Earth——but tell me, *Geron*,
When time has wasted thee, for thou art decaying,
Where shall I find some new-made Work of Nature,
To teach those Precepts too, I've learnt of thee?
——Why art thou silent now?

Ger. You ought not Sir, to prie into the hidden Secrets of the Gods.

Ors. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—
What is't thou studiest for, more new devices;
Out with 'em—this sulleness betrays thee;
And I have been too long impos'd upon.
I find my self enlightned on a sudden,
And ev'ry thing I see instructs my Reason;
T has been enslav'd by thee——come, out with it.

Ger. I dare not, Sir.

Ors. Who is't thou fear'st?

Ger. The Anger of the Gods,
Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

Ors. What are those Oracles?

Ger. Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ
In the Eternal Book of Destiny.

Ors. I'll know what's writ in that eternal Book,
Or let thee know what it contains of thee.

Ger. What will you do?

Ors. Throw thee into the Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will. [*Offers to take him up.*

Ger. Stay, *Orsames*——
——'Tis true, *I* have Commands from *Cleomena*,
But yet the Time is hardly ripe for the Design.

Ors. Begin your Story—or by Heaven——

Ger. I shall—When you consider who I am,
With how much Care and Toil I've brought you up:
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,
And in my Bosom lull'd you to your rest:
How when you wept, my Tears kept time with yours,
And how your Smiles would dry again those Showers;
You will believe 'tis my Concern for you,
And not your Threats, makes me declare a Truth.

Ors. Forward, my dearest *Geron*,
Whilst I as silent as a healthy Sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breathest.

Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you Wonders to ensue;

But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [*Kneels.*
Orf. I give it thee——— Gods, this is fine indeed!
Thy Language and thy Mien are altered?
Oh how my Soul's inlarg'd already—go, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Scythian Tents.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therf. Leave me, *I* will be calm,
For this ſame change of *Cleomena*'s Habit,
Has but increas'd my Love—and all my Softneſs—
'Twas in that Habit I left *Amintas*;
Gods! has he betray'd me then?
No, I muſt not have ſo mean a Thought of him;
'Tis certain that ſhe knows I am *Therſander*———
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Therſander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena*;
Yet ſtill 'tis that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom ſhe once made happy with her Love.
But I have wounded her, and here ramains [*Draws his Sword.*
The Marks of my Diſhonour in her Blood.
Oh cruel Inſtrument of my ſhameful Crime!
Muſt the firſt Service thou haſt rendred me
Prove to my Soul ſo fatal? That Sword I left *Amintas*,
Wou'd have deny'd Obedience to this Hand,
This ſacrilegious Hand drew it againſt her.

Enter King, Lyſander *ſolus.*

King. How now *Therſander*, what ſtill melancholy?
Upon the firſt Appearance of your ſadneſs,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman;
But now I fear that could not be the Cauſe,
Unleſs 'twere fortify'd by ſtronger Paſſions;
—'Tis not impoſſible, but when you ſaw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat,
They might diſarm your Rage, and teach you love.
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in ſuch a time
As they're not able to make War againſt us,
And with it Propoſitions of a Marriage.

Therf. Happy miſtake! great Sir;
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have gave me Wounds which nothing elſe can cure;
And in that Moment when I would have kill'd her,
They ſtaid my guilty Hand, and overcame
The ſhameful Conqueror———
I'll ſay no more, nor give Laws to your Bounty;
But if your Majeſty approve my Flame,
I ſhall receive her as the greateſt Bleſſing

Heaven

Heaven can beſtow upon me.

King. I'm glad to find my Son of my Opinion;
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.

Therſ. All but the lovely Princeſs, whoſe Averſion
Is ſtill ſo great againſt our Family,
That I deſpair ſhe ever will be drawn to't.

King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make freſh War upon us; they're at our Mercy.
And as an Honour will embrace the Alliance.

Therſ. Pray Heaven they may.

King. If they refuſe, I will recall my Mercy,
And make them dearly buy their Scorn;
Come, we expect our Herauld from their Tents. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, Cleomena *in a Night-Gown*, Semiris. *A Table with Pen and Ink.*

Cleo. Madam, I confeſs my ſelf unworthy of your Tenderneſs.

Queen. Ah, *Cleomena!* you value my Repoſe at too cheap a Rate,
When you expoſe a Life ſo dear to me
To ſo much Danger as to fight *Therſander.*

Cleo. I am not the firſt Perſon of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy;
Do you not ſay he is my Father's Murderer?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown
You ſay the Gods have deſtin'd me to wear,

Queen. 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cauſe eſteem than hate.

Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to ſay
My Sentiments cannot correſpond with yours.

Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince?

Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Therſander!*

Queen. The King has generouſly offer'd it;
My Council do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the bleſt News.

Cleo. The Gods! let the Council and the Army periſh,
E're I loſe one ſingle Moment of my Satisfaction;
Is this the Hate which with my Milk you made me ſuck
For all that Race? is this th' Effects of my fierce Education?

Queen. All things muſt be preferr'd to th' Publick good,
When joyn'd with my Commands.

Cleo. What you command, I dare not diſobey;
But, Madam, I beſeech you, do not claim

That cruel Duty here.

Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peevish Humour,
And I will leave you to consider of it. [Queen *exit.*

Cleo. Gods! marry me, marry me to *Thersander!*
No, not whilst this———remains in my Possession;
[*Pulls out a Dagger.*
——*I* must confess it is a generous Offer,
How came it in their Souls?

Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.

C. Hah, Love——that Miracle may be;
When I reflect upon the Prince his words,
When he had vanquish'd me——*I* do not doubt it;
Then he confess'd he had a Passion for me;
I wonder at the sudden Birth of it———

Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.

Cleo. Oh my dear Eyes, how shall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,
Only to help the weakness of my Arms;
And when my Womans Courage feeble grew,
My Heart did kindly send its Aids to you.
And thou *Thersander*, surely canst not blame
My Cruelty, who do allow thy Flame;
Love on, love on; and if thou dost despise
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.

She sits down and writes. Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.

Cleo. Admit him——and Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.

Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

Enter Vallentio.

Cleo. Vallentio, I believe thee brave and honest.

Vall. Madam, the last I dare affirm.

Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, did'st thou ever love?

Vall. Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.

Cleo. But didst thou never feel a softer Passion?

Val. Madam, I own, though with a Blush I do so,
I've felt the Power of two fair Eyes,
And I have Wounds that yet would bleed afresh,
Should but the cruel Murtheress appear.

Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a Secret from me;
—But first, *Vallentio*, tell me who *I* am?

Vall. My Princess, Madam, and my General;
And one, who from your Power of Beauty holds
No less Dominion o're th' adoring Wold.

Than from the greatneſs you were born to.
Cleo. And you're contented I ſhould be your Queen?
Val. Madam, I am——*Pimante* has been prating. [*Aſide.*
Cleo. The Army too are of your mind.
Val. I cannot anſwer for the Army, Madam.
Cleo. But——what think you of *Orſames*?
Val. Madam, I think he merits to be King
In any other World but where you reign.
Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?
Val. Why then he ſhall be King, if you would have it ſo.
Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my ſelf I would;
This is the time to let the Monarch know
The Glories he was born to;
Nor can I die in Peace till he be Crown'd. [*Aſide.*
I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince;
A Prince they long in ſilence have bemoan'd,
Which every ſlight occaſion breaks out loud,
And ſoon will raiſe them up to a Rebellion;
The common People's God on Holy-days.
—And this *Vallentio*, I have often obſerv'd;
And 'tis an Act too humble for my Soul,
To court my ſelf into ſecurity.
Sem. Madam, the Gods do diſapprove his Reign,
Which they not only ſay ſhall be but ſhort,
But Bloody and Tyrannick.
Cleo. I will expound that Oracle
Which Prieſts unriddling make more intricate:
They ſaid that he ſhould Reign, and ſo he did,
Which laſted not above a pair of Hours;
But I my ſelf will be his Oracle now,
And ſpeak his kinder Fate,
And I will have no other Prieſt but thee, [*To* Vallentio.
Who ſhall unfold the Myſtery in plain terms.
Val. Madam, the City and the Army are by this defeat,
Enough inclin'd to hear that Reaſon.
Cleo. *Geron* already has Inſtructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no Reſolution.
Val. If I miſcarry, Madam, I'll be condem'd,
Never to look Foe i'th' Face again.
Cleo. Haſte, and be proſperous——— [Val. *exit.*
Semiris, are thoſe Garments ready I ſpoke for?
Sem. Madam, they are here—but now what will you do?
Cleo. Now, I will die—and now thou know'ſt my Will.
Sem. Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know.
Denying me t' attend you where you go;
With ſuch a Guide I cannot err.

Cleo. Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far
In passing; though I miss the aids of Day,
Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way:
Why dost thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.

Sem. I weep because you'd leave me here behind,
Doubting my love, I beg you wou'd permit
That I might give you the last proof of it.
I in your last adventure was too slow,
And will not be deny'd my Duty now.

Cleo. Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free,
That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me;
Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need;
To ease our Griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentio *passing over the Stage, is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well Colonel, have you delivered our Grievances to the Queen?

Val. Yes, I have.

1 *Cit.* Well, and what Success? shall we have a King?

Val. And why a King? why should you be thus earnest for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a single Man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.

1 *Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one. Hah Neighbours! a substantial Reason.

All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.

Val. I like your Resolution, but not your Reason; and must have a better than that.

1 *Cit.* Sha, Sir, we can give you many, that's sufficient; as look you, Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King——a thing——a thing——we have not been acquainted with in our Age: besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some Body, and must vent it somewhere; you know, Colonel, we have busie Heads, working Brains, which must be executed; therefore what say you, are we to have leave to shut up Shop, and to go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in spight of you?

Val. You shall not need; go, shut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Cittadel; but be sure you are well arm'd, lest the Queens Guards prevent you.

Cit. I warrant you for honest true Hearts enough at any mis-mischief, though not to go against the *Scythians*; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars?

Val. Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the King's Deliverance.

Cit.

Cit. Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raiſe thy Statue in Braſs in the Market-place, and worſhip it when we have done—but harkye, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

Val. None to thoſe that oppoſe you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. Oh how this will pleaſe ye all, my Mates— [Cit. *goes out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Colonel, the Princeſs, Colonel.

Val. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away, and none knows whither.

Val. I left her in her Tent juſt now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, ſhe's gone juſt as ſhe ſhou'd have been married too—there's the Devil on't! oh the Days we ſhou'd have ſeen! the Dancing, loving Days!

Val. Gone alone?

Pim. No, no, that diſſembling thing *Semiris* is with her; ſhe only left a Letter for the Queen, which ſhe has ſent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Muſick.

[*Goes out crying.*

Val. This is ſtrange—if ſhe be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haſte to meet the Rabble, that it may not look like an act of my own. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Therſander's *Tent: He enters with a Letter in his Hand open—with Attendants.*

Ther. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
And here impreſs thy Cruelty, and ſee what that will do
To ſet me free.

Ther. reads the Letter———

Finding it impoſſible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do reſolve never to marry that Barbarian, *whoſe Crimes are only known to me; No, nor any other that cannot bring me his Head; whereto I ſollicite* Artabazes, *and* Iſmenes, *if they will obey,*———

Cleomena.

If I conſult my Reaſon, and my Courage,
They ſay I ſhould not love this cruel Maid;
But oh my Reaſon, you're too weak to counſel;
I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,
Since 'tis my Life ſhe asks, and here demands it;
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my ſelf can more devoutly ſerve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whoſe Flames are found ſo criminal———

Enter Lyſander.

Ly. Sir, there is without a Youth that deſires admittance.

Ther. From whom comes he?

Ly. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver only to your Highneſs.

Ther. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

Ther. reads to himſelf———

Guard thee well, Therſander; *for thou ſhalt die by the Hand that brings thee this.*

[*She ſtabs him; he falls into* Lyſander's *Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*———

Ly. Help, Treaſon, help.———

Ther. Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee ſo much cruelty?
And why that Language with that angry blow?

Cleo. Behold this Face, and then inform thy ſelf.

[*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Ther. 'Tis *Cleomena!* oh ye Gods, I thank ye!
It is her Hand that wounds me,
And I'll receive my Death with perfect Joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiſs
That bleſſed Hand that ſent it.

Enter King, *Guards.*

King. Therſander murther'd! oh inhumane Deed!
Drag the Traytor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard of Tortures to deſtroy him by——

[*The Guards ſeize* Cleo. *and* Sem. *who were juſt entring.*

My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Therſander*;
Oh fatal Day, wherein one fatal Stroke
Has laid the hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!

[*The Guards go to carry* Cleo. *and* Sem. Therſ. *calls 'em back.*

Ther. Oh ſtay, and do not bear ſo rudely off,
Treaſures you cannot value.
—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murtherer,
But as my Sovereign Deity———
Inſtead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;
And let her be conducted into *Dacia,*
With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.
For me, no other Glory I deſire,
Than at her Feet thus willingly to expire.

[*Goes to throw himſelf at her Feet, they prevent it, and go off.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Council-Table: the King of Scythia *ſeated on a Throne, Officers, Attendants, and Guards.*

King. BRing the fair Priſoner forth, and let's examine
What Reaſons could inſpire her with this cruelty?
——How beautiful ſhe is! [*Gazes on her.*
Enter Cleomena *in Fetters*, Lyſander *with Guards.*
Cleo. Thy ſilence ſeems to licenſe me to ſpeak,
And tell thee, King, that now our Faults are equal;
My Father thou haſt kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will ſuffice to tell thee who I am.
—Now take my Life, ſince I have taken his,
And thou ſhalt ſee I neither will implore
Thy needleſs Clemeney by any Word or Sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languiſh any longer
Under theſe ſhameful Irons. [*With ſcorn.*
King. Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injuſtice
Thou ſay'ſt our Crimes are equal;
For thou haſt kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life,
When he aſſaulted mine in open Field,
And ſo, as cannot leave a ſtain on thee,
Or give thee Cauſe to ſay I've done thee wrong.
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)
Didſt thou not ſpare that Heart that dy'd for thee,
And bend thy Rage againſt thy Father's Foe?
But thou well knew'ſt, in killing of *Therſander*,
The Father's Life would quickly follow after.
Cleo. I will not ſeek excuſes for my actions,
But I proteſt to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge my ſelf on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he ſuffered was for his own Sin,
For he has baniſh'd from me all on Earth
That could compleat my Happineſs—— [*Weeps.*
——And now diſpoſe my Deſtiny as you pleaſe,
Only remember that I am a Woman.
King. What thou haſt ſaid will find but little credit;
——But yet if *Therſander* lives;
And if it pleaſe the Gods to ſpare that Life,

I ſhall have Generoſity enough
To ſet thee free in favour of thy Sex,
And my *Therſander*'s Love.
Cleo. Not dead! why ſhould the Gods protect him?
King. Her Soul is poſſeſt with ſome deſpair.
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,
He will obey, and die as you deſire———— [*Weeps.*
But not with Satisfaction till he ſees you
Conducted into *Dacia*.
I ſhould not of my ſelf have been ſo generous
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him
Who did deſerve a kinder Deſtiny;
But 'tis his Will,—and poſſible his laſt,
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you pleaſe; only this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll ſuffer him to take his laſt farewel.
Cleo. Immortal Gods! how can it be? a Man
Whoſe wickedneſs arm'd me againſt his Life,
Shou'd ſhew ſuch Virtue in the reſt of's Actions!
————Sir, *I* will ſee the Prince,
Not as the price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confeſs he did deſerve
A Death leſs glorious than *I* have given him:
And I ſhall take it well if he will own
That which may juſtifie my Offence to you.
King. Madam, I thank you————
————Diſmiſs her Fetters, and if ſhe pleaſe,
Let her have Garments ſuitable to her Sex,
Only the Guards attend her at a diſtance. [*Go out ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *The Grove.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt like a Shepherd*, Urania *like a Shepherdeſs*, *the Druid*, Lyces, *and other dancing Swains*, &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you've made too bold a venture;
And though your Wounds were more numerous than dangerous,
I am not willing you ſhould truſt 'em to the Air.
Amin. Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,
For which, the Life you ſav'd you ſhall command.
Ura. Me too h' has of all my jealous Fears,
By this eternal knot 'twixt thee and me
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo.
————Father————to you *I* owe *Amintas* Liberty;
To you his Life; and now for all my Joys,
Which if my future Service can repay,

Com-

Command with freedom her you have preſerv'd.
Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's haſten to the Camp;
For *I* impatient grow to ſee my Prince;
Heaven knows what my miſhap may have procur'd him.
Ura. How loath I am to leave theſe pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have deſign'd for love;
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I ſeem,
And thou ſome humble Villager hard by,
That knew no other pleaſure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs ſhould liſten all the day;
We'd taſte the Waters of theſe Chryſtal Springs,
With more delight than all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a Bed of Moſs,
Having no other Canopy but Trees,
We'd lay us down and tell a thouſand Stories.
Amin. For ever ſo I'd be content to dwell;
I wou'd put off all frightful marks of War,
And wou'd appear as ſoft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when ſilently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more eſteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Lawrel.
———But come, Love makes us idle.
Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you;
And your fair Bride, *Urania*, I could wiſh
My Youth and Vigour were as heretofore;
When only Courts and Camps could make me happy,
And then I wou'd not bid farewel ſo ſoon———
To ſo much Virtue as I've found in you.
Amin. I humbly thank you, Father, for a goodneſs
That ſhames my poor Returns.
Come pretty *Lyces*, and thou honeſt *Damon*,
With all the reſt of our kind Train;
Let's haſten to the Camp, during this Truce,
Your little Ruſtick Sports will find a welcome.
Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.
Amin. No matter, thou canſt not hate a Soldier,
Since I am one; and you muſt be obedient,
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now,
It is the duty of a *Scythian*'s Wife.
Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by ſuch ties,
May find a ſafety whereſoe'er ſhe flies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Orſames *joyful, and* Geron.

Orſ. Am I indeed a King;
And is there ſuch a thing as fair *Olympia?*
Hadſt thou not been the firſt had told me this,
By Heaven thou'dſt dy'd for thus concealing it;
Not all the obligations of my Youth
Should have preſerv'd thee.

Ger. Till now I wanted opportunity;
For had you known your Quality before,
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that haſte have overthrown your Intereſt.

Orſ. And canſt thou now provide againſt my ignorance!

Ger. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our ſide.

Orſ. What's that?

Ger. Thoſe numbers that I told you ſhould adore you.

Orſ. When ſhall I ſee them, *Geron?*

Ger. E're long, Sir: ſhould your Deliverance
Be wrought by any other means than theirs,
It were to ſnatch a Glory from their Hands,
Which they deſign their only Recompence.

Orſ. Oh how I am tranſported with the Joy!
But *Geron*, art thou ſure we do not dream?

Ger. Then Life it ſelf's a Dream——
——Hark, I hear a noiſe—— [*Noiſe.*

Within.] Kill the Dog——down with him.

Orſ. Oh how I'm raviſht with this unknown Noiſe!

Within.] Break down the Priſon Walls and Gates, and force your paſſage——

Enter Vallentio, *followed by a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, tearing in the Keeper all bloody.*

Val. No killing to day, my Fellow-ſoldiers, if you can help it; we will not ſtain our Triumphs in Blood——

[*They all ſtand and gaze.* Orſ. *gazes on them.*

Ye Gods inſtruct me where to bow my Knee——
But this alone muſt be the Deity——

[*Kneels,* Orſ. *lets him kneel, and gazes on him.*

1 *Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in ſuch mean Cloaths?

Gorel. Yes, goodman Fool, why ſhould the Colonel kneel elſe?

2 *Cit.* Oh pray Neighbour let me ſee a little, I never ſaw a King in all the days of my Life. Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?

Gorel. What Queſtions this ignorant Fellow asks!

3 *Cit.* Good lack-a-day, 'tis as a Man may ſay—'tis juſt ſuch another body as one of us, only he looks a little more terribly.

Ger.

Ger. Sir, why do you let him Kneel?

Orſ. Riſe, and let me look upon thee.

Val. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great ſupport:
It ought to have been preſented in a more glorious order,
But time and your Affairs permit not that.
A thouſand dangers wait upon delay;
But though the World be yours, it is not ſafe
Depending on a fickle Multitude,
Whom Intereſt, and not Reaſon renders juſt.

Orſ. Thou art a wondrous Man.

1 Cit. Good *Gorel*, ſtand back, and let me ſee a little; my Wife loves Newalties abominationly, and I muſt tell her ſomething about the King.

Gorel. What a Pox have we to do with your Wife? ſtand back.

Val. Now daign, Great Sir, to arm your Hand with this—
[*Gives* Orſ. *a Sword, he gazes on it.*
Nay, view it well, for though it be but homely,
It carries that about it can make the Wearer proud;
——an Edge——pray feel it, Sir——'t has dealt
Many a mortal Wound——
See how it dares the Sun for brightneſs, Sir;
Or if there be a Stain, it is an Ornament,
Dy'd in the Blood of thoſe that were your Enemies.
It never made a Blow or Thruſt in vain.
——How do you like it, Sir?

Orſ. So well, I know not whether this or thee
Be moſt agreeable to me,
You need not teach me how I am to uſe it,
That I will leave for thoſe that dare offend me.
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious Object?
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia*'s Eyes
That can out-glitter this.

1 Cit. Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely?

Val. Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne;
For now's the the time to make the World your own.

All ſhouting.——Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleomena *and* Semiris *dreſt as Women again.*

Sem. Dear Madam, I could wiſh you'd ſleep a while.

Cleo. That Peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis*'s Death;
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and ſtill,
And I perhaps may thus expire in ſilence——
——Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and ſing to't,
Whilſt I will try to ſleep. [*Lies down on a Couch.* Sem. *plays and ſings.*

SONG.

SONG, made by *J. Wright*, Esq;

Fair Nymph, remember all your scorn,
Will be by time repaid;
Those Glories which that Face adorn,
And flourish as the rising Morn,
Must one day set and fade.
Then all your cold disdain for me
Will but increase Deformity,
When still the kind will lovely be.
Compassion is of lasting praise;
For that's the beauty ne'er decays.

Fair Nymph, avoid those storms of Fate
Are to the Cruel due,
The Powers above, though ne'er so late,
Can be, when they revenge your Hate,
As pitiless as you.
Know, charming Maid, the Powers Divine
Did never such soft Eyes design,
To wound a Heart so true as mine.
That God who my dear Flame infus'd,
Will never see it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return, [Cleo. *rises as in a Dream.*
And see 'tis not into thy lov'd bosom
That I have sent my Vengeance.
Sem. What mean you, Madam?
Cleo. But thou, poor Ghost———
Instead of hasting me to my Revenge,
Endeavour'st to touch me with Compassion.
Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and speak to?
Cleo. Thersander, why do'st rob me of that Face?
Is't to disarm me of my Indignation?
Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?
Cleo. Ha! do'st thou see nothing?
Sem. Not any thing.
Cleo. Yonders the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis*'s Face,
Or else *Clemanthis* with *Thersander*'s Wound.
Sem. Compose your Thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a Dream,
An idle Dream, born from a troubled Fancy.
——How was it, Madam?
Cleo. Methought I saw *Clemanthis*,
As when he was most charming to my Soul,
But pale and languishing, having a Wound
Like that I gave his Murderer;
To which with one of his Hands he seem'd to point;
The other stretching out with passionate Actions,
And gazing on me,—thus methought he spoke: —See

—See how you recompence my faithful Sufferings,
—See the performance of your Promiſes;
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that ſtill ador'd you,
And yet you're not content with all theſe Cruelties,
Though even in your anger and my death,
I ſtill continue faithful and ſubmiſſive.
——Thus ſpoke the lovely Phantome.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.
Cleo. He may come in. [*Enter* Lyſander.
Ly. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your Will,
And dying ſtill implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which preſumption he deſerves to die;
—But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes;
That was too weak to exerciſe your Will,
Your Cruelty had power alone to kill;
And now one Viſit from you he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more. [*Weeps.*
Cleo. That I will grant to ſatisfie the King.
Ly. When he is dead———
He'll ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,
Who ſhall upbraid you with your Cruelty,
And let you ſee, in wounding of *Therſander*,
You've found the readieſt way to kill *Clemanthis*.
Cleo. What means he by theſe Words?
Ly. He humbly beg's you'l pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Crown, he ſays, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,
And he intreats you would accept it from him.
Cleo. To ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me——
How this agrees with my ſad Dream!
How did thy Maſter know———
Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*—[*Advances towards*
—Sure I have ſeen that Face before— Lyſ. *and ſhe ſtarts.*
—Ar't not *Lyſander*, Page to *Clemanthis*?
Ly. Madam, I am, and ever ſerv'd that Maſter.
Cleo. How couldſt thou then come near his Enemy?
Ly. Madam, it was by his Command I came.
Cleo. How could *Clemanthis* love his Murtherer?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I ſlept, and pleaded for the Prince.
Ly. What means the Princeſs.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Madam, I have News to tell you that will Make

Make you forſwear ever fighting again.
Cleo. What mean you?
Pim. As I was paſſing through a Street of Tents,
I ſaw a wounded Man ſtretcht on the ground;
And going, as others did, to [illegible]rn his Fate,
I heard him ſay to thoſe that ſtrove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your Succours are in vain;
For now *I* ſee the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis*'s Murther.
How! cry'd *I* out, are you then one of thoſe
Therſander ſent to kill that Cavalier?
Therſander, cry'd he, had no hand in't;
But *Artabazes* ſet us on to kill him.
Here he began to faulter in his Speech;
And ſure he ſpoke the truth; for 'twas his laſt.
Cleo. This looks like Truth. *Therſander*'s every Action
Declar'd too much of Virtue and of Honour,
To be the Author of ſo black a Deed.
—Tell him, I'll viſit him, and beg his pardon. [*To* Ly. *who bows*
—Generous *Therſander*, if this News be true, *and goes out.*
My Eyes ſhall ſpare ſome drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Therſander's *Tent, he in a Night-gown ſitting on a Couch; by him the King, Officers, Attendants to them. Enter* Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lyſander; *the King riſes to meet* Cleo. *and ſeats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. Therſander, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as *I* muſt believe thee,
And here before the King to make confeſſion
Of what *I* did refuſe the Queen my Mother.
—Know then, I lov'd and with a perfect Paſſion
The moſt unfortunate of Men, *Clemanthis.*
His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was Illuſtrious, as were his Actions;
But *I* have loſt him by a fatal accident,
That very day he ſhould have fought with you. [*Weeps.*
Ther. Gods! where will this end? [*Aſide.*
Cleo. But e'er the fatal moment of his Death,
Iſmenis beg'd to know who did the Murther,
But he could anſwer nothing but *Therſander*,
And we believ'd it you;
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier;
————You know the reſt————
And doubtleſs you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.
Ther. No I ſhall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*, [*He kneels before her.*
If ſhe ſtill love *Clemanthis.*
Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that Voice.

Oh

Oh ſtay, this Joy too ſuddenly ſurprizes— [*Ready to ſwound.*
—Gently diſtill the Bliſs into my Soul,
Leſt this Exceſs have the effects of Griefs:
—Oh, my *Clemanthis!* do I hold thee faſt?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia?*

King. I loſe my reaſon by this ſtrange encounter!

Ther. Was't then a ſecret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia?*
I ſtill believ'd that was his only Crime.

Cleo. By all my Joys I knew it not—but ſure
This is Enchantment; for it is as certain
Theſe Eyes beheld thee Dead.

Pim. Ay, and ſo did I, I'll be ſworn.

Ther. That muſt be poor *Amintas* in my Dreſs,
Whoſe Story when you know, you will bemoan.

Cleo. But oh my Life! the cruel wound *I* gave thee,
Let me be well aſſur'd it is not mortal, or *I* am loſt again.

King. The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient
You ſhould forbid him not to ſpeak too much———

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afreſh, for the Plain is cover'd with numerous
Troops, which ſwiftly make this way.

King. They dare not break the Truce.

Sold. I know not, Sir, but ſomething of a King I heard them talk of———

Cleo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word———
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;
It is my Brother, who ne'er knew till now,
Ought of a Peopled World.

King. *I* long to ſee that Monarch, whoſe Friendſhip I muſt
Court for you, fair Princeſs:
If you'll accept *Therſander* whom *I* offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both ſides.

Cleo. Sir, 'tis an Honour which we ought to ſue for.

Ther. And 'tis to me a Bleſſing———
I wanted Confidence to ask of Heaven.

Enter Orſ. Val. Hon. Art. Iſm. *Soldiers*, &c. Orſ. *dreſt gay with a Truncheon in his Hand, advances firſt, is met by the King, who gaze on each other.*

Orſ. If thou be'ſt he that art *Orſames*'s Enemy,
I do demand a Siſter at thy Hands.

King. Art thou *Orſames?*

Orſ. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me!
———Look on me well———
Doſt ſee no marks of Grandeur in my Face?

Nothing that ſpeaks me King?

King. I do believe thou art that King, and here I do reſign that Siſter thou demandeſt. [*Gives him* Cleo.

Orſ. It is a Woman too! another Woman! I wou'd embrace thee if I durſt approach thee.

Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your Siſter—

[Cleo. *embraces him.*

Orſ. This is the kindeſt Woman I e'er ſaw.

Cleo. Brother, behold this King no more your Enemy, Since I muſt pay him Duty as a Father.

Enter Queen, Olympia, *Women.*

Orſ. Hah, *Olympia!* ſure 'tis an airy Viſion——

Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.

Qu. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

King. Riſe, Madam, and receive me as your Friend; This pair of Lovers has united all our Intereſts. [*Points to* Cleo.

Qu. Heavens! what's this I ſee, *Clemanthis* And the Prince of *Scythia?*

Ther. Yes, Madam, and a Man that humbly begs The happy Title of your Son——*Honorius*, Of you I aſk the greateſt Pardon— [*Talks to* Olympia.

Orſ. I am a King, and do adore thee too, And thou ſhalt rule a World with me, my Fair; A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow, Whence thou ſhalt ſhoot a thouſand gilded Arrows.

Olym. What to do, Sir?

Orſ. To ſave the expence of Cruelty; For they will kill as ſure, but rightly aim'd; This noble Fellow told me ſo. [*To* Val.

Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me: But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

Orſ. Inſtruct my Eyes, *Olympia*, for 'tis lately I've learnt of ſome ſuch thing.

Olym. This, Sir,——you ought to kneel to her.

Orſm. Muſt I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee?

Qu. My dear *Orſames*, let my Tears make way. [*Kneels.* Before I can aſſure thee of my Joy.

Orſ. Gods! how obliging is this kind Concern! Not all my Paſſion for my fair *Olympia* Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [*Weeps.*

Qu. Thou'ſt greater need of Anger than of Tears, Having before thy Eyes thy worſt of Enemies, One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown, Through what ſhe thought her Duty to the Gods; But now repents her ſuperſtitious Errour, And humbly begs thy Pardon.

Orſ.

Orſ. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.
Qu. I will, my *Orſames*; and 'tis the only preſent
I can make to expiate my fault.
Orſ. And I'll receive her as the only thing
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.
Oh *Geron*, ſtill if this ſhould prove a Dream!
Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much leſs pleaſant.

Enter Lyſander.

Ly. Sir, there are without ſome Shepherdeſſes
Who ſay they wou'd preſent you [*To* Ther.
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highneſs.
Ther. Let them come in———
They ſeat themſelves. Enter Amin. Ura. *maskt, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, followed with Pipes, or Wind-Muſick. They dance; after which* Amin. *kneels to the Prince,* Ura. *to the Princeſs.*
——My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live!
Fortune requites my Sufferings
With too large a ſhare of Happineſs.
Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.
Ther. This, my Divine, was he who had [*To* Cleo.
The Glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept,
For him had almoſt dy'd.
Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-ſalve
Heals at a diſtance——
Cleo. But why *Amintas*, did you name *Therſander*,
When you were askt who wounded you?
Amin. Madam, if loſs of Blood had given me leave,
I wou'd have told how I came ſo habited,
And who *I* was, though not how *I* was wounded.
King. Still I am in a miſt, and cannot ſee the happy path *I* tread.
Ther. Anon we will explain the Myſtery, Sir.
Hon. Now, great *Orſames*, 'tis but juſt and fit,
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which is not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyful Day.
King. And there we'll joyn our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Intereſts as our Families.
Orſ. I am content that thou ſhould'ſt give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentia*, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid
I recompence thy Services
With any thing leſs grateful than a Woman:
——Here, I will chuſe for thee——
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this Gift, 'tis thine. [*Gives him* Sem.
Ther. *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are:
The Gods of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

After a Dance of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, the Epilogue *is spoken by Mrs.* Barry, *as a Nymph; at his R. H. second exile into* Flanders

EPILOGUE.

After our showing Play of mighty Pains,
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our Rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with some young Rural Maid,
On Beds of Grass beneath a lovely Shade,
'Bove all the Pride of Citty-Jilts, whose Arts
Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts;
Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine;
And Coyness is not Virtue, but Design.
We use no Colours to adorn the Face,
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace,
The neighbouring Stream serves for a Looking-glass.
Ambition is not known within our Groves;
Here's no Disputes for Empire, but for Loves;
The humble Swain his birth-right here enjoys,
And fears no Danger from the publick Voice.
No wrong nor Insolence from busie Powers;
No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers;
His Country and his Flocks enjoys with ease,
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace;
Nor forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly
To foreign Shores for his Security.
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,
And cheerful Homage to the Lord of May;
No Emulation breaks his soft Repose;
Nor do his Wreaths nor Virtues gain him Foes:
No publick Mischiefs can disturb his Reign,
And Malice wou'd be busie here in vain.
Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay;
This knows to be indulgent, that t'obey.
Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
But to entrap the Woolf that steals our Flocks.
Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
Restless his Nights, thoughtful his Days with Care;
Whose greatness, or whose goodness can secure
From outrages which Knaves and Fools procure!
Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,
The noblest State is lowly Innocence.
Here honest Wit in Mirth and Triumph reigns,
Musick and Love shall ever bless our Swains,
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains.

EPI-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the Ghoſt of *Hewſon* aſcending from Hell dreſs'd as a Cobler.

I Am the Ghoſt of him who was a true Son
Of the late Good Old Cauſe, *Eclipſed* Hewſon,
Rous'd by ſtrange Scandal from th' eternal Flame
With noiſe of Plots, of wondrous Birth and Name,
Whilſt the ſly Jeſuit robs us of our Fame.
Can all their Conclave, tho' with Hell th' agree
Act Miſchief equal to Presbytery?
Look back on our Succeſs in Forty One,
Was ever braver Villanies carried on,
Or new ones now more hopefully begun.
And ſhall our Unſucceſs our Merit loſe
And make us quit the Glory of our Cauſe!
No, hire new Villains, Rogues without Remorſe,
And let no Law nor Conſcience ſtop your Courſe!
Let Politicians order the Confuſion,
And let the Saints pay pious Contribution.
Pay thoſe that Rail, and thoſe that can delude
With ſcribling Nonſenſe the looſe Multitude.
Pay well your Witneſſes, they may not run
To the right Side, and tell who ſet 'em on.
Pay 'em ſo well, that they may ne're Recant,
And ſo turn Honeſt meerly out of want.
Pay Juries, that no formal Laws may harm us,
Let Treaſon be ſecur'd by Ignoramus.
Pay Bully Whig, who Loyal Writers bang,
And honeſt Tories in Effigie hang;
Pay thoſe that burn the Pope to pleaſe the Fools,
And daily pay Right Honourable Tools;
Pay all the Pulpit Knaves that Treaſon brew,
And let the zealous Siſters pay 'em too;
Juſtices, bound by Oath and Obligation,
Pay them the utmoſt Price of their Damnation,
Not to diſturb our uſeful Congregation.
Nor let the Learned Rabble be forgot,
Thoſe Pious Hands that crown our hopeful Plot,
No, modern Stateſmen cry 'tis Lunacy
To barter Treaſon with ſuch Rogues as we.
But ſubtiler Oliver *did not diſdain*
His mightier Politicks with ours to joyn,
I, for all Uſes in a State was able,
Cou'd Mutiny, cou'd fight, hold forth, and Cobble.
Your lazy Stateſman may ſometimes direct,
But your ſmall buſie Knaves the Treaſon act:

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord Fleetwood. } Competitors for the Crown, but *Lam-*
Lord Lambert. } *bert* is General of the Army.

Lord Wariſton. Chairmen of the Committee of Safety.

Hewſon.
Desbro.
Duckinfield. } Commanders, and Committee-men.
Corbet.

Lord Whitlock.

Ananias Goggle. Lay Elder of *Clement's* Pariſh.

A Rabble Of the Sanctify'd Mobily.

Corporal Right. An *Oliverian* Commander, but honeſt, and a Cavalier in his Heart.

Loveleſs. A Royaliſt, a Man of Honour, love: Lady *Lambert.*

Freeman. His Friend, of the ſame Character, in Love with Lady *Desbro.*

WOMEN.

Lady Lambert. In Love with *Loveleſs.*

Lady Desbro. In Love with *Freeman.*

Lady Fleetwood.

Lady Cromwell.

Gilliflower. Lady *Lambert's* Old Woman,

Several Ladies For Redreſs of Grievances.

Two Pages To Lady *Lambert.*

Page To Lady *Desbro.*

Footmen, Fidlers, and a Band of Loyal City Apprentices.

THE

THE ROUND-HEADS: OR, THE Good Old Cauſe.

ACT I. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter three Soldiers, and Corporal Right.

Cor. AH Rogue, the World runs finely round, the buſineſs is done.

1 *Sold.* Done! the Town's our own, my fine Raſcal.

2 *Sold.* We'll have Harlots by the Belly, Sirrah.

1 *Sold.* Thoſe are Commodities I confeſs I wou'd fain be trucking for—— but no words of that Boy.

Cor. Stand, who goes there?

[*To them a Joyner and a Felt-maker.*

1 *Sold.* Who are you for,——hah!

Joy. Are for, Friend? we are for Gad and the Lord *Fleetwood.*

1 *Sold. Fleetwood*, knock 'em down, *Fleetwood* that ſniveling Thief?

Felt. Why Friends, who are ye for?

Cor. For! who ſhou'd we be for, but *Lambert*, Noble *Lambert!* Is this a time o'th' day to declare for *Fleetwood*, with a Pox? indeed, i'th' Morning 'twas a Queſtion had like to have been decided with puſh of Pike.

2 *Sold.* Dry blows wou'd ne'er a don't, ſome muſt have ſweat Blood for't, but———'tis now decided.

Joy. Decided!

2 *Sold.* Yes, decided Sir, without your Rule for't.

Joy. Decided! by whom Sir? by us the Free-born Subjects of *England*, by the Honourable Committe of *Safety*, or the Right Reverend City? without which, Sir, *I* humbly conceive, your Declaration for *Lambert* is illegal, and againſt the Property of the People.

2 *Sold.* Plain *Lambert*; here's a ſawcy Dog of a Joyner; Sirrah, get ye home, and mind your Trade, and ſave the Hangman a labour.

Joy. Look ye, Friend, I fear no Hang-man in *Chriſtendom*; for Conſcience and Publick Good, for Liberty and Property, I dare as far as any Man.

2 *Sold.* Liberty and Property, with a Pox, in the Mouth of a Joyner; you are a pretty Fellow to ſettle the Nation —— what ſays my Neighbour Felt-maker?

Felt. Why verily, *I* have a high reſpect for my honourable Lord *Fleetwood*, he is my intimate Friend, and till I find his Party the weaker, *I* hope my Zeal will be ſtrengthned for him.

2 *Sold.* Zeal for *Fleetwood*, Zeal for a Halter, and that's your due: Why, what has he ever done for you? Can he lead you out to Battle? Can he ſilence the very Cannon with his Eloquence alone?——Can he talk——or fight——or——

Felt. But verily he can pay thoſe that can, and that's as good—and he can pray——

2 *Sold.* Let him pray, and we'll fight, and ſee whoſe buſineſs is done firſt; we are for the General, who carries Charms in every Syllable; can act both the Soldier and the Courtier, at once expoſe his Breaſt to Dangers for our ſakes —— and tell the reſt of the pretended Slaves a fair Tale, but hang 'em ſooner than truſt 'em.

1 *Sold.* Ay, ay, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*, he has Courage, *Fleetwood*'s an Aſs to him.

Felt. Hum—here's Reaſon Neighbour. [*To the Joyner.*

Joy. That's all one, we do not act by Reaſon.

Corp. Fleetwood's a Coward.

2 *Sold.* A Blockhead.

1 *Sold.* A ſniveling Fool; a General in the Hangings, no better.

Joy. What think you then of *Vane*?

2 *Sold.* As of a Fool, that has dreamt of a new Religion, and only fit to reign in the Fifth Monarchy he preaches ſo much up; but no King in this Age.

Felt. What of *Haſlerig*?

2 *Sold.* A Hangman for *Haſlerig*, *I* cry, No, no, One and all, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*; he is our General, our Protector, our Keiſer, our——even what he pleaſes himſelf.

1 *Sold.* Well, if he pleaſes himſelf, he pleaſes me.

2 *Sold.* He's our Riſing Sun, and we'll adore him, for the Speaker's Glory's ſet.

Cor.

Cor. At nought, Boys; how the Rogue look'd when hi Coach was ſtop'd;

Joy. Under favour, what ſaid the Speaker?

2 *Sold.* What ſaid he? prithee what cou'd he ſay that we wou'd admit for Reaſon? Reaſon and our Buſineſs are two things: Our Will was Reaſon and Law too, and the Word of Command lodg'd in our Hilts: *Cobbet* and *Duckenfield* ſhow'd 'em Cockpit-Law.

Cor. He underſtood not Soldier's Dialect; the Language of the Sword puzled his Underſtanding; the Keenneſs of which, was too ſharp for his Wit, and over-rul'd his Robes—therefore he very mannerly kiſs'd his Hand, and wheel'd about ——

2 *Sold.* To the place from whence he came.

Cor. And e're long to the place of Execution.

1 *Sold.* No, damn him, he'll have his Clergy.

Joy. Why, is he ſuch an Infidel to love the Clergy?

Cor. For his Ends; but come let's go drink the General's Health, *Lambert!* not *Fleetwood*, that Son of a Cuſtard, always quaking.

2 *Sold.* Ay, ay, *Lambert* I ſay,—beſides he's a Gentleman.

Felt. Come, come, Brother Soldier, let me tell you, I fear you have a *Stewart* in your Belly.

Cor. I am ſure you have a Rogue in your Heart, Sirrah, which a Man may perceive through that ſanctified Dog's Face of yours; and ſo get ye gone ye Raſcals, and delude the Rabble with your canting Politicks. [*Every one beats 'em.*

Felt. Nay, and you be in Wrath, I'll leave you.

Joy. No matter Sir, I'll make you know I'm a Free born Subject, there's Law for the Righteous Sir, there's Law. [*Goes out.*

Cor. There's Halters ye Rogues ——

2 *Sold.* Come Lads, let's to the Tavern, and drink Succeſs to change; I doubt not but to ſee 'em chop about, till it come to our great Hero again——Come to the Tavern.

[*Going out, are met by* Loveleſs *and* Freeman, *who enter, and ſtay the* Corporal.

Cor. I'll follow ye Comrade preſently. [Ex. *the reſt of Soldiers.* ——Save ye noble Colonel.

Free. How is't Corporal?

Cor. A brave World, Sir, full of Religion, Knavery, and Change; we ſhall ſhortly ſee better Days.

Free. I doubt, it Corporal.

Cor. I'll warrant you Sir,—but have you had never a Billet, no Preſent, nor Love-remembrance to day, from my good Lady *Desbro*?

Free. None, and wonder at it, Haſt thou not ſeen her Page to day?

Cor. Faith Sir, I was imploy'd in Affairs of State, by our Protector that ſhall be, and could not call.

Free.

Free. Protector that ſhall be? who's that, *Lambert*, or *Fleetwood*, or both?

Cor. I care not which, ſo it be a Change; but I mean the General,—but Sir, my Lady *Desbro* is now at Morning-Lecture here hard by, with the Lady *Lambert*.

Lov. Seeking the Lord for ſome great Miſchief or other.

Free. We have been there, but could get no opportunity of ſpeaking to her,—*Loveleſs*, know this Fellow,——he's honeſt and true to the Hero, though a *Red-Coat*. I truſt him with my Love, and have done with my Life.

Lov. Love! Thou can'ſt never make me believe thou art earneſtly in Love with any one of that damn'd Reformation.

Free. Thou art a Fool; where I find Youth and Beauty, I adore, let the Saint be true or falſe.

Lov. 'Tis a Scandal to one of us to converſe with 'em; they are all ſanctify'd *Jilts*; and there can neither be Credit nor Pleaſure in keeping 'em Company; and 'twere enough to get the Scandal of an Adherer to their deviliſh Politicks to be ſeen with 'em.

Free. What their Wives?

Lov. Yes, their Wives. What ſee'ſt thou in 'em but Hypocriſie? Make Love to 'em,—they anſwer in Scripture.

Free. Ay, and lie with you in Scripture too. Of all Whores, give me your zealous Whore; I never heard a Woman talk much of Heaven, but ſhe was much for the Creature too. What do'ſt think I had thee to the Meeting for?

Lov. To hear a Raſcal hold forth for Bodkins and Thimbles, Contribution my beloved! to carry on the good Cauſe, that is, Roguery, Rebellion, and Treaſon, prophaning the ſacred Majeſty of Heaven, and our glorious Sovereign.

Free. But—were there not pretty Women there?

Lov. Damn 'em for ſighing, groaning Hypocrites.

Free. But there was one, whom that handſome Face and Shape of yours, gave more occaſion for ſighing, than any Mortification caus'd by the Cant of the Lay-Elder in the half Hogs-Head; Did'ſt thou not mind her?

Lov. Not I, damn it, I was all Rage, and had'ſt not thou reſtrain'd me, I had certainly pull'd that Rogue of a Holder-forth by the Ears from his ſanctify'd Tub. 'Sdeath he humb'd and haw'd all my Patience away, noſed and ſnivel'd me to Madneſs. Heaven! That thou ſhould'ſt ſuffer ſuch Vermin to infect the Earth, ſuch Wolves amongſt thy Flocks, ſuch Thieves and Robbers of all Laws of God and Man, in thy Holy Temples. I rave to think to what thou'rt fall'n, poor *England!*

Free. But the fine Saint——

Lov. No more, were ſhe as fair as Fancy could imagine, to

ſee

ſee her there wou'd make me loath the Form; ſhe that can liſten to the Dull Nonſence, the bantering of ſuch a Rogue, ſuch an illiterate Raſcal, muſt be a Fool, paſt ſenſe of loving, *Freeman.*

Free. Thou art miſtaken,———But, did'ſt thou mind her next the Pulpit?

Lov. A Plague upon the whole Congregation: I minded nothing but how to fight the Lord's Battle with that damn'd ſham Parſon; whom I had a mind to beat.

Free. My Lady *Desbro* is not of that Perſwaſion, but an errant Heroick in her Heart, and feigns it only to have the better occaſion to ſerve the Royal Party. I knew her, and lov'd her before ſhe married.

Lov. She may chance then to be ſav'd.

Free. Come, I'll have thee bear up briskly to ſome one of 'em, it may redeem thy Sequeſtration; which, now thou ſee'ſt no hopes of compounding, puts thee out of Patience.

Lov. Let 'em take it, and the Devil do 'em Good with it: I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid I have a Foot of Land in this ungrateful and accurſed Iſland; I'd rather beg where Laws are obey'd, and Juſtice perform'd, than be powerful where Rogues and baſe-born Raſcals rule the Roſt.

Free. But ſuppoſe now, dear *Loveleſs*, that one of the Wives of theſe Pageant Lords ſhould fall in love with thee, and get thy Eſtate again, or pay thee double for't?

Lov. I wou'd refuſe it.

Free. And this for a little diſſembl'd Love, a little Drudgery—

Lov. Not a Night by Heaven—not an Hour—no not a ſingle Kiſs, I'd rather make Love to an *Incubus.*

Free. But ſuppoſe 'twere the new Protectoreſs her ſelf, the fine Lady *Lambert?*

Lov. The greateſt Devil of all; damn her, do'ſt think I'll Cuckold the Ghoſt of old *Oliver?*

Free. The better; there's ſome Revenge in't; do'ſt know her?

Lov. Never ſaw her, nor care to do.

Cor. Colonel, do you command me any thing?

Free. Yes, I'll ſend thee with a Note—Let's ſtep into a Shop and write it; *Loveleſs* ſtay a moment, and I'll be with thee.

[*Ex.* Free. *and* Corporal.

Enter L. Lambert, L. Desbro, Gilliflower, *Page with great Bibles, and Footmen.* Love. *walks ſullenly, not ſeeing 'em.*

[L. Lamb.'s *Train carried.*

La. *Lam.* O, I'm impatient to know his Name; ah, *Desbro* he betray'd all my Devotion; and when I would have pray'd, Heav'n knows it was to him, and for him only.

L. *Des.* What manner of Man was it?

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* I want Words to deſcribe him; not tall, nor ſhort; well made, and ſuch a Face——Love, Wit and Beauty revel'd in his Eyes;
From whence he ſhot a thouſand winged Darts,
That pierc'd quite through my Soul.

L. *Des.* Seem'd he a Gentleman?

L. *Lam.* A God! although his outſide were but mean; but he ſhone through like Lightning from a Cloud, and ſhot more piercing Rays.

L. *Des.* Staid he long?

L. *Lam.* No, methought he grew diſpleas'd with our Devotion,
And ſeem'd to contradict the Parſon with his angry Eyes.
A Friend he had too with him, young and handſome,
Who ſeeing ſome Diſorder in his Actions, got him away.
——I had almoſt forgot all Decency,
And ſtarted up to call him, but my Quality
And wanting ſomething to excuſe that Fondneſs,
Made me decline with very much ado.

Gill. Heaven's, Madam, I'll warrant they were Heroicks.

L. *Lam.* Heroicks!

Gill. Cavaliers, Madam, of the Royal Party.

L. *Des.* They were ſo, I knew one of 'em.

L. *Lam.* Ah *Desbro*, do'ſt thou?
Ah Heav'ns, that they ſhould prove Heroicks!

L. *Des.* You might have known that by the Conqueſt; I never heard, e're one o'th' t'other Party ever gain'd a Heart: and indeed, Madam, 'tis a juſt Revenge, our Husbands make Slaves of them, and they kill all their Wives.

[Lov. *ſees 'em, and ſtarts.*

Lov. Hah, what have we here?——Women——faith, and handſome too——I never ſaw a Form more Excellent! whoe'er they are, they ſeem of Quality.—— By Heav'n, I cannot take my Eyes from her. [*Pointing to* L. Lamb.

L. *Lam.* Ha, he's yonder, my Heart begins to fail.
My trembling Limbs refuſing to ſupport me——
His Eyes ſeem fix'd on mine too; ah, I faint— [*leans on* Des.

Gill. My Lady's Coach, *William*—quickly, ſhe faints.

Lov. Madam, can an unfortunate Stranger's aid add any thing to the recovery of ſo much Beauty? [*Bowing, and holding her.*

L. *Lam.* Ah, wou'd he knew how much! [*Aſide.*

Gill. Support her, Sir, till her Ladyſhip's Coach comes——
I beſeech ye.

Lov. Not *Atlas* bore up Heaven with greater Pride.

L. *Lam.*—I beg your Pardon, Sir, for this Diſorder
That has occaſion'd you ſo great a Trouble——
You ſeem a Gentleman——and conſequently
May need ſome Service done you; name the way,

I

I ſhall be glad to let you ſee my Gratitude.

Lov. If there be ought in me, that merits this amazing Favour from you, I owe my Thanks to Nature that endow'd me with ſomething in my Face that ſpoke my Heart.

La. *Lam.* Heaven! How he looks and ſpeaks——— [*To* Desbro, *aſide.*

La. *Des.* Oh, theſe Heroicks, Madam, have the moſt charming Tongues.

La. *Lam.* Pray come to me——and ask for any of my Officers, and you ſhall have admittance——

Lov. Who ſhall I ask for Madam? for I'm yet ignorant to whom *I* owe for this great Bounty.

La. *Lam.* Not know me! Thou art indeed a Stanger, *I* thought I'd been ſo elevated above the common Crowd, it had been viſible to all Eyes who *I* was.

Lov. Pardon my Ignorance.
My Soul conceives all that Heaven can make ye,
Of Great, of Fair and Excellent;
But cannot gueſs a Name to call you by
But ſuch as wou'd diſpleaſe ye——
—My Heart begins to fail, and by her Vanity
I fear ſhe's one of the new Race of Quality: [*Aſide.*
——But be ſhe Devil, *I* muſt love that Form.

La. *Lam.* Hard Fate of Greatneſs, we ſo highly elevated
Are more expos'd to Cenſure than the little ones,
By being forc'd to ſpeak our Paſſions firſt.
———Is my Coach ready?

Pag. It waits your Honour.

La. *Lam.* I give you leave to viſit me——ask for the General's Lady, if my Title be not by that time alter'd.

Lov. Piſtols and Daggers to my Heart———'tis ſo.

La. *Lam.* Adieu, Sir. [*Ex. all but* Lov. *who ſtands muſing.*

Enter Freeman.

Free. How now, what's the matter with thee?

Lov. Prethee wake me *Freeman.*

Free. Wake thee!

Lov. *I* dream! by Heav'n *I* dream!
Nay, yet the lovely Phantom's in my View,
Oh! wake me, or *I* ſleep to perfect Madneſs.

Free. What ayl'ſt thou, what did'ſt dream of?

Lov. A ſtrange fantaſtick Charmer,
A thing juſt like a Woman Friend,
It walk't, and look'd with wondrous Majeſty,
Had Eyes that kill'd, and Graces deck'd her Face;
But when ſhe talk'd, mad as the Winds ſhe grew.
Chimera in the form of Angel, Woman!

Free. Who

Free. Who the Devil meaneſt thou?

Lov. By Heav'n *I* know not, but, as ſhe vaniſh'd hence, ſhe bad me come to th' General's!

Free. Why this is ſhe *I* told thee ey'd thee ſo at the Conventicle; 'tis *Lambert*, the renown'd, the famous Lady *Lambert*—Mad call'ſt thou her? 'tis her ill acted Greatneſs, thou miſtak'ſt; thou art not us'd to the Pageantry of theſe Women yet; they all run thus mad; 'tis greatneſs in 'em, *Loveleſs.*

Lov. And is thine thus, thy Lady *Desbro?*

Free. She's of another Cut, ſhe marryed as moſt do, for *Intereſt*——but what——thou't to her?

Lov. If Lightning ſtop my way,
Perhaps a ſober View may make me hate her. [*Exit both.*

Enter Lambert *and* Whitlock. [*Scene a Chamber.*

Whit. My Lord, now is your time, you may be King; Fortune is yours, you've time it ſelf by th' fore-lock.

Lam. If *I* thought ſo, I'd hold him faſt by Heaven.

Whit. If you let ſlip this Opportunity, my Lord, you are undone——*Aut Cæſar, aut Nullus.*

Lam. But *Fleetwood*—— ——

Whit. Hang him, ſoft Head.

Lam. True, he's of an eaſy Nature, yet if thou didſt but know how little Wit governs this mighty Univerſe, thou wou'dſt not wonder Men ſhould ſet up him.

Whit. That will not recommend him at this *Juncto*, though he's an excellent Tool for your Lordſhip to make uſe of; and therefore, uſe him Sir, as *Cataline* did *Lentulus*; drill the dull Fool with Hopes of Empire on, and that all tends to his Advancement only: The Blockhead will believe the Crown his own: What other Hopes could make him ruine *Richard*, a Gentleman of Qualities a thouſand times beyond him?

Lam. They were both too ſoft; an ill Commendation for a General, who ſhould be rough as Storms of War it ſelf.

Whit. His time was ſhort, and yours is coming on; Old *Oliver* had his.

Lam. I hate the Memory of that Tyrant *Oliver.*

Whit. So do I, now he's dead, and ſerves my Ends no more. I lov'd the Father of the great Heroick, whilſt he had Power to do me good: he failing, Reaſon directed me to the Party then prevailing, the Fag end of the Parliament: 'tis true, I took the Oath of Allegiance, as *Oliver*, your Lordſhip, *Tony*, and the reſt did, without which, we could not have ſat in that Parliament; but that Oath was not for our Advantage, and ſo better broke than kept.

Lam. I

Lam. I am of your Opinion, my Lord.

Whit. Let Honeſty and Religion preach againſt it; but how cou'd I have ſerv'd the Commons by deſerting the King? how have I ſhow'd my ſelf loyal to your Intereſt, by fooling *Fleetwood*, in the deſerting of *Dick*; by diſſolving the honeſt Parliament, and bringing in the odious Rump? how cou'd *I* have flatter'd *Ireton*, by telling him, Providence brought things about, when 'twas mere Knavery all, and that the Hand of the Lord was in't, when *I* knew the Devil was in't? or indeed, how cou'd I now adviſe you to be King, if I had ſtarted at Oaths? or preferr'd Honeſty or Divinity before Intereſt and the *Good Old Cauſe*.

Lam. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, he that will live in this World, muſt be indu'd with the three rare Qualities of Diſſimulation, Equivocation, and mental Reſervation.

Whit. In which Excellency, Heav'n be prais'd, we out do the *Jeſuits*.

Enter La: Lam.

La. *Lam.* I'm glad to ſee you ſo well employ'd, my Lord, as in Diſcourſe with my Lord *Whitlock*, he's of our Party, and has Wit.

Whit. Your Honour graces me too much.

Lam. My Lord, my Lady is an abſolute States-woman.

La. *Lam.* Yes, *I* think things had not arriv'd to this exalted height, nor had you been in Proſpect of a Crown, had not my Politicks exceeded your meaner Ambition.

Lam. *I* confeſs, *I* owe all my good Fortune to thee.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, my Lord *Wariſton*, Lord *Hewſon*, Collonel *Corbet*, and Collonel *Duckenfield* deſire the Honour of waiting on you.

La. *Lam.* This has a Face of Greatneſs——let 'em wait a while i'th' Antichamber.

Lam. My Love, *I* wou'd have 'em come in.

La. *Lam.* You wou'd have 'em, you wou'd have a Fools Head of your own; pray let me be Judge of what their Duty is, and what your Glory; *I* ſay I'll have 'em wait.

Pag. My Lord *Fleetwood* too is juſt alighted, ſhall he wait too, Madam?

La. *Lam.* He may approach; and d'ye hear——— put on your fawning Looks, flatter him, and profeſs much Friendſhip to him, you may betray him with the more Felicity.

Whit. Madam, you Counſel well.

[*Ex. Page, re-enter with* L. Fleetwood.

Enter

Enter Lord Fleetwood.

Lam. My good Lord your moſt ſubmiſſive Servant.

Whit. My gracious Lord, I am your Creature—— your Slave——

Fleet. I profeſs ingenuouſly, I am much engag'd to you, my good Lords; I hope things are now in the Lords handling, and will go on well for his Glory and my Intereſt, and that all my good People of *England* will do things that become good Chriſtians.

Whit. Doubt us not, my good Lord; the Government cannot be put into abler Hands, than thoſe of your Lordſhip; it has hitherto been in the hard Clutches of *Jews*, *Infields*, and *Pagans*.

Fleet. Yea verily, Abomination has been in the Hands of Iniquity.

Lam. But, my Lord, thoſe Hands, by my good Conduct, are now cut off, and our Ambition is, your Lordſhip wou'd take the Government upon you.

Fleet. I profeſs my Lord, by ye and nay, I am aſham'd of this Goodneſs, in making me the Inſtrument of ſaving Grace to this Nation; 'tis the great Work of the Lard.

La. *Lam.* The Lard, Sir, I'll aſſure you the Lard has the leaſt Hand in your good Fortune; I think you ought to aſcribe it to the Cunning and Conduct of my Lord here, who ſo timely abandon'd the Intereſt of *Richard*.

Fleet. Ingenuouſly *I* muſt own, your good Lord can do much, and has done much; but 'tis our Method to aſcribe all to the Powers above.

La. *Lam.* Then *I* muſt tell you, your Method's an ungrateful Method.

Lam. Peace, my Love.

Whit. Madam, This is the Cant we muſt delude the Rabble with.

La. *Lam.* Then let him uſe it there, my Lord, not amongſt us, who ſo well underſtand one another.

Lam. Good Dear, be pacifi'd——and tell me, ſhall the Gentlemen without have Admittance?

La. *Lam.* They may. [*Page goes out.*

Enter Hewſon, Desbro, Duckenfield, Wariſton, *and* Cobbet.

War. Guds Benizon light on you, my gued Loords, for this Days Work; Madam, I kiſs your white Honds.

Duc. My Lord, I have not been behind Hand in this Days turn of State.

Lam. 'Tis confeſs'd, Sir; what wou'd you infer from that?

Duc. Why, *I* wou'd know how things go; who ſhall be General, who Protector,

Hewſ.

Hewſ. My Friend has well tranſlated his meaning.

La. *Lam.* Fy, how that filthy Cobler Lord betrays his Function.

Duc. We're in a Chaos, a Confuſion, as we are.

Hewſ. Indeed the Commonwealth at preſent is out at Heels, and wants underlaying.

Cob. And the People expect ſomething ſuddenly from us.

Whit. My Lords and Gentlemen, we muſt conſider a while.

War. Bread a gued there's mickle Wiſdom i' that, Sirs.

Duc. It ought to be conſulted betimes, my Lord, 'tis a matter of Moment, and ought to be conſulted by the whole Committee.

Lam. We deſign no other, my Lord, for which Reaſon, at three a Clock we'll meet at *Wallingford* Houſe.

Duc. Nay, my Lord, do but ſettle the Affair, let's but know who's our Head, and 'tis no matter.

Hew. Ay, my Lord, no matter who; I hope 'twill be *Fleetwood*, for I have the length of his Foot already.

Whit. You are the leading Men, Gentlemen, your Voices will ſoon ſettle the Nation.

Duc. Well, my Lord, we'll not fail at three a Clock.

Def. This falls out well for me; for I have Buſineſs in *Smithfield*, where my Horſes ſtand; and verily, now I think on't, the Rogue the Oſtler has not given 'em Oates to Day: Well, my Lords, farewel; if I come not time enough to *Wallingford* Houſe, keep me a Place in the Committee, and let my Voice ſtand for one, no matter who.

War. A gued Mon I's warrant, and takes muckle Pains for the Gued o'th' Nation, and the Liberty o'th' Mobily—— The Diel confound 'em aud.

Lam. Come, my Lord *Wariſton*, you are a wiſe Man, What Government are you for?

War. Ene tol what ya pleaſe my gued Loord. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lam. What think you of a ſingle Perſon here in my Lord *Fleetwood*?

War. Mary Sir, and he's a brave Man, but gen I may coonſel, tak't for yar ſel my gued Loord, ant be gued for him, 'tis ene gued [illegible] ya te.

Lam. [illegible] above half the Nation are for him.

War. Bread a gued, and I's for him than.

Fleet. The Will of the Lard be done; and ſince 'tis his Will, *I* cannot withſtand my Fate——ingeniouſly.

Whit. My Lord *Wariſton*, a Word——what if *Lambert* were the Man? [*Takes him aſide.*

War. Right Sir, Wons and ya have ſpoken aud; He's a brave Mon, a Mon indeed gen I's 'ave any Judgment.

Whit. So I find this Property's for any uſe. [*Aſide.*

Lam. My Lord, I perceive Heaven and Earth conſpire to make you our Prince.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly, my Lords, the Weight of three Kingdoms is a heavy Burden for ſo weak Parts as mine; therefore I will, before I appear at Council, go ſeek the Lard in this great Affair; and, if I receive a Revelation for it, I ſhall with all Humility eſpouſe the Yoke, for the Good of his People and mine: and ſo Gad with us, the Commonwealth of *England.*

[*Exit* Fleet. Desbro, Wariſton, Duc. Cob. Hewſ. *and* Whit.

La. *Lam.* Poor deluded Wretch, 'tis not yet come to that.

Lam. No my dear, the Voice will go clearly for me; what with Bribes to ſome, Hypocriſie and Pretence of Religion to others, and promis'd Preferments to the reſt, I have engag'd 'em all.

La. *Lam.* And will you be a King?

Lam. You think that's ſo fine a thing——but let me tell you, my Love, a King's a Slave to a Proteſtor, a King's ty'd up to a thouſand Rules of muſty Law, which we can break at Pleaſure; we can rule without Parliaments, at leaſt, chuſe whom we pleaſe, make 'em agree to our Propoſals, or ſet a Guard upon 'em, and ſtarve 'em till they do.

La. *Lam.* But their Votes are the ſtrangeſt things—— that they muſt paſs for Laws; you were never voted King.

Lam. No, nor care to be: The ſharpeſt Sword's my Vote, my Law, my Title. They voted *Dick* ſhould reign, where is he now? They voted the great Heroicks from the Succeſſion; but had they Arms or Men, as I have, you ſhou'd ſoon ſee what wou'd become of their Votes—— No my Love! 'Tis this——muſt make me King. [*His Sword.*

Let *Fleetwood* and the *Rump* go ſeek the Lard,
My Empire and my Truſt is in my Sword.

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Chamber of State.*

Enter La. Lambert, Gilliflower, *and Women-ſervants.*

La. *Lam.* Gilliflower, has none been here to ask for any of my People, in order to his approach to me?

Gill. None, Madam.

La. *Lam.*

La. *Lam.* Madam! How dull thou art? wou't never learn to give to me a better Title, than ſuch an one as fooliſh Cuſtom beſtows on every common Wench?

Gill. Pardon my Ignorance, Madam.

La. *Lam.* Again Madam?

Gill. Really, Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to know by what other Title you wou'd be diſtinguiſh'd?

La. *Lam.* Abominable dull! Do'ſt thou not know on what Score my Dear is gone to *Wallingford* Houſe?

Gill. I cannot divine, Madam.

La. *Lam.* Heaven help thy Ignorance! he's gone to be made Protector, fool, or at leaſt, a King, thou Creature; and from this Day I date my ſelf her Highneſs.

Gill. That will be very fine indeed, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

La. *Lam.* I think 'twill ſute better with my Perſon and Beauty than with the other Woman———what d'ye call her? Mrs. *Cromwell*——my Shape——and Gate——my Humour, and my Youth have ſomething more of Grandeur, have they not?

Gill. Infinitely, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, a Man without has the boldneſs to ask for your Honour.

La. *Lam.* Honour, fool!

Gill. Her Highneſs, Blockhead.

Pag. Sawcily preſt in, and ſtruck the Porter for denying him entrance to your———Highneſs.

La. *Lam.* What kind of Fellow was't?

Pag. A rude, rough, hectoring Swaſh, an't pleaſe your Highneſs; nay, and two or three times, Gad forgive me, he ſwore too.

La. *Lam.* It muſt be he. [*Aſide.*

Pag. His Habit was ſomething bad and Cavalieriſh—I believe 'tis ſome poor petitioning, begging Tory, who having been ſequeſter'd, wou'd preſs your Highneſs for ſome Favour.

La. *Lam.* Yes, it muſt be he———ah fooliſh Creature! and can he hope Relief, and a villanous Cavalier? out upon 'em, poor Wretches——you may admit him, tho' I long to hear how one of thoſe things talk.

Gil. Oh moſt ſtrangely, Madam——and pleaſe your Highneſs *I* ſhou'd ſay.

Enter Loveleſs.

La. *Lam.* 'Tis he, I'll ſwear, *Gilliflower*, theſe Heroicks are punctual——how now, your Bus'neſs with us, Fellow?

Lov. My Bus'neſs, Madam?———

L. *Lam.* Haſt thou ever a Petition to us?

Lov. A Petition, Madam?——Sure this put-on-Greatneſs is to amuſe her Servants, or has ſhe forgot that ſhe invited me; or indeed forgot me?——— [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* What art thou?

Pag. Shall we ſearch his Breeches, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, for Piſtol, or other Inſtruments?

L. *Lam.* No Boy, we fear him not, they ſay the Powers above protect the Perſons of Princes. [*Walks away.*

Lov. Sure ſhe's mad, yet ſhe walks looſe about,
And ſhe has Charms even in her raving Fit.

L. *Lam.* Anſwer me. What art thou? How ſhall I get my Servants hence with Honour? [*Aſide.*

Lov. A Gentleman———
That cou'd have boaſted Birth and Fortune too,
Till theſe accurſed Times, which Heaven confound,
Racing out all Nobility, all Vertue,
Has render'd me the rubbiſh of the World;
Whilſt new rais'd Raſcals, Canters, Robbers, Rebels
Do Lord it o're the Free-born, Brave and Noble.

L. *Lam.* You're very confident, know you to whom you ſpeak? but I ſuppoſe you have loſt your Eſtate, or ſome ſuch trifling thing, which makes you angry.

Lov. Yes, a trivial Eſtate of ſome five and twenty hundred Pound a Year, but I hope to ſee that Rogue of a Lord reduc'd to his Cobler's-Stall again, or, more deſerv'dly hang'd, that has it.

L. *Lam.* I thought 'twas ſome ſuch Grievance—but you muſt keep a good Tongue in your Head, leſt you be hang'd for *Scandalum Magnatum*———there's Law for ye, Sir.

Lov. No matter, then I ſhall be free from a dam'd Commonwealth, as you are pleas'd to call it, when indeed 'tis but a mungrel, mangy, Mock-Monarchy.

L. *Lam.* Is it your buſineſs, Sir, to rail?

Lov. You rais'd the Devil, Madam.

Pag. Madam, ſhall I call your Highneſs's Guards, and ſecure the Traytor?

L. *Lam.* No, that you may ſee how little I regard or fear him; leave us all——— [Ex. *all but* Gill.
We'll truſt our Perſon in his Hands alone———
—Now, Sir—Your Buſ'neſs? [*Smilingly approaches him.*

Lov. Madam, I waited here by your Commands.

L. *Lam.* How ſhall I tell him that I love him, *Gilliflower?*

Gill. Eaſily, Madam, tell him ſo in plain *Engliſh.* Madam, 'tis great; Women of your exalted height ever ſpeak firſt; you have no Equals dare pretend to ſpeak of love to you.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* Thou art i'th' right——Do'ſt know my Quality, and thy own Poverty? And haſt thou nothing to ask that I may grant?

Lov. Sure ſhe loves me! and I, frail Fleſh and Blood, Cannot reſiſt her Charms; but ſhe's of the damn'd Party. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Are all your Party, Sir, ſo proud?

Lov. But what have I to do with Religion! Is Beauty the worſe, or a kind Wench to be refus'd for Conventickling? She lives high on the Spoils of a glorious Kingdom, and why may not I live upon the Sins of the Spoiler? [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Sir——you are poor!

Lov. So is my Prince; a Plague on the occaſion.

La. *Lam.* I think you are——no Fool too?

Lov. I wou'd I were, than I had been a Knave, had thriv'd, and poſſibly by this time had been tugging for rifled Crowns and Kingdoms.

La. *Lam.* This Satyr ill befits my preſent Buſ'neſs with you——you——want ſome Neceſſaries——as Cloaths, and Linnen too; and 'tis great pity ſo proper a Man ſhou'd want Neceſſaries. *Gilliflower*——take my Cabinet Key, and fetch the Purſe of Broad-pieces that lies in the lower Drawer; 'tis a ſmall Preſent, Sir, but 'tis an Earneſt of my farther Service.

[Gill. *goes out, and returns with a Purſe.*

Lov. I'm angry, that I find one Grain of Generoſity in this whole Race of Hypocrites. [*Aſide.*

La. *Lam.* Here, Sir, 'tis only for your preſent uſe; for Cloathes——three hundred Pieces; let me ſee you ſweet——

Lov. Stark mad, by this good Day.

La. *Lam.* Ah *Gilliflower!* How prettily thoſe Cavalier things Charm; I wonder how the Powers above came to give them all the Wit, Softneſs, and Gallantry——whilſt all the great ones of our Age have the moſt ſlovenly, ungrateful, dull Behaviour; no Air, no Wit, no Love, nor any thing to pleaſe a Lady with.

Gill. Truly Madam, there's a great Difference in the Men; yet Heaven at firſt did its part, but the Devil has ſince ſo overdone his, that what with the Vizor of Sanctity, which is the gadly Sneere, the drawing of the Face to a prodigious length, the formal Language, with a certain Twang through the Noſe, and the pious Gogle, they are fitter to ſcare Children than beget love in Ladies.

Lov. You hit the Character of your new Saint.

La. *Lam.* And then their Dreſs, *Gilliflower.*

Gil. Oh! 'Tis an Abomination to look like a Gentleman; long Hair is wicked and cavalieriſh, a Periwig is flat Popery, the Diſguiſe of the Whore of *Babylon*; handſom Cloaths, or lac'd

Linnen, the very Tempter himſelf, that debauches all their Wives and Daughters; therefore the diminutive Band, with the Hair of the Reformation Cut, beneath which, a pair of large ſanctify'd Souſes appear, to declare to the World they had hitherto eſcap'd the Pillory, tho' deſerv'd it as well as *Pryn*.

La. *Lam.* Have a Care what you ſay, *Gilliflower*.

Gil. Why, Madam, we have no Informers here.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, here's Old *Noll*'s Wife deſires Admittance to your Hon——— your Highneſs.

La. *Lam.* Bid the poor Creature wait without, I'll do her what Good I can for her Husband's ſake, who firſt infus'd Politicks into me, by which I may boaſt I have clim'd to Empire.

Lov. So, her Madneſs runs in that Vein I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Gill. Alack, Madam, I think ſhe's coming.

Crom. without.] Does ſhe keep State in the Devil's Name, and muſt I wait!

La. *Lam.* Heavens! I ſhall be ſcandalized by the Godly. Dear *Gilliflower*, conceal my Cavalier; I would not have a Cavalier ſeen with me for all the World——Step into my Cabinet——

[*Ex.* Gil. *and* Lov.

Enter La. Cromwel, *held back by a Man—to them* Gilliflower.

Crom. Unhand me, Villain—'twas not long ſince a Rudeneſs, Sir, like this had forfeited thy Head.

La. *Lam.* What wou'd the Woman?

Crom. The Knave, the perjur'd Villain thy Husband, by th' Throat, thou proud, imperious Baggage, to make me wait; whoſe Train thou haſt been proud to bear——how durſt thou, after an Affront like this, truſt thy falſe Face within my Fingers reach? That Face, that firſt bewitch'd the beſt of Husbands from me, and tempted him to ſin.

Gill. I beſeech your Highneſs retire, the Woman's mad.

Crom. Highneſs in the Devil's Name, ſure 'tis not come to that; no, I may live to ſee thy Cuckold hang'd firſt, his Politicks are yet too ſhallow, Miſtriſs. Heavens! Did my Husband make him Lord for this? Raiſe him to Honour, Truſts, Commands, and Counſels,

To ruin all our Royal Family,
Betray'd young *Richard*, who had reign'd in Peace
But for his Perjuries and Knaveries;
And now he ſooths my Son-in-law ſoft *Fleetwood*,
With empty hopes of Pow'r, and all the while
To make himſelf a King:
No, Minion, no; I yet may live to ſee
Thy Husband's Head o'th' top of *Weſtminſter*
Before I ſee it circled in a Crown.

La. *Lam.*

La. *Lam.* I pity the poor Creature.

Crom. Ungrateful Traytor as he is,
Not to look back upon his Benefactors;
But he, in lieu of making just Returns,
Reviles our Family, prophanes our Name,
And will in time render it far more odious
Than ever *Needham* made the great Heroicks.

La. *Lam.* Alas, it weeps, poor Woman!

Crom. Thou ly'st, false Strumpet, I scorn to shed a Tear,
For ought that thou canst do or say to me;
I've too much of my Husband's Spirit in me.
Oh, my dear *Richard*, hadst thou had a Grain on't,
Thou and thy Mother ne'er had fall'n to this.

Gill. His Father sure was seeking of the Lard when he
Was got.

Enter La. Fleetwood, *her Train born up.*

Crom. Where is this perjur'd Slave, thy Wittal Lord?
Dares he not shew his Face, his guilty Face,
Before the Person he has thus betray'd?

La. *Fleet.* Madam, I hope you mistake my honour'd Lord *Lambert*, I believe he designs the Throne for my dear Lord.

Crom. Fond Girl, because he has the Art of fawning,
Dissembling to the height, can sooth and smile,
Profess, and sometimes weep:————
No, he will betray him, as he did thy Brother;
Richard the Fourth was thus deluded by him.
No, let him swear and promise what he will,
They are but steps to his own ambitious End;
And only makes the Fool, thy credulous Husband
A silly deluded Property.

Enter Fleetwood.

Fleet. My Honour'd Mother, I am glad to find you here; I hope we shall reconcile things between ye. Verily we shou'd live in Brotherly Love together; come, ingeniously, you shall be Friends, my Lady Mother.

Crom. Curse on the th' occasion of thy being a Kin to me.

Fleet. Why, an please ye, forsooth, Madam?

Crom. My Daughter had a Husband,
Worthy the Title of my Son-in-Law:
Ireton! my best of Sons; he'd Wit and Courage,
And with his Counsels, rais'd our House to Honours,
Which thy impolitick Easiness pulls down:
And whilst you shou'd be gaining Crowns and Kingdoms,
Art poorly couzening of the World with fruitless Prayers.

Fleet. Nay, I'll warrant you, Madam, when there is any gadly Mischief to be done, I am as forward as the best; but 'tis good to

take the Lard along with us in every thing. I profeſs ingeniouſly, as I am an honeſt Man, verily——ne'er ſtir——I ſhall act as becomes a good Chriſtian.

Crom. A good Coxcomb.
Do'ſt thou not ſee her reverend Highneſs there,
That Minion now aſſumes that glorious Title
I once, and my Son *Richard*'s Wife enjoy'd,
Whilſt I am call'd the Night-mare of the Commonwealth?
But wou'd *I* were, *I*'d ſo Hag-ride the perjur'd Slaves
Who took ſo many Oaths of true Allegiance
To my great Husband firſt, and then to *Richard*——
Who, whilſt they reign'd, were moſt illuſtrious,
Moſt high and mighty Princes; whilſt fawning Poets
Write Panegyricks on 'em; and yet no ſooner was
The wondrous Hero dead, but all his glorious
Titles ſell to Monſter of Mankind, Murderer
Of Piety, Traytor to Heaven and Goodneſs.

Fleet. Who calls him ſo? Pray take their Names down: *I* profeſs ingenuouſly, forſooth Madam, verily *I*'ll order 'em, as *I* am here *I* will.

Crom. Thou, alas they ſcorn ſo poor a thing as thou.

Fleet. Do they ingeniouſly? I'll be even with 'em, forſooth Mother, as I am here I will, and there's an end on't.

Crom. I wou'd there were an end of our Diſgrace and Shame,
Which is but juſt begun, I fear.
What will become of that fair Monument
Thy careful Father did ereſt for thee, [*To* La. *Fleetwood.*
Yet whilſt he liv'd, next to thy Husband *Ireton*,
Leſt none ſhou'd do it for thee after he were dead;
The Malice of proud *Lambert* would deſtroy all.

Fleet. I profeſs, Madam, you miſtake my good Lord *Lambert*, he's an honeſt Man, and fears the Lard; he tells me I am to be the Man; verily he does after all's done.

Crom. Yes, after all's done, thou art the Man to be pointed at.

Fleet. Nay, ingenuouſly, I ſcorn the Words, ſo I do: I know the great Work of Salvation to the Nation is to be wrought by me, verily.

Crom. Do, Cant on, till Heaven drop Kingdoms in thy Mouth: Dull, ſilly Sot, thou Ruine of our Intereſt: thou fond, incorrigible, eaſie Fool.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, the Committee of Safety waits your coming.

Fleet. Why, law you now, forſooth——I profeſs verily, you are ingeniouſly the hardeſt of Belief——tell the Honourable Lords I'm coming: Go, Lady-Mother, go home with my Wife; and verily you'll ſee things go to your wiſh—I muſt to Coach.

La. *Fleet.*

La. *Fleet.* Madam, your humble Servant. (*To* La. Lam.

Fleet. Honour'd Lady, I kiſs your Hands.

[*Exit* Crom. Fleet. *and* La. Fleet.

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. Was this the thing that is to be Protector?
This little ſniveling Fellow rule three Kingdoms?
But leave we Politicks, and fall to Love,
Who deals more Joys in one kind happy moment
Than Ages of dull Empire can produce.

La. *Lam.* Oh Gods! ſhall I who never yielded yet,
But to him to whom three Kingdoms fell a Sacrifice,
Surrender at firſt Parley?

Lov. Perhaps that Lover made ye gayer Preſents,
But cou'd not render you a Heart all Love,
Or mind embyaſs'd in Affairs of Blood.
—I bring no Guilt to fright you from my Embraces,
But all our Hours ſhall be ſerene and ſoft.

La. *Lam.* Ah, *Gilliflower*, thy Aid or I'm loſt;
Shall it be ſaid of me in after Ages
When my Fame amongſt Queens ſhall be recorded,
That I, ah Heavens! regardleſs of my Countries Cauſe,
Eſpous'd the wicked Party of its Enemies,
The Heatheniſh Heroicks! ah, defend me!

Lov. Nay——by all that's——

La. *Lam.* Ah hold! Do not prophane my Ears with Oaths or Excrations, I cannot bear the Sound.

Lov. Nay, nay—by Heav'n I'll not depart your Lodgings, till that ſoft Love that plays ſo in your Eyes give me a better Proof——by——

La. *Lam.* Oh hold, I dye, if you proceed in this Abomination!

Lov. Why do you force me to't? d'ye think to put me off with ſuch a Face—ſuch Lips—ſuch Smiles—ſuch Eyes—and every Charm—You've made me mad, and I ſhall ſwear my Soul away, if diſappointed now.

Gil. Ah, ſave the Gentleman's Soul, I beſeech ye, Madam.

La. *Lam.* I'm much inclin'd to Acts of Piety——
And you have ſuch a Power, that howe're I inccommode my Honour—— [*Leaning on him, ſmiling. He goes to lead her out, Enter La.* Desbro.
—*Desbro* here! How unſeaſonably ſhe comes?

La. *Lam.* Cry mercy, I'll withdraw a while.

La. *Lam.* Ah, *Desbro!* thou art come in the moſt unlucky Minute——I was juſt on the point of falling——As thou ſay'ſt, theſe Heroicks have the ſtrangeſt Power——

La. *Def.* I never knew a Woman cou'd reſiſt 'em.

La. *Lam.*

La. *Lam.* No marvel then, our Husbands uſe 'em ſo, betray 'em, baniſh 'em, ſequeſter, murder 'em, and every way diſarm 'em———

La. *Deſ.* But their Eyes, Madam.

La. *Lam.* Ay, their Eyes *Desbro*; I wonder our Lords ſhou'd take away their Swords, and let 'em wear their Eyes.

La. *Deſ.* I'll move it to the Committee of Safety, Madam, thoſe Weapons ſhould be taken from 'em too.

La. *Lam.* Still they'll have ſome to be reveng'd on us.

La. *Des.* Ay, ſo they will; My Lord ſays, a Cavalier is a kind of *Hidra*, knock him o'th' Head as often as you will, he has ſtill one to peep up withal.

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, here's Mr. *Freeman* to ſpeak with your Honour.

Lov. That's a Friend of mine, Madam, and 'twou'd be unneceſſary he ſaw your Highneſs and I together: let us withdraw———

La. *Lam.* Withdraw, why, what will *Desbro* ſay?

Deſ. O Madam, I know your Vertue and your Piety too well to ſuſpect your Honour wrongfully? 'tis impoſſible a Lady that goes to a Conventicle twice a Day, beſides long Prayers and low'd Pſalm-ſinging, ſhou'd do any thing with an Heroick againſt her Honour. Your known Sanctity preſerves you from Scandal—But here's *Freeman*——— [*Puts 'em in.*

Enter Freeman.

Free. So, Madam———you are very kind——

La. *Deſ.* My charming *Freeman*, this tedious Day of Abſence has been an Age in love! How haſt thou liv'd without me?

Free. Like one condemn'd, ſad and diſconſolate,
And all the while you made your Husband happy.

La. *Deſ.* Name not the Beaſtly Hypocrite, thou know'ſt
I make no other uſe of him,
But a dull Property to advance our Love.

Free. And 'tis but Juſtice, *Maria*, he ſequeſter'd me of my whole Eſtate, becauſe, he ſaid, I took up Arms in *Ireland*, on Noble *Ormond*'s Side; nay, hir'd Rogues, perjur'd Villains——Witneſſes with a Pox, to ſwear it too; when at that time I was but Eight Years old; but I 'ſcap't as well as all the Gentry and Nobility of *England*. To add to this, he takes my Miſtreſs too.

La. *Deſ.* You miſtake, my lovely *Freeman*; I married only thy Eſtate, the beſt Compoſition I cou'd make for thee, and I will pay it back with Intereſt too.

Free. You wou'd ſuſpect my love then, and ſwear that all the Adoration I pay you, were, as we do to Heav'n, for Intereſt only.

La. *Deſ.*

La. *Def.* How you miſtake my Love, but do ſo ſtill, ſo you will let me give theſe——Proofs of it. [*Gives him Gold.*

Free. Thus, like *Atlante*, you drop Gold in my Purſuit
To Love, I may not over-take you:
What's, this to giving me one happy minute?
Take back your Gold, and give me currant Love,
The Treaſure of your Heart, not of your Purſe——
When ſhall we meet, *Maria?*

La. *Def.* You know my leiſure Hours are when my Honourable Lord is buſied in Affairs of State, or at his Prayers; from which long-winded Exerciſe I have of late withdrawn my ſelf: three Hours by the Clock he prays *extempore*, which is, for National and Houſhold Bleſſings: For the firſt—— 'Tis to confound the Intereſt of the King, that the Lard wou'd deliver him, his Friends, Adherers and Allies, whereſoever ſcatter'd about the Face of the whole Earth, into the Clutches of the Righteous: Preſs 'em, good Lard, even as the Vintager doth the Grape in the Wine-Preſs, till the Waters and gliding Chanels are made red with the Blood of the Wicked. [*In a Tone.*

Free. And grant the Faithful to be mighty, and to be ſtrong in Perſecution; and more eſpecially, ah! I beſeech thee confound that malignant Tory *Freeman*——that he may never riſe up in Judgment againſt thy Servant, who has taken from him his Eſtate, his Suſtinance and Bread; give him Grace of thy infinite Mercy, to hang himſelf, if thy People can find no zealous Witneſſes to ſwear him to the Gallows legally. Ah, we have done very much for thee Lard, thou ſhoud'ſt conſider us thy Flock, and we ſhou'd be as good to thee in another thing.
[*In a Tone.*

La. *Def.* Thou hit'ſt the zealous Twang right; ſure thou haſt been acquainted with ſome of 'em.

Free. Damn 'em, no; what honeſt Man wou'd keep 'em Company, where harmleſs Wit and Mirth's a Sin, laughing ſcandalous, and a merry Glav, Abomination.

La. *Def.* Yes, if you drink Healths my wicked Brother; otherwiſe, to be ſilently Drunk, to be as abuſive and ſatyrical as you pleaſe, upon the Heroicks, is allowable——for laughing, 'tis not indeed ſo well; but the preciſe Sneere and Grin is lawful; no ſwearing indeed, but lying and diſſimulation in abundance. I'll aſſure you, they drink as deep, and entertain themſelves as well with this ſilent way of lewd Debauchery, as you with all your Wit and Mirth, your Healths of the Royal Family.

Free. Nay, I confeſs, 'tis a great Pleaſure to cheat the World.

La. *Def.* 'Tis Power, as divine *Hobs* calls it.

Free. But what's all this to Love? Where ſhall we meet anon?

La. *Def.* I'll tell you, what will pleaſe you as well—— Your Friend

Friend is within with her Highneſs that ſhall be, if the Divel and her Husbands Politicks agree about the matter.

Free. Ha, has my cautious Railer manag'd matters ſo ſlyly?

La. Deſ. No, no, the matter was manag'd to his Hand; you ſee how Heav'n brings things about, for the Good of your Party; this Buſineſs will be worth to him at leaſt a thouſand Pound a Year, or two, well manag'd—But ſee, my Ladies Woman.

Gil. Oh *Madam*, my Lord!

[*Running croſs the Stage into her La. Chamber.*

Free. Death, how ſhall I bring my Friend off? He'll certainly be ruin'd.

Enter Gill. Lov. *and Lady* Lam.

Gil. Madam, he's coming up.

Lov. Madam, for my ſelf I care not, but much concern'd for you. [*La.* Lam. *takes two Papers out of her Pocket and gives 'em to* Lov. *and* Free.

La. *Lam.* Here, take theſe two Petitions, each of you one—Poor Fellows—— you may be gone, your Petitions will not be granted.

Enter Lambert.

Lam. How now, my Dear, what Petitions?——Friends, what's your Bus'neſs?

La. *Lam.* 'Tis enough we know their Buſineſs Love, we are ſufficient to diſpatch ſuch Suters, *I* hope.

Lam. Pardon me, my Dear, I thought no harm; but I ſaw you frown, and that made me concern'd.

La. *Lam.* Frown! 'Twou'd make any Body frown, to hear the Impudence of Gentlemen, theſe *Cavaliers*—wou'd you think it my Dear, if this Fellow has not the Impudence to petition for the Thirds of his Eſtate again, ſo juſtly taken from him for bearing Arms for the Man?——

La. *Deſ.* Nay, I am inform'd, that they, but two Nights a-go, in a Tavern, Drunk a Health to the Man too.

Lam. How durſt you, Sirrah, approach my Lady with any ſuch ſawcy Addreſs, you have receiv'd our Anſwer.

Lov. Death, I have ſcarce Patience. [*Aſide.*

Free. We knew, my Lord, the Influence your Ladies have over you, and Women are more tender and compaſſionate naturally, than Men; and Sir, 'tis hard for Gentlemen to ſtarve.

La. *Lam.* Have you not able Limbs, can ye not work——

Lov. Perſons of our Education work!

Lam. Starve or beg then.

La. *Lam.* Education, why, I'll warrant there was that young Creature they call the Duke of *Gloceſter*, was as well educated as any Lad in the Pariſh, and yet you ſee he ſhould have been bound Prentice to a Handy-Crafts Trade, but that our Lords could

could not ſpare Money to bind him out, and ſo they ſent him to beg beyond Sea.

Lov. Death, *I* ſhall do Miſchief: not all the Joy ſhe gave me but now, can attone for this Blaſphemy againſt the Royal Youth.

Free. Patience——Well, my Lord, we find you are obdurate, and we'll withdraw.

Lam. Do ſo: And if you dare preſume to trouble us any more, I'll have you whip'd, d'e hear.

La. *Deſ.* Madam, I'll take my leave of your Ladiſhip.

[*Ex.* Lov. Free. *and* L. Deſ.

La. *Lam.* My Lord, 'twas I that ought to threaten 'em——but you're ſo forward ſtill——what makes you from the Committee?

Lam. I left ſome Papers behind.

La. *Lam.* And they'll make uſe of your Abſence to ſet up *Fleetwood* King.

Lam. I'll warrant ye my Dear.

La. *Lam.* You'll warrant! you are a Fool, and a Coxcomb; I ſee *I* muſt go my ſelf, there will be no Bus'neſs done till *I* thunder 'em together: They want *Old Oliver* amongſt 'em, his Arbitrary Nod cou'd make ye all tremble; when he wanted Power or Money, he need but Cock in Parliament, and lay his Hand upon his Sword, and cry, I muſt have Money, and had it, or kick'd ye all out of Doors: And you are mealy mouth'd, you cannot Cock for a Kingdom.

Lam. I'll warrant you Dear, *I* can do as good a thing for a Kingdom.

La. *Lam.* You can do nothing as you ſhou'd do't: You want Old *Oliver*'s Brains, Old *Oliver*'s Courage, and Old *Oliver*'s Counſel: Ah, what a politick Fellow was little Sir *Anthony!* What a Head-piece was there! What a plaguy Fellow Old *Thurlo*, and the reſt: But get ye back, and return me Protector at leaſt, or never hope for Peace again.

Lam. My Soul, trouble not thy ſelf, go in——

With mine, no Power can equal be,
And I will be a King to humour thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Council-Chamber, great Table, Chairs, and Papers.*

Enter two Clerks, who lay Papers in Order, and Door-keeper.

Door. COme, haſte, haſte, the Lords are coming;——keep back there, room for the Lords, room for the honourable Lords: Heav'n bleſs your Worſhips Honours.

Enter Lambert, Fleetwood, Whitlock, Wariſton, *diſcourſing earneſtly; to them* Duckenfield, Cobbet, Hewſon, Desbro, *and others*; Duck. *takes* Wariſton *by the Hand, and talks to him.*

War. Bread a gued Gentlemen, I's ſerv'd the Commonwealth long and faithfully; I's turn'd and turn'd to aud Intereſt and aud Religions that turn'd up Trump, and wons a me, but I's get naught but Bagery by my Sol; I's noo put in for a Panſion as well as reſt o ya Loones.

Cob. What we can ſerve you in, my Lord, you may command.

Duc. And *I* too, my Lord, when the Government is new moulded.

War. Wons Sirs, and I's ſa moold it, 'twas ne'er ſa moolded ſin the Dam boond the Head on't.

Duc. I know there are ſome ambitious Perſons that are for a ſingle Perſon; but we'll have hot Work e're we yield to that.

War. The faud Diel take 'em then for *Archibald*; 'tis worſe than Monarchy.

Duc. A thouſand times: have we with ſuch Induſtry been pulling down Kings of the Royal Family, to ſet up Tyrants of our own, of mean and obſcure Birth? No, if we're for a ſingle Perſon, I'm for a lawful one.

War. Wons and ya have ſpoken aud my Lord, ſo am *I.*

Duc. But *Lambert* has a buſie, haughty Spirit, and thinks to carry it; but we'll have no ſingle Perſon.

War. Nor I, ods Bread; the faud Diel breſt the Wem of *Lambert*, or any ſingle Perſon in *England*, I's for yare Intereſt my gued Lords. [*Bowing.*

Lam. My Lord *VVariſton*, will you pleaſe to aſſume the Chair?

Enter Loveleſs, Freeman, *and others with Petitions.*

VVar. Ah, my gued Loord, I's yare moſt obedient humble Servant. [*Bowing to* Lam. *all ſet.*

All. Hum, hum,

Fleet. My Lords and Gentlemen, we are here met together in the Name of the Lard——

Duc.

Duc. Yea, and I hope we ſhall hang together as one Man--- A Pox upon your Preaching. [*Aſide.*

Fleet.—And hope this Days great Work will be for his Praiſe and Glory.

Duc. 'Bating long Graces, my Lord, we are met together for the Bus'neſs of the Nation, to ſettle it, and to eſtabliſh a Government.

Fleet. Yea, verily: and I hope you will all unanimouſly agree, it ſhall be your unworthy Servant.

Lam. What elſe, my Lord?

Fleet. And as thou, Lard, haſt put the Sword into my Hand--

Duc. So put it into your Heart———my Lord, to do Juſtice.

Fleet. Amen.

Duc. I'd rather ſee it there than in your Hand— [*Aſide.*

Fleet. For we are, as it were, a Body without a Head; or, to ſpeak more learnedly, an Animal unanimate.

Hew. My Lord, let us uſe, as little as we can, the Language of the Beaſt; hard Words, none of your Eloquence, it ſavoureth of Monarchy.

Lam. My Lord, you muſt give Men of Quality leave to ſpeak in a Language more Gentile and Courtly than the ordinary ſort of Mankind.

Hew. I am ſorry to hear there are any of Quality among this houourable Diſſembly. [*ſtands up.*

Cob. Aſſembly, my Lord———

Hew. Well, you know my meaning; or if there be any ſuch, I'm ſorry they ſhould own themſelves of Quality.

Duc. How! own themſelves Gentlemen! Death, Sir, d'ye think we were all born Coblers?

Hew. Or if you were not, the more the pity, for little *England*, I ſay. [*In a heat.*

Fleet. Verily, my Lords, Brethren ſhould not fall out, it is a Scandal to the good Cauſe, and maketh the Wicked rejoyce.

War. Wons, and theys garr the looſey Proverb on't te, *when loons gang together by th' luggs, gued men get their ene.*

All. He, he, he.

Duc. He calls you Knaves by Craft, my Lords.

War. Bread a gued, take't among ye Gentlemen, *I*'s ment weel.

Fleet. I profeſs, my Lord *Wariſton*, you make my Hair ſtand an end to hear how you ſwear.

War. Wons, my Loord, *I*'s ſware as little as your Lordſhip, only I's ſwear out, and ya ſwallow aud.

Duc. There's a Bone for you to pick, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

Lam. We give my Lord *Wariſton* leave to jeſt.

Deſ. But

Def. But what's this to the Government all this while? A dad I ſhall ſit ſo late, I ſhall have no time to viſit my Horſes, therefore proceed to the Point.

Hewſ. Ay, to the Point, my Lords; the Gentleman that ſpoke laſt ſpoke well.

Cob. Well ſed Brother, I ſee you will in time ſpeak properly.

Duc. But to the Government, my Lords! [*beats the Table.*

Lam. Put 'em off of this Diſcourſe, my Lord. [*Aſide to War.*

Def. My Lord *Wariſton*, move it, you are *S*peaker.

War. The Diel a me, *S*irs, and noo ya talk of a Speaker, *I*'s tell ye a blithe Tale.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly my Lord, you are to blame to ſwear ſo.

Lam. Your Story, my Lord.

War. By my Sol mon, and there war a poor Woman the other Day begg'd o'th' Carle the Speaker, but he'd give her nought unleſs ſhe'd let a Feart; wons at laſt a Feart ſhe lat, Ay marry, quoth the Woman, noo my Rump has a Speaker te.

All. He, he, he.

Duc. But to our Bus'neſs———

Def. Bus'neſs; ay, there's the thing, I've a World on't. I ſhou'd go and beſpeak a Pair of Mittins and Shears for my Hedger and Shearer, a pair of Cards for my Thraſher, a Sythe for my Mower, and a Skreen-Fan for my Lady-Wife, and many other things; my Head's full of Bu'sneſs. I cannot ſtay—

Whit. Fy my Lord, will you neglect the bus'neſs of the Day? We meet to oblige the Nation, and gratifie our Friends.

Def. Nay, *I*'ll do any thing, ſo I may riſe time enough to ſee my Horſes at Night.

Lou. Damn 'em, what ſtuff's here for a Council-Table?

Free. Where are our Engliſh Spirits, that can be govern'd by ſuch Dogs as theſe?——

Lam. Clark, Read the Heads of what paſt at our laſt ſitting.

War. In the firſt place, I muſt mind your Lordſhips tol conſider thoſe that have been gued Members in the Commonwealth.

Fleet. We ſhall not be backward to gratifie any that have ſerv'd the Commonwealth.

Whit. There's Money enough; we have taxt the Nation high.

Duc. Yes, if we knew where to find it: however read.

Clark reads.] To *Walter Walter* Draper, ſix thouſand nine hundred twenty nine Pounds ſix Shillings and five Pence, for Blacks for his Highneſs Funeral.

Lam. For the Devil's; put it down for *Oliver Cromwel*'s Funeral: We'll have no Record riſe up in Judgment for ſuch a Villain.

Lou. How live Aſſes kick the dead Lion? [*Aſide*

Duc. Hark

Duc. Hark ye, my Lords, we ſit here to reward Services done to the Commonwealth; let us conſider whether this be a Service to the Common-wealth or not?

Lam. However, we'll give him Paper for't.

Hewſ. Ay, let him get his Money when he can.

Lam. Paper's not ſo dear, and the Clerk's Pains will be rewarded.

War. Right, my gued Lord, 'sbred, that *Cromwel* was th' faudeſt limmer Loon that ever cam into our Country, the faud Diel has tane him by th' Luggs for robbing our Houſes and Land.

Fleet. No ſwearing, my Lord.

War. Weel, weel, my Loord, I's learn to profeſs and lee as weel as beſt on ya.

Hewſ. That may bring you profit, my Lord—but Clerk proceed.

Clerk reads.] To *Walter Froſt*, Treaſurer of the Contingencies, twenty thouſand Pounds. To *Thurloe*, Secretary to his Highneſs.

Duc. To old *Nol*———

Clerk reads.] Old *Nol*, ten thouſand Pounds, for unknown Service done the Commonwealth——to Mr. *Hutchinſon* Treaſurer of the Navy, two hundred thouſand Pounds———

War. Two hundred thouſand Pound; Owns, what a Sum's there?———Marry it came from the Mouth of a Cannon ſure.

Clerk reads.] A Preſent to the Right Honourable and truly Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Lambert*, for Service done to the late Protector.

Hewſ. Again———ſay *Cromwel*.

Cler.——*Cromwel*———ſix thouſand Pound in *Jacobus*'s.

War. 'Sbread, ſike a Sum wou'd make me honour the Face of aud *Jemmy*.

Clerk. To Mr. *Ice* ſix thouſand Pound; to Mr. *Loether*, late Secretary to his High———

Whit. To *Oliver Cromwel* ſay, can you not obey Orders?

Clerk.——Secretary to *Oliver Cromwel*——two thouſand nine hundred ninety nine Pounds for Intelligence and Information, and piouſly betraying the King's Liege People.

War. Haud, haud, Sirs, Mary en ya gift ſo faſt ya'll gif aud away from poor *Archibald Johnſon*.

Whit. Speak for your ſelf, my Lord; or rather, my Lord, do you ſpeak for him. [*To* Lam.

Lam. Do you move it for him, and I'll do as much for you anon. [*Aſide to* Whit.

Whit. My Lord, ſince we are upon Gratifications,—let us conſider the known Merit of the Lord *Wariſton*, a Perſon of induſtrious Miſchiefs to the Malignant Party, and great Integrity to us, and the Commonwealth.

VVar. Gued faith an I's ha been a trusty Trojon, Sir, what say you may very gued and gracious Loords?———

Duc. I scorn to let a Dog go unrewarded; and you, Sir, fawn so prettily, 'tis pity you shou'd miss Preferment.

Hewſ. And so 'tis; come, come, my Lords, consider he was ever our Friend, and 'tis but reasonable we shou'd stitch up one another's broken Fortunes.

Duc. Nay, Sir, I'm not against it.

All. 'Tis Reason, 'tis Reason.

Free. Damn 'em, how they lavish out the Nation?

VVar. Scribe, pretha read my Paper.

Hewſ. Have you a Petition there!

Cob. A Petition, my Lord.

Hewſ. P'shaw, You Scholards are so troublesome.

Lam. Read the Substance of it. [*To the Clerk.*

Cler. That your Honours wou'd be pleas'd, in consideration of his Service, to grant to your Petitioner, a considerable Sum of Money for his present Supply.

Fleet. Verily, order him two thousand Pound———

VVar. Two thousand poond? Bread a gued, and I's gif my Voice for *Fleetwood.* [*Aside.*

Lam. Two thousand; nay, my Lords, let it be three.

VVar. Wons, I lee'd, I lee'd; I's keep my Voice for *Lambert.* ——gueds Benizon light on yar Sol, my gued Lord *Lambert.*

Hewſ. Three thousand Pound, why such a Sum wou'd buy half *Scotland.*

VVar. Wons, my Lord, ya look but blindly on't then: time was, a Mite on't had bought aud shoos in yar Stall, Brother, tho' noo ya so abound in Irish and Bishops Lands.

Duc. You have nick'd him there, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

VVar. Scribe——gang a tiny bit farther.

Clerk.——And that your Honours wou'd be pleas'd to confer an Annual Pension on him———

Lam. Reason, I think; what say you my Lords, of five hundred Pound a Year?

All. Agreed, agreed.

VVar. The Diel swallow me, my Lord, ya won my Heart.

Duc. 'Tis very well—but out of what shall this be rais'd?

Lam. We'll look what Malignant's Estates are forfeit, undispos'd of—let me see—who has young *Freeman's* Estate?

Des. My Lord, that fell to me.

Lam. What all the fifteen hundred Pound a Year.

Des. A Dad, and all little enough.

Free. The Devil do him good with it

Des.

Def. Had not the Lard put it into your Hearts to have given me two thouſand *per Annum* out of Biſhops Lands, and three thouſand *per Annum* out of the Marqueſs's Eſtate; how ſhou'd *I* have liv'd and ſerv'd the Commonwealth as *I* have done?

Free. A plague confound his Honour, he makes a hard ſhift to live on Eight thouſand Pound a Year, who was born and bred a Hedger.

Lov. Patience, Friend.

Lam. I have been thinking——but I'll find out a way.

Lov. Or betray ſome honeſt Gentleman, on purpoſe to gratifie the Loone.

Lam. And Gentleman, I am bound in Honour and Conſcience to ſpeak in behalf of my Lord *Whitlock*; I think fit, if you agree with me, he ſhou'd be made Conſtable of *Windſor* Caſtle, Warden of the Forreſt, with the Rents, Perquiſites, and Profits thereto belonging, nor can your Lordſhips confer a Place of greater Truſt and Honour in more ſafe Hands.

Duc. I find he wou'd oblige all to his ſide. [*Aſide.*
Has he not part of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Eſtate already, with *Chelſey* Houſe, and ſeveral other Gifts?

Lam. He has dearly deſerv'd 'em: he has ſerv'd our Intereſt well and faithfully.

Duc. And he has been well paid for't.

Whit. And ſo were you, Sir, with ſeveral Lordſhips, and Biſhops Lands, you were not born to, I conceive.

Duc. I have not got it, Sir, by Knaviſh Querks in Law, a Sword that deals out Kingdoms to the brave, has cut out ſome ſmall parcels of Earth for me; And what of this?
[*ſtands up in a heat.*

Whit. I think, Sir, he that talks well, and to th' purpoſe, may be as uſeful to the Commonwealth as he that fights well; Why do we keep ſo many elſe in Penſion that ne'er drew Sword, but to talk, and rail at the Malignant Party; to libel and defame 'em handſomly, with pious uſeful Lies:
Which paſs for Goſpel with the common Rabble,
And edifie more than *Hugh Peter*'s Sermons?
And make Fools bring more Griſt to th' publick Mill:
Then, Sir—to wreſt the Law to our convenience
Is no ſmall, inconſiderate Work?

Free. And which you may be hang'd for very ſhortly——
[*Aſide.*

Lam. 'Tis granted, my Lord, your Merit's infinite——
We made him Keeper of the Great Seal, 'tis true, 'tis Honour, but no Salary.

Duc. Ten thouſand Pound a Year in Bribes will do as well.

Lam. Bribes are not ſo frequent now as in Old *Noll*'s Days.

Hewſ. Well, my Lord, let us be brief and tedious, as the ſaying is, and humour one another, I'm for *VVhitlock*'s Advance.

Lam. I move for a Salary, Gentlemen, *Scobel* and other petty Clarks have had a thouſand a Year, my Lord ſure merits more.

Hewſ. Why——let him have two thouſand then.

Fleet. I profeſs ingenuouſly, with all my Heart.

VVhit. I humbly thank your Lordſhips——but, if *I* may be ſo bold to ask, from whence ſhall I receive it?

Lam. Out of the Cuſtoms.

Cob. Brotherly love ought to go along with us—but, under favour, when this is gone, where ſhall we raiſe new Supplies?

Lam. We'll tax the Nation high, the City higher,
They are our Friends, our moſt obſequious Slaves,
Our Dogs, to feteh and carry, our very Aſſes——

Lov. And our Oxes, with the help of their Wives. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Beſides, the City's rich, and near her time, I hope, of being deliver'd.

War. Wons a gued, wad I'd the laying o' her, ſhe ſhou'd be ſweetly brought to Bed, by my Sol.

Deſ. The City cares for no *Scotch* Pipers, my Lord.

War. By my Sol, but ſhe has danc'd here after the gued Pipe of Reformation, when the Convenant Jigg gang'd maryly round, Sirs.

Clerk. My Lords, here are ſome poor malignant Petitioners.

Lam. Oh, turn 'em out, here's nothing for 'em; theſe Fellows were petitioning my Lady to Day——I thought ſhe had given you a ſatisfactory Anſwer?

Lov. She did indeed, my Lord; but 'tis a hard Caſe, to take away a Gentleman's Eſtate, without convicting him of any Crime.

Lam. Oh, Sir! we ſhall prove that hereafter.

Lov. But to make ſure Work, you'll hang a Man firſt, and examine his Offence afterwards; a Plague upon your Conſcience: My Friend here had a little fairer Play, your Villains, your Witneſſes in Penſion ſwore him a Colonel for our Glorious Maſter, of ever bleſſed Memory, at eight Years old; a Plague upon their Miracles.

Fleet. Ingenuouſly, Sirrah, you ſhall be pillory'd for defaming our reverend Witneſſes: Guards take 'em to your Cuſtody both.

Free. Damn it, I ſhall miſs my Aſſignation with Lady *Desbro*; a Pox of your unneceſſary prating, what ſhall I do?

[*Guards take 'em away.*

Lam. And now, my Lords, we have finiſhed the Buſineſs of the Day, My good Lord *Fleetwood*, I am entirely yours, and at our next ſitting ſhall approve my ſelf your Creature—

Whit.

Whit. My good Lord, I am your ſubmiſſive Vaſſal.

War. Wons, my Lord, I ſcorn any Man ſhou'd be mere yare Vaſſal that *Archibald Johnſon* [*To* Fleetwood. [*Ex. All.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter La. Desbro, *and* Corporal *in haſte.*

La. Deſ. Seiz'd on, ſecur'd! Was there no time but this? What made him at the Committee, or when there, why ſpoke he honeſt Truth? What ſhall I do, good Corporal, Adviſe; take Gold, and ſee if you can corrupt his Guards, but they are better paid for doing Miſchief; yet try, their Conſciences are large. [*Gives him Gold.*

Cor. I'll venture my Life in ſo good a Cauſe, Madam. [*Ex.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, here's Mr. *Ananias Gogle*, the Lay-Elder of *Clements* Pariſh.

La. Deſ. Damn the ſham *Saint*; am *I* now in Condition to be plagu'd with his impertinent Nonſenſe?

Pag. Oh! Pray Madam, hear him preach a little; 'tis the pureſt Sport——

Enter Ananias.

Ana. Peace be in this Place.

La. Deſ. A bleſſed hearing; he preaches nothing in his Conventicles, but Blood and Slaughter. [*Aſide.* What wou'd you, Sir, I'm ſomething buſie now.

Ana. Ah, the Children of the Elect have no Buſineſs, but the great Work of Reformation: Yea verily, I ſay, all other Buſineſs is prophane, and diabolical, and diveliſh; Yea, I ſay; theſe Dreſſings, Curles, and ſhining Habilliments—which take ſo up your time, your precious time; *I* ſay, they are an Abomination, yea, an Abomination in the Sight of the Righteous, and ſerve but as an *Ignis fatuus*, to lead vain Man aſtray——— I ſay again—— [*Looking now and then behind on the Page.*

La. Deſ. ——You are a very Coxcomb.

Ana. I ſay again, that even I, upright I, one of the new Saints, find a ſort of a—a—I know not what——a kind of a Motion as it were———a ſtirring up——as a Man may ſay, to wickedneſs—— Yea, verily it corrupteth the outward Man within me.

La. Deſ. Is this your Buſineſs, Sir, to rail againſt our Cloathes, as if you intended to preach me into my Primitive Nakedneſs again?

Ana. Ah, the naked Truth is beſt; but, Madam, I have a little work of Grace to communicate unto you, pleaſe you to ſend your Page away———

L. Des. Withdraw—— ſure I can make my Party good with one wicked Elder: Now, Sir,—your Bus'neſs. [*Ex. Page.*

——Be brief.

Ana. As brief as you pleaſe—but—who in the ſight of ſo much Beauty——can think of any Bus'neſs but the Bus'neſs—Ah! hide thoſe tempting Breaſts,—— Alack, how ſmooth and warm they are—— [*Feeling 'em, and ſneering.*

L. Des. How now, have you forgot your Function?

Ana. Nay, but I am mortal Man alſo, and may fall ſeven times a day——Yea verily, I may fall ſeven times a day:—Your Ladiſhip's Husband is old,——and where there is a good excuſe for falling,——Ah, there the falling — is excuſable.—And might I but fall with your Ladiſhip,——might I, I ſay.—

L. Des. How, this from you, the Head o'th' Church Militant; the very Pope of Presbytery?

Ana. Verily, the Sin lieth in the Scandal; therefore moſt of the diſcreet pious Ladies of the Age, chuſe us, upright Men, who make a Conſcience of a Secret, the Laity being more regardleſs of their Fame.——In ſober ſadneſs, the Place—— inviteth, the Creature tempting, and the Spirit very violent within me. [*Takes and ruffles her.*

L. Des. Who waits there?—I'm glad you have prov'd your ſelf what I ever thought of all your pack of Knaves.

Ana. Ah, Madam! Do not ruin my Reputation; there are Ladies of high Degree in the Commonwealth, to whom we find our ſelves moſt comforting; why might not you be one—for, alas, we are accounted as able Men in Ladies Chambers, as in our Pulpits; we ſerve both Functions——

Enter Servants.

Hah! her Servants—— [*Stands at a diſtance.*

L. Des. Shou'd I tell this, I ſhou'd not find belief. [*Aſide.*

Ana. Madam, I have another Errand to your Ladiſhip.—It is the Duty of my Occupation to Catechize the Heads of every Family within my Dioceſe; and you muſt anſwer ſome few Queſtions I ſhall ask.——In the firſt place, Madam,—— Who made ye?

L. Des. So, from Whoring, to a zealous Catechiſm—who made me? what Inſolence is this, to ask me Queſtions which every Child that liſps out Words can anſwer.

Ana. 'Tis our Method, Madam.

L. Des. Your Impudence, Sirrah,——let me examine your Faith, who are ſo ſawcy to take an account of mine——Who made you? But leſt you ſhou'd not know, I will inform you: Firſt, Heav'n made you a deform'd, ill-favour'd Creature, then the Raſcal your Father made you a Taylor, next, your Wife made you a Cuckold, and laſtly, the Devil has made you a Doctor;

Doctor, and ſo get you gone for a Fool and a Kave all over.

Ana. A Man of my Coat affronted thus!

L. Des. It ſhall be worſe, Sirrah, my Husband ſhall know how kind you wou'd have been to him, becauſe your Diſciple and Benefactor, to have begot him a Babe of Grace for a Son and Heir.

Ana. Miſtake not my pious meaning, moſt gracious Lady.

L. Des. I'll ſet you out in your Colours: Your Impudent and Bloody Principles, your Cheats, your Rogueries on honeſt Men, through their kind, deluded Wives, whom you cant and goggle into a Belief, 'tis a great work of Grace to ſteal, and beggar their whole Families, to contribute to your Gormandizing, Luſt, and Lazineſs; Ye Locuſts of the Land, preach Nonſenſe, Blaſphemy, and Treaſon, till you ſweat again, that the Sanctify'd Siſters may rub you down, to comfort and conſole the Creature.

Ana. Ah! Am———

L. *Des.* Sirrah, be gone, and trouble me no more——be gone——yet ſtay——the Rogue may be of Uſe to me——— amongſt the heap of Vice, Hypocriſie, and Devils that poſſeſs all your Party, you may have ſome neceſſary Sin; I've known ſome honeſt, uſeful Villains amongſt you, that will ſwear, profeſs, and lie devoutly for the Good Old Cauſe.

Ana. Yea verily, I hope there are many ſuch, and I ſhou'd rejoyce, yea, exceedingly rejoyce in any Gadly Performance to your Ladiſhip.

L. Des. This is a pious Work: You are a Knave of Credit, a very Saint with the raſcally Rabble, with whom your Seditious Cant more prevails, your precious Hum and Ha, and gifted Nonſenſe, than all the Rhetorick of the Learn'd, or Honeſt.

Ana. Hah!

L. Des.——In fine, I have uſe of your Talent at preſent, there's one now in Confinement of the Royal Party——— his Name's *Freeman.*

Ana. And your Ladiſhip wou'd have him diſpatch'd; I conceive ye——but wou'd you have him diſpatch'd privately, or by Form of Law? we've Tools for all uſes, and 'tis a pious Work, and meritorious.

L. Des. Right, I wou'd indeed have him diſpatch'd, and privately; but 'tis hither privately, hither to my Chamber, privately, for I have private Buſineſs with him. D'ye ſtart?—— this muſt be done———for you can Pimp I'm ſure upon occaſion, you've Tools for all uſes; come, reſolve, or I'll diſcover your bloody Offer; Is your Stomach ſo queaſie it cannot digeſt Pimping, that can ſwallow Whoring, falſe Oaths, Sequeſtration, Robbery, Rapes, and Murders daily?

Ana. Verily, you miſtake my pious Meaning; it is the Malignant *I* ſtick at; the Perſon, not the Office: and in ſadneſs, Madam, it goeth againſt my tender Conſcience to do any good to one of the Wicked.

L. Des. It muſt ſtretch at this time; go haſte to the Guard, and demand him in my Husband's Name; here's ſomething worth your Pains —— having releas'd him, bring him to me, you underſtand me ——go bid him be diligent, and as you behave your ſelf, find my Favour; for know, Sir, I am as great an Hypocrite as you, and know the Cheats of your Religion too; and ſince we know one another, 'tis like we ſhall be true.

Ana. But ſhou'd the Man be miſſing, and I call'd to an account?——

L. Des. He ſhall be return'd in an hour? go, get you gone, and bring him, or——no more—— [*Exeunt.*

For all degrees of Vices, you muſt grant,
There is no Rogue like your *Geneva* Saint.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chamber, Candles, and Lights.

Enter La. Desbro *and* Freeman.

La. Des. BY what ſtrange Miracle, my deareſt *Freeman*, wert thou ſet at Liberty?

Free. On the zealous Parole of *Rabbie Ananias*; that Rhetorick that can convert whole Congregations of well-meaning Blockheads, to errant Knaves, has now mollify'd my Keeper; *I'm* to be render'd back within this Hour: let's not, my dear *Maria*, loſe the precious minutes this Reverend Hypocrite has given us.

L. Des. Oh! you are very gay, have you forgot whoſe Priſoner you are, and that perhaps, e'er many Days are ended, they may hang you for High-Treaſon againſt the Commonwealth? they never want good thorow-ſtitch'd Witneſs to do a Murder lawfully.

Free. No matter, then I ſhall die with Joy, *Maria*, when I conſider, that you lov'd ſo well to give me the laſt Proof on't.

L. Des. Are you in earneſt, *Freeman*, and wou'd you take what Honour will not ſuffer me to grant?

Free.

Free. With all my Heart, Honour's a poor Excuse. Your Heart and Vows (your better part) are mine; you've only lent your Body out to one whom you call Husband, and whom Heaven has mark'd for Cuckoldom. Nay, 'tis an Act of honest Loyalty, so to revenge our Cause; whilst you were only mine, my honest Love thought it a Sin to press these Favours from you; 'twas injuring my self as well as thee; but now we only give and take our Right.

L. Des. No more, my Husband's old.——

Free. Right, my dear *Maria*,——and therefore——

L. Des. ——May possibly die——

Free. He will be hang'd first.

L. Des.——I hope so——either of which will do our Business.—— Unreasonable *Freeman*, not to have Patience till my Husband be hang'd a little.

Free. But what if Destiny put the Change upon us, and I be hang'd instead of *Desbro?*

L. Des. Why then thou art not the first Gallant Fellow that has died in the good and Royal Cause; and a small taste of Happiness will but turn thee off the Ladder with the sadder Heart.

Free. Hast thou the Conscience, lovely as thou art,
To deal out all thy Beauty to a Traytor?
Is not this Treason of the highest Nature,
To rob the Royal Party of such Treasure,
And give it to our mortal Enemies.
For Shame, be wise, and just,
And do not live a Rebel to our Cause;
'Tis Sin enough, to have Society with such a wicked Race,

L. Des. But I am married to him.

Free. So much the worse, to make a League and Covenant with such Villains, and keep the sinful Contract; a little harmless Lying and Dissimulation I'll allow thee, but to be right down honest, 'tis the Devil.

L. Des. This will not do, it never shall be said I've been so much debauch'd by Conventickling to turn a Sainted Sinner; No, I'm true to my Allegiance still, true to my King and Honour. Suspect my Loyalty when I lose my Virtue; a little Time, I'm sure, will give me honestly into thy Arms; if thou hast Bravery, show it in thy Love.

Free. You will o'ercome, and shame me every way;—— but when will this Change come? And till it do, what Pawn will you give me? I shall be happy then.

L. Des. My Honour, and that Happiness you long for; and take but two Months time for their Redemption.

Free. How greedily I'll seize the Forfeiture!

L. Des. But what am I like to get if this Change do come?

Free

Free. A Slave, and whatever you pleaſe to make of him.

L. Deſ. Who knows, in ſuch an univerſal Change, how you may alter too?

Free. I'll give ye Bond and Vows, unkind *Maria*,——Here, take my Hand--Be it known unto all Men, by theſe Preſents, That I *John Freeman* of *London*, Gent. acknowledge my ſelf in Debt to *Maria Deſbro*, the Sum of one Heart, with an incurable Wound; one Soul, deſtin'd hers from its firſt Being; and one Body, whole, ſound, and in perfect Health; which I here promiſe to pay to the ſaid *Maria*, upon Demand, if the aforeſaid *John Freeman* be not hang'd before ſuch Demand made. Whereto I ſet my Hand—and ſeal it with my Lips. [*In a Tone.*

L. Deſ. And I, in Conſideration of ſuch Debt, do freely give unto the aboveſaid *John Freeman*, the Heart and Body of the aboveſaid *Maria Desbro*, with all Appurtenances thereto belonging, whenever it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to bring my Husband fairly to the Gallows. [*In a Tone.*

Free. Amen.———kiſs the Book——— [*Kiſſes her.*

[Ana. *hums without.*

L. Deſ. Hah! that's *Ananias* ſure; ſome Danger's near, the neceſſary Raſcal gives us notice of.

Free. 'Tis ſo, what wouldſt thou have me do?

L. Deſ. Thou art undone if ſeen. ——— here, ſtep within this Curtain. [*He goes.*

Enter Ananias, *humming, and ſpreading his Cloak wide*; Desbro *behind him, puffing in a Chafe.*

Deſ. Ads nigs, what a Change is here like to be,——puff, puff——we have manag'd matters ſweetly —— to let the *Scotch* General undermine us; puff, puff.

L. Deſ What's the matter?

Deſ. Nothing, Cockey, nothing, but that we are like to return to our firſt nothing.

Ana. Yea verily, when our time's come; but ah, the great work of Reformatiom is not yet fully accompliſh'd, which muſt be wrought by the Saints, and we cannot ſpare one of them until the work be finiſh'd.

Deſ. Yea, yea, it is finiſhed I doubt, puff, puff; fie, fie, what a Change is here!

Ana. Patience, ah, 'tis a precious Virtue!——

Deſ. Patience, Sir! what, when I ſhall loſe ſo many fine Eſtates which did appertain to the Wicked; and which, I truſted, had been aſtabliſh'd ours; and tell'ſt thou me of Patience? puff, puff. [*Walking faſt.*

Ana. How! loſe 'em, Sir? Handle the matter with Patience; I hope the Committee of Safety, or the Rump, will not do an illegal thing to one of the Brethren.

Deſ.

Deſ. No, no, I have been a truſty Knave to them, and ſo I have found them all to me: but *Monk! Monk!* O that ever we ſhould be ſuch blind Fools to truſt an honeſt General!

Ana. Patience Sir, what of him?

Deſ. I juſt now receiv'd private Intelligence, he's coming out of *Scotland* with his forces——puff, puff.

Ana. Why, let him come a Gad's Name, we have thoſe will give him a civil Salute, if he mean not honourably to the Commonwealth. Patience, Sir.

Deſ. But if he proves the ſtronger, and ſhou'd chance to be ſo great a Traytor to us, to bring in the Man———the King.

L. Deſ. How, the King, Husband! the great Heroick!

Free. Death, this Woman is a Sybil: Ah, Noble *Monk!*

Ana. Hum———the King!———

Deſ. Ah, and with the King, the Biſhops; and then, where's all our Church and Biſhops's Lands! Oh, undone——puff, puff.

Ana. How, bring in the King and Biſhops! my righteous Spirit is raiſed too—— I ſay, I will excommunicate him for one of the Wicked; yea, for a prophane Heroick, a Malignant, a Tory,——a——I ſay, we will ſurround him, and confound him with a mighty Hoſt; yea, and fight the Lard's Battle with him; yea, we will.———

Deſ. Truckle to his Pow'r—puff, puff.

Ana. I ſay verily, nay; for, in Sadneſs, I will die in my Calling.

Deſ. So I doubt ſhall I--which is Plowing, Hedging, and Ditching.

Ana. Yea, we have the *S*word of the Righteous in our Hand, and we will defend the mighty Revenues of the Church, which the Lard hath given unto his People, and choſen ones—I ſay, we will defend——

Deſ. Ah, Patience, *S*ir, ah, 'tis a pious Virtue———

Ana. Ah, it is Zeal in one of us, the Out-goings of the *S*pirit.

Enter Page.

*Pag. S*ir, will you go down to Prayers? the Chaplain waits.

Deſ. No, no, Boy, I am too ſerious for that Exerciſe, I cannot now diſſemble, Heav'n forgive me.

Ana. How, *S*ir, not diſſemble—ah, then you have loſt a great Virtue indeed, a very great Virtue; ah, let us not give away the good Old Cauſe—but, as we have maintain'd it by gadly couzenage, and pious frauds, let us perſevere—ah, let us preſevere to the end; let us not loſe our Heritage for a Meſs of Pottage, that is, let us not loſe the Cauſe for Diſſimulation and Hypocriſie, thoſe two main Engines that have carried on the great Work.

Deſ. Verily, you have prevail'd, and I will go take counſel of my Pillow: Boy—call my Man to undreſs me—I'll to Bed, for I am ſick at Heart. [*Ex. Page.*

Free.

Free. Death, what ſhall I do now?

[Def. *walks, ſhe whiſpers* Ana.

La. *Def.* You muſt get my Man off, or we're undone.

Ana. Madam, be comforted, Heaven will bring all things about for our Advantage——— [*As* Def. *turns.*

La. Def. But he's behind the Curtains, Man——

[Def. *turns from 'em.*

Ana. Ah, let Providence alone———

[*Spreads his Cloak wide, and goes by degrees towards the Bed.*

——Your pious Lady, Sir, is doubtful, but I will give her ample Satisfaction.

Def. Ah, do, Mr. *Ananias*, do, for ſhe's a good and vertuous Lady, *certo* ſhe is. [*Goes cloſe to the Bed-poſt, and ſpeaks over his Shoulder.*

Ana. Get ye behind my Cloak———

La. Def. Indeed Sir, your Counſel and Aſſiſtance is very comfortable.

Ana. We ſhou'd be Help-meets to one-another, Madam,

Def. Alack, good Man? [*La.* Def. *goes to coax her Husband.*

La. *Def.* Ay, my Dear, *I* am ſo much oblig'd to him, that I know not without thy Aid, how to make him amends.

Free. So, this is the firſt Cloak of Zeal I ever made uſe of.

[Ana. *going, ſpreading his Cloak to the Door,* Fr. *behind goes out.*

Def. Good Lady give him his twenty Pieces, a dad he worthily deſerves 'em. [*Gives her Gold.*

La. Def. Indeed, and ſo he does, Dear, if thou knew'ſt all. ——What ſay you now, do I not improve in Hypocriſie? And ſhall I not in time make a precious Member of your Church? [*To* Ana.

Ana. Verily, your Ladiſhip is moſt ingenious and expert, —Sir, I moſt humbly take my leave. [*Exit Ananias.*

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, my Lord *Lambert* has ſent in all haſte for you, you muſt attend at his Houſe immediately.

Def. So, he has heard the News—I muſt away—let my Coach be ready——— [*Ex.* Def.

La. Def. How unlucky was this that *Freeman* ſhould be gone—Sirrah, run, and ſee to o'ertake him, and bring him back [*Ex. All.*

SCENE II. *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Gilliflower *and* Loveleſs, *by dark, richly dreſt.*

Lov. Where am I, *Gilliflower?*

Gil. In my Ladies Apartment, Sir, ſhe'll be with you preſently; you need not fear betraying, Sir, for I'll aſſure you I'm

an

an Heroick in my Heart: my Husband was a Captain for his Majeſty of ever-bleſſed Memory, and kill'd at *Naſeby*, God be thanked, Sir.

Lov. What pity 'tis that thou ſhouldſt ſerve this Party?

Gil. 'Bating her Principles, my Lady has good Nature enough to oblige a Servant; and truly Sir, my Vails were good in old *Oliver*'s Days; I got well by that Amour, between him and my Lady; the Man was laviſh enough.

Lov. Yes, of the Nation's Treaſure——— but, prithee tell me, is not thy Lady mad, raving on Crowns and Kingdoms?

Gil. It appears ſo to you, who are not us'd to the Vanity of the Party, but they are all ſo mad in their Degree, and in the Fit they talk of nothing elſe Sir, we have to morrow a Hearing, as they call it.

Lov. What's that, a Conventicle?

Gil. No, no, Sir, Ladies of the laſt Edition, that preſent their Grievances to the Council of Ladies, of which my Lady's chief, which Grievances are laid open to the Committee of Safety, and ſo redreſs'd or ſlighted, as they are.

Lov. That muſt be worth ones Curioſity, could one but ſee't.

Gill. We admit no Man, Sir.

Lov. 'Sdeath, for ſo good a ſight I will turn Woman, I'll act it to a hair.

Gill. That would be excellent.

Lov. Nay, I muſt do't; the Novelty is rare——— but I'm impatient——— prithee let thy Lady know I wait.

Gill. She's in Affairs of State, but will be here immediatley; mean time, retire into her Cabinet, I'll ſend the Page with Lights, there you may repoſe till my Lady comes, on the Pallat. [*She leads him out.*

SCENE *A great Chamber of State—and Canopy.*

And at a Table, ſeated Lambert, Fleetwood, Desbro, Hewſon, Duckingfield, Wariſton, Cobbet; *all half drunk, with Bottles and Glaſſes on the Table*; La. Lam. *and* La. Fleet.

Lam. My Lord *Wariſton*, you are not merry to night.

War. Wons Mon, this *Monk* ſticks in my Gullet, the mukle Diel pull him out by th' Lugs; the faud Loone will en ſpoyle aud our Sport mon.

Lam. I thought I had enough ſatisfied all your Fears; the Army's mine, that is—'tis your's, my Lords, and I'll imploy it too ſo well for the Good of the Common-wealth, you ſhall have Cauſe to commend both my Courage and Conduct; my Lord *Wariſton*, will you accompany me?

War. Ah,

War. Ah, my gued Lord, the Honour is too great! 'Tis not but I's dare fight my Lord, but I love not the limmer Loone, he has a villainous honeſt Face an's ene; I's kend him ence, and like't him not; but I's drink tol yar gued Fortune; let it gang aboote, ene and ad Sirs. [*All drink.*

Lam. We'll leave all diſcourſe of Bus'neſs, and give our ſelves to Mirth; I fancy good Succeſs from this days *Omen.*

Enter Gill. *whiſpers* La. Lam. *ſhe riſes.*

L. *Lam.* Waited ſo long!

Gill. And grew impatient, an't pleaſe your Highneſs; muſt I go tell him you cannot ſee him to Night.

L. *Lam.* Not for the World; my ſilly Politician will be Buſying himſelf in the dull Affairs of State;
—Dull in Compariſon of Love, I mean;
I never lov'd before; Old *Oliver* I ſuffer'd for my Intereſt,
And 'tis ſome Greatneſs, to be Miſtreſs to the beſt;
But this mighty Pleaſure comes *A propo,*
To ſweaten all the heavy Toyls of Empire.

Gill. So it does, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

L. *Lam.* Go, let him know I'm coming—Madam, I muſt beg your Pardon, you hear, my Lord, to Morrow goes on his great Expedition; and, for any thing we know, may fall a glorious Sacrifice to the Commonwealth; therefore 'tis meet I offer up ſome Prayers for his Safety, and all my leiſure Hours 'twixt this and that, will be too few.—Your humble Servant Madam. [*Ex. L.* Lam.

L. *Fleet.* My Dear, I'll leave you too, my time of Devotion is come, and Heav'n will ſtay for no Body; where are my People, is my Coach ready, or my Chair.

Fleet. Go in your Chair my Love, leſt you catch cold.

L. *Fleet.* And light your Flambeaus, —— I love to have my Chair ſurrounded with Flambeaus.

Enter Page.

Pag. Your Chair is ready, Madam. [*She goes out led by* Fleet.

Hewſ. What think ye now my Lords, of ſettling the Nation a little; I find my Head ſwim with Politicks, and what ye call Ums.

War. Wons, and wad ya ſettle the Nation when we real our ſelves?

Hewſ. Who, pox, ſhall we ſtand making Childrens Shoes all the Year? No, no, let's begin to ſettle the Nation, I ſay, and go throw ſtitch with our Work.

Duc. Right, we have no Head to obey; ſo that if this *Scotch* General do come whilſt we Dogs fight for the Bone, he runs away with it.

Hewſ. Shaw, we ſhall patch up matters with the *Scotch* General,

neral, I'll warrant you: However, here's to our next Head.— One and All.— [*All drink.*

Fleet. Verily, Sirs, this Health-drinking ſavoureth of Monarchy, and is a Type of Malignancy.

War. Bread, my Lord, no preaching o'er yar Liquer, wee's now for a Cup o'th' Creature.

Cob. In a gadly way you may, it is lawful.

Lam. Come, come, we're dull, give us ſome Muſick—— come my Lord, I'll give you a Song, I love Muſick as I do a Drum, there's Life and Soul in't, call my Muſick.

Fleet. Yea, I am for any Muſick, except an Organ.

War. 'Sbread, Sirs, and I's a Horn-pipe; I've a ſaud Theefe here ſhall dance ye dance tol a Horn-pipe, with any States-man a ya ad.

All. He, He, He.

Duc. I know not what your ſaud Theefe can do; but I'll hold you a Wager, Colonel *Hewſon*, and Colonel *Desbro* ſhall dance ye the Saint's Jigg with any Sinner of your Kirk, or Field Conventicler.

War. Wons, and Ils catch 'em at that ſprot, I's dance tol 'em for a *Scotch* Pound, but farſt yar Song, my Lord, I hope 'tis boody, or elſe 'tis not werth a Feart.

All. He, He, He.

SONG, ſung by my Lord *Lambert.*

A Pox of the States-man that's witty,
That watches and Plots all the ſleepleſs Night,
For ſeditious Harangues to the Whigs *of the City,*
And piouſly turns a Traytor in ſpight.
Let him wrack and torment his lean Carrion,
To bring his Sham-Plots about,
Till Religion, King, Biſhop, and Baron,
For the Publick Good, be quite rooted out.

Whilſt we that are no Politicians,
But Rogues that are Reſolute, bare-fac'd and Great,
Boldly head the rude Rabble in open Sedition,
Bearing all down before us in Church and in State.
Your Impudence is the beſt State-trick,
And he that by Law means to rule,
Let his Hiſtory with ours be related,
Tho' we prove the Knaves, 'tis he is the Fool.

War. The Diel a me, wele ſung my Lord, and gen-aud Trads fail, yas make a quaint Minſtrel.

All.

All. He, he, he.

War. Noo, Sirs, yar Dance?

[*They fling Cuſhions at one another, and grin. Muſick plays.*

——Marry, Sirs, an this be yar dancing, tol dance and ne'er ſtir Scap, the Diel lead the Dance for *Archibald.*

[*When they have flung Cuſhions thus a while to the Muſick Time, they beat each other from the Table, one by one, and fall into a godly Dance; after a while,* Wariſton *riſes, and dances ridiculouſly a while amongſt them, then to the Time of the Time, they take out the reſt, as at the Cuſhion-Dance, or in that Nature.* Wariſton *being the laſt taken in, leads the reſt.*

—Haud Miſtrels haud; Bread a gued, I's fatch ad Ladies in—lead away Minſtrels tol my Lady's Apartment.

[*Muſick playing before all.*

[*Ex. Dancing.*

SCENE *Flat. Enter* Page.

Pag. Cock, Here muſt I wait, to give my Lady Notice when my Lord approaches;— The fine Gentleman that is alone with her, gave me theſe two fine pieces of Gold, and bad me buy a Sword to fight for the King withall; and I'm reſolv'd to lay it all out in a Sword, not a penny in Nickers, and fight for the Heroicks as long as a I have a Limb, if they be all ſuch fine Men as this within. But hark, ſure I hear ſome coming.—— [*Ex.*

[*Flat Scene draws off, diſcovers* La. Lam. *on a Couch, with* Loveleſs, *tying a rich Diamond-Bracelet about his Arm; a Table behind with Lights, on which, a Velvet Cuſhion, with a Crown and Scepter cover'd.*

Lov. This Preſent's too Magnificent: Such Bracelets young Monarchs ſhou'd put on.

L. *Lam.* Perſons like me, when they make Preſents, Sir, muſt do it for their Glory, not conſidering the merit of the Wearer; yet this, my charming *Loveleſs,* comes ſhort of what I ought to pay thy worth; comes ſhort too of my Love.

Lov. You bleſs me, Madam——

L. *Lam.* This the great Monarch of the World once ty'd about my Arm, and bad me wear it, till ſome greater Man ſhou'd chance to win my Heart;

Thou art that Man whom Love hath rais'd above him;
Whom every Grace and every Charm thou haſt
Conſpire to make thee mightier to my Soul;
And *Oliver,* Illuſtrious *Oliver!*
Was yet far ſhort of thee.

Lov. He was the Monarch then whoſe Spoils I triumph in.

L. Lam. They were deſign'd too for Trophies to the young and Gay.

Ah, *Loveleſs!* that I cou'd reward thy Youth

With

With ſomething that might make thee more than Man,
As well as to give the beſt of Women to thee———

[*Riſes, takes him by the Hand, leads him to the Table. He ſtarts.*

—Behold this Gay, this wondrous glorious thing.

Lov. Hah—a Crown—and Scepter!
Have I been all this while
So near the Sacred Relicks of my King!
And found no awful motion in my Blood,
Nothing that mov'd Sacred Devotion in me?
—Hail Sacred Emblem of Great Majeſty,
Thou that haſt circled more Divinity
Than the great Zodiack that ſurrounds the World.
I ne'er was bleſt with ſight of thee till now,
But in much reverenc'd Pictures——— [*Riſes and bows.*

L. *Lam.* Is't not a lovely thing?

Lov. There's ſuch Divinity i'th' very Form on't,
Had I been conſcious I'd been near the Temple
Where this bright Relick of the glorious Martyr
Had been enſhrin'd, that ſpoil'd my ſoft Devotion!
—'tis Sacrilege to dally where it is:
A rude, a ſawcy Treaſon to approach it
With an unbended Knee; for Heav'ns ſake, Madam,
Let us not be prophane in our Delights,
Either withdraw, or hide that glorious Object.

L. *Lam.* Thou art a Fool, the very ſight of this—
Raiſes my Pleaſure higher,
Methinks I give a Queen into thy Arms:
And where I love I cannot give enough; [*Softly.*
———Wou'd I cou'd ſet it on thy Head for ever,
'Twou'd not become my ſimple Lord
The thouſandth part ſo well.

[*Goes to put it on his Head, he puts it off.*

Lov. Forbear, and do not play with holy things,
Let us retire, and love as Mortals ſhou'd,
Not imitate the Gods, and ſpoil our Joys.

La. *Lam.* Lovely, and unambitious!
What hopes have I of all your promis'd Conſtancy,
Whilſt this, which poſſibly e're long may adorn my Brow,
And ought to raiſe me higher in your Love,
Ought to transform you even to Adoration,
Shall poorly make you vaniſh from its Luſtre;
Methinks the very Fancy of a Queen
Is worth a thouſand Miſtreſſes of leſs Illuſtrious Rank.

Lov. What every Pageant Queen? You might from thence infer

I'd fall in love with every little Actreſs, becauſe
She acts the Queen for half an Hour,
But then the gaudy Robe is laid aſide.

La. *Lam.* I'll pardon the Compariſon in you.

Lov. I do not doubt your Power of being a Queen,
But truſt, it will not laſt.
How truly brave would your great Husband be,
If, whilſt he may, he paid this mighty Debt
To the Right Owner!
If, whilſt he has the Army in his Power,
He made a true and lawful uſe of it,
To ſettle our great Maſter in his Throne;
And by an Act ſo glorious raiſe his Name
Even above the Title of a King.

La. *Lam.* You love me not, that would perſwade me from my Glory.

Enter Gilliflower.

Gill. Oh Madam, the Lords are all got merry, as they call it, and are all dancing hither.

La. *Lam.* What, at their *Oliverian* Frolicks?——Dear *Loveleſs*, withdraw, I wou'd not give the fond believing Fool a Jealouſie of me.

Gill. Withdraw, Madam! 'tis impoſſible, he muſt run juſt into their Mouths.

La. *Lam.* I'm ill at theſe Intrigues, being us'd to Lovers that ſtill came with ſuch Authority, that modeſtly my Husband wou'd withdraw——but *Loveleſs* is in danger, therefore take care he be not ſeen.

Gill. Heavens! they are coming, there's no retreat——

La. *Lam.* *I* am ill at theſe Intriegues, being us'd to Lovers that ſtill came with ſuch Authority, that modeſtly my Husband wou'd withdraw——but *Loveleſs* is in danger, therefore take Care he be not ſeen.

Gill. Heav'ns! they are coming, there's no Retreat——

La. *Lam.* Lye down on the Couch——and cover him you with the Foot-Carpet——So, give me my Prayer-Book.

[*He lies down along on the Couch, they cover him with the Carpet*: La. Lam. *takes her Book, ſits down on his Feet, and leans on the back of the Couch reading*; Gill. *ſtands at t'other end, they enter dancing——as before.*

—— What Inſolence is this? do you not hear me, you —— Sots—whom Gaiety and Dancing do ſo ill become.

War. [*Singing.*] Welcome, *Joan Sanderſon*, welcome, welcome.

[*Goes to take her out, ſhe ſtrikes him.*

Wons, Madam, that's no part o'th' Dance.

L. *Lam.* No, but 'tis part of a reward for your Inſolence,

Which

Which poſſibly your Head ſhall anſwer for.——

Lam. Pardon him, my Dear, he meant no Diſreſpect to thee.

L. *Lam.* How dare you interrupt my Devotion, Sirrah? Be gone with all your filthy ill bred Crew. [Lam. *ſits down on* Lov.

Lam. My only dear, be patient; hah! Something moves under me! Treaſon, Treaſon. [*He riſes.*

[Lov. *rouls off, and turns* Lam. *over, the reſt of the Men run out crying Treaſon, Treaſon, overthrowing the lights, putting 'em out.*

L. *Lam.* Treaſon, Treaſon! my Lord, my Lord!

Lam. Lights there, a Plot, a Popiſh Plot, Lights.

L. *Lam.* The Crown, the Crown, guard the Crown!

[*She groping about, finds* Lov. *by his Cloaths, knows him.* —Here, take this Key, the next room is my Bed-chamber, Secure your ſelf a moment.—— [*Ex.* Loveleſs.

Lights there, the Crown—who art thou? [*Takes hold of* Lam.

Lam. 'Tis I.

L. *Lam.* Ah, my Lord, what's the matter?——

Lam. Nay, my Lady, I ask you what's the matter?

Enter Page *with Lights.*

By Heaven, all is not well; hark ye, my fine ſne Politician, who it was you had hid beneath this Carpet?

L. *Lam.* Heav'ns! doſt hear him, *Gilliflower?* Sure the Fellow's mad.

Gill. Alack, my Lord, are you out of your honourable Wits? Heav'n knows, my Lady was at her Devotion.

Lam. Bawd, come, confeſs thy ſelf to be one; at her Devotion, yes, with a He Saint.

Gill. Ah! Gad forbid the Saints ſhould be ſo wicked.

L. *Lam.* Hark ye, thou little ſnivling Hypocrite, who haſt no Virtue but a little Conduct in Martial Diſcipline; who haſt by Perjuries, Cheats, and pious Villanies wound thy ſelf up into the Rabble's Favour, where thou may'ſt ſtand till ſome more great in Roguery remove thee from that height, or to the Gallows, if the King return: haſt thou the Impudence to charge my Virtue?

Lam. I know not, Madam, whether that Virtue you boaſt were loſt, or only ſtak't, and ready for the Gameſter; but I am ſure a Man was hid under this Carpet.

L. *Lam.* Oh Heav'ns, a Man!

Gill. Lord, a Man? Are you ſure 'twas a Man, my Lord? ——Some Villainous Malignant, I'll warrant.

Lam. It may be ſo.

Gill. Alack, the Wickedneſs of theſe Heroicks, to hide under Carpets; why they'l have the impudence to hide under our

Petticoats ſhortly, if your Highneſs take 'em not down.

[*To Lady* Lam.

Lam. I do believe ſo; Death—a Cuckold; ſhall that black Cloud ſhade all my riſing Fame?

La. *Lam.* Cuckold! Why is that Name ſo great a Stranger to ye,
Or has your riſing Fame made ye forget
How long—that Cloud has hung upon your Brow?
—'Twas once the height of your Ambition, Sir,
When you—were a poor—ſneaking Slave to *Cromwel*,
Then you cou'd cringe and ſneer——and hold the Door
And give him every Opportunity
Had not my Piety defeated your Endeavours.

Lam. That was for Glory,
Who wou'd not be a Cuckold to be great?
——If *Cromwel* leap'd into my Saddle once,
I'll ſtep into his Throne for't: but, to be pointed at
By Raſcals that I——rule——'tis inſupportable.

La. *Lam.* How got this Fellow drunk? call up my Officers,
Who durſt deliver him this quantity of Wine;
Send ſtraight in my Name, to ſummon all the
Drunken Committee of Safety into my Preſence,
By Heav'n I'll ſhow you, Sir——yes they ſhall
See what a fine King they're like to have
In Honeſt, Gadly, Sober, Wiſe *Jack Lambert*.
—Nay, I'll do't; d'ye think to take away my Honour thus?
I, who by my ſole Politicks and Management
Have ſet you up Villain of Villains, Sirrah.
——Away——ſummon 'em all. [*To* Gilliflower.

Lam. Stay——be not ſo raſh; who was beneath the Carpet?

La. *Lam.* *I* will not anſwer thee.

Lam. Nor any living thing?

La. *Lam.* No Creature in the Room, thou ſilly Ideot, but *Gilliflower* and *I*——at our Devotion, praying to Heav'n for your Succeſs to morrow—and am *I* thus rewarded!

[*Weeps*, Gill. *weeps too.*

Lam. My Soul, *I* cannot bear the Sight of Tears
From theſe dear charming Eyes.

La. *Lam.* No matter Sir, the Committee ſhall right me.

Lam. Upon my Knees *I* ask thy Pardon Dear; by all that's good, *I* wou'd have ſworn *I*'d felt ſomething ſtir beneath me as *I* ſat, which threw me over.

La. *Lam.* Only your Brains turn'd round with too much drinking and dancing, Exerciſes you are not us'd to——
Go ſleep, and ſettle 'em, for I'll not daign to Bed with you

to

to night———retire, as e'er you hope to have my Aid in your Advancement to the Crown.

Lam. I'm gone——and once more pardon my Miſtake.

[*Bows, and goes out.* Ex. Gill.

La. *Lam*——So, this fighting Fool, ſo worſhipp'd by the Rabble, how meanly can a Woman make him ſneak?

[*To Loveleſs.*

———the happy Night's our own———

Enter Gill. Loveleſs.

Lov. Excellent Creature, how I do adore thee!

La. *Lam.* But you, perhaps, are ſatisfied already———

Lov. Never; ſhou'dſt thou be kind to all Eternity. Thou haſt one Virtue more, I pay thee Homage for; I heard from the *Alcove* how great a Miſtreſs thou art in the dear Myſtery of Jilting.

La. *Lam.* That's the firſt Leſſon Women learn in Conventicles, Religion teaches thoſe Maxims to our Sex by this:

Kings are depos'd, and Commonwealths are rul'd;
By Jilting all the Univerſe is fool'd.

ACT V. SCENE I. *Street.*

Enter Corporal, half dreſt; with Soldiers, Joyner and Felt-maker.

Cor. HA Rogues, the City-Boys are up in Arms; brave Boys, all for the King now!

Felt. Have a Care what you ſay Sir; but as to the City's being in Mutiny, that makes well for us: we ſhall fall to our old Trade of plundering; ſomething will fall to the Righteous, and there is Plunder enough.

Corp. You plunder Sirrah, knock him down, and carry him into the Guard-room, and ſecure him. [*Two Soldiers ſeize him.*

2 *Sold.* They ſay the Committee of Safety ſate all Night at General *Lambert*'s, about ſome great Affair———ſome rare Change, Rogues!

2 *Sold.* Yes, and to put off Sorrow, they ſay, were all right reverendly drunk too.

Cor. I ſuppoſe there is ſome heavenly matter in Hand; there was Treaſon cried out at the General's laſt Night, and the Committee of no Safety all ran away.

1 *Sold.* Or rather reel'd away.

Cor. The Ladies ſqueak'd, the Lords fled, and all the Houſe was up in Arms.

Felt. Yea, and with Reaſon they ſay; for the Pope in diſguiſe was found under the' Ladies Bed; and two hugh Jeſuits as big as the tall *Iriſh-man*, with Blunderbuſſes; having, as 'tis ſaid, a Deſign to ſteal the Crown, now in Cuſtody of the General—— ——

2 *Sold.* Good lack is't impoſſible?

Joyn. Nay Sir, 'tis true, and is't not time we look'd about us?

Corp. A Pox upon ye all, for lying Knaves——ſecure 'em both on the Guard till farther Order——and let us in to th' City-boys: hay for *Lombard-Street*.

2 *Sold.* Ay, hay for *Lombard-Street*; there's a Shop I have mark'd out for my own already.

1 *Sold.* There's a handſom Citizens Wife, that I have an Eye upon, her Husband's a rich Banker, I'll take t'one with t'other.

Joyn. You are miſtaken, Sir, that Plunder is reſerv'd for us, if they begin to mutiny; That wicked City that is ſo weary of a Commonwealth.

2 *Sold.* Yes, they're are afraid of the Monſter they themſelves have made.

Enter Lov. *and* Free. *in diſguiſe.*

Corp. Hah, my noble Colonel! what, in diſguiſe!

Free. We have made our Eſcapes——and hope to ſee better times ſhortly, the noble *Scotch* General is come Boys.

Enter Captain of the Prentices, and a great Gang with him, arm'd with Swords, Staffs, &c.

Cap. Come, my Lads, ſince you have made me Captain, I'll lead you bravely on! I'll die in the Cauſe, or bring you off with Victory.

1 *Pren.* Here's a Club ſhall do ſome Execution; I'll beat out *Hewſon*'s t'other Eye; I ſcorn to take him on the blind ſide.

Cap. In the firſt Place, we muſt all ſign a Petition to my Lord Mayor.——

2 *Pren.* Petitions, we'll have no Petition Captain; we are for Club-Law, Captain. *Capt.* Obey, or I leave you.

All. Obey, Obey.

Capt. Look ye, we'll Petition for an honeſt Free Parliament I ſay.

1 *Pren.* No Parliament, no Parliament, we have had too much of that Miſchief already Captain.

All. No Parliament, no Parliament.

Capt. Farewell Gentlemen, I thought *I* might have been heard.

Free. Death, Sirs, you ſhall hear the Captain out.

All. We obey, we obey.

Capt. I

Capt. I ſay, an honeſt Free Parliament, not one pick'd and choſen by Faction; but ſuch an one as ſhall do our Buſineſs Lads, and bring in the *Great Heroick.*

All. Ay, ay, the Great Heroick, the Great Heroick!

Lov. A fine Youth, and ſhou'd be encourag'd.

Capt. Good—in the next Place, the noble *Scotch* General is come, and we'll ſide with him.

Free. Ay, ay, all ſide with him.

1 *Pren.* Your Reaſon Captain, for we have acted too much without Reaſon already.

2 *Pren.* Are we ſure of him, Captain?

Capt. Oh, he'll doubtleſs declare for the King, Boys.

All. Hay, *Via la Roy, via la Monk.*

Capt. Next, I hear there's a Proclamation coming out to diſſolve the Committee of no Safety.

All. Good, good.

Capt. And I hope you are all brave enough to ſtand to your Loyal Principles with your Lives and Fortunes.

All. We'll die for the Royal Intereſt.

Capt. In the next Place, there's another Proclamation come out.

2 *Pren.* This Captain is a Man of rare Intelligence; but for what Captain?

Capt. Why—to—hang us all, if we do not immediately depart to our reſpective Vocations: How like you that, my Lads?

2 *Pren.* Hum——hang'd! I'll e'n home again.

1 *Pren.* And *I* too, *I* do not like this hanging.

2 *Pren.* A Man looks but ſcurvily with his Neck awry.

4 *Pren.* Ay, ay, we'll home.

Capt. Why now you ſhew what precious Men you are—— the King wou'd be finely hop'd up with ſuch Raſcals, that for fear of a little hanging would deſert his Cauſe; a Pox upon you all, I here diſcharge ye——

——Take back your Cowards Hand, and give me Hearts,

[*Flings 'em a Scroul.*

I ſcorn to fight with ſuch mean ſpirited Rogues.
I did but try your boaſted Courages.

Lov. Brave Boy.

Lov. & Free. We'll die with thee, Captain——

All. Oh, noble Captain, we recant——

1 *Pren.* We recant, dear Captain, we'll die, one and all.

All. One and all, one and all.

Capt. Why ſo, there's ſome truſting to you now.

3 *Pren.* But is there ſuch a Proclamation, Captain?

Capt. There is; but anon, when the Crop-ear'd Sheriff be-

gins to read it, let every Man enlarge his Voice, and cry, no Proclamation, no Proclamation.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Lov. Brave noble Lads, hold ſtill your Reſolution,
And when your leiſure Hours will give me leave,
Drink the Kings Health, here's Gold for you to do ſo.

Free. Take my Mite too, brave Lads. [*Gives 'em Gold.*

All. Hay! *Viva* the brave Heroicks.

Enter Ananias Gogle.

Ana. Hum, what have we here, a Street-Conventicle—— or a Mutiny? Yea verily, it is a Mutiny——— What meaneth this Appearance in Hoſtile manner, in open Street, by Day-light?

Capt. Hah! one of the ſanctify'd Lady Elders, one of the Fiends of the Nation; that go about like roaring Lyons ſeeking whom they may devour?

Lov. Who, Mr. *Ananias* the Padder.

Ana. Bear witneſs Gentlemen all, he calls me High-way-man; thou ſhalt be hang'd for Scandal on the Brethren.

Lov. I'll prove what I ſay, Sirrah; do you not rob on the High-way i'th' Pulpit? Rob the *Siſters*, and preach it lawful for them to rob their Husbands; rob Men even of their Conſciences and Honeſty; nay rather than ſtand out, rob poor Wenches of their Bodkins and Thimbles.——

Ana. I commit ye; here Soldiers, I charge ye in the Name of———of——marry I know not who, in my Name, and the good People of *England*, take 'em to ſafe Cuſtody.

Capt. How, lay hold of Honeſt Gentlemen! Noble Cavaliers, knock him down.

All. Knock him down, knock him down.

Free. Hold worthy Youths; the Raſcal has done me Service.

[Ana. *pulling off his Hat to 'em all.*] Ye look like Citizens, that evil Spirit is entered in unto you, oh Men of *London!* that ye have changed your Note, like Birds of evil *Omen*; that you go aſtray after new Lights, or rather, no Lights, and commit Whoredom with your Fathers Idols, even in the midſt of the Holy City, which the Saints have prepared for the Eleſt, the Choſen ones.

Capt. Hark ye, Sirrah, leave preaching, and fall to declaring for us, or thou art mortal.

Ana. Nay, I ſay nay, I will die in my Calling——yea, I will fall a Sacrifice to the Good Old Cauſe; abomination ye with a mighty Hand, and will deſtroy, demoliſh and confound your Idols, thoſe heatheniſh Malignants whom you follow, even with Thunder and Lightening, even as a Field of Corn blaſted by a ſtrong Blaſt.

Lov.

Lov. Knock him down.

All. Down with *Dagon*, down with him.

Enter Hewſon *with Guards.*

Hewſ. Ah, Rogues, have I caught ye napping?

[*They all ſurround him and his Red-Coats.*

All. Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler.

[*The Boys*, Lov. *and* Free. *Corp. and Sold. beat off* Hewſon *and his Party.* An. *gets a Sword, and fights 'em.*

Scene changes to a Chamber. Enter L. Lam. *and* Gill.

Gill. I've had no time to ask your Highneſs how you ſlept to Night; but that's a needleſs Queſtion.

L. *Lam.* How mean you? do you ſuſpect my Virtue? do you believe *Loveleſs* dares attempt any thing againſt my Honour? No *Gilliflower*, he acted all things ſo like a Gentleman, that every moment takes my Heart more abſolutely.

Gill. My Lord, departed highly ſatisfied.

L. *Lam.* She is not worthy of Intriegues of Love, that cannot manage a ſilly Husband as ſhe pleaſes — but *Gilliflower*, you forget that this is Council-day.

Gill. No, but I do not, Madam, ſome important Suitors wait already.

Enter La. Deſ. *and La.* Fleetwood.

L. *Lam.* Your Servant, Madam *Desbro*, thou'rt welcome — *Gilliflower*, are all things ready in the Council-Chamber?
We that are Great muſt ſometimes ſtoop to Acts,
That have at leaſt ſome ſhew of Charity!
We muſt redreſs the Grievance of our People.

L. *Fleet.* She ſpeaks as ſhe were Queen, but I ſhall put a ſpoke in her riſing Wheel of Fortune, or my Lord's Politicks fail him. [*Scene draws off, Table with Papers: Chairs round it.*

L. *Lam.* Where are the Ladies of the Council? —— how remiſs they are in their Attendance on us?

L. *Fleet.* Us! Heav'ns, I can ſcarce endure this Inſolence! ——We will take care to mind 'em of their Duty——

L. *Lam.* We, poor Creature! how ſimply Majeſty becomes her?

[*They all ſitting down, enter* L. Cromwel *angrily, and takes her Place,* L. Lam. *uppermoſt.*

——Madam, as I take it, at our laſt ſitting, our Pleaſure was, that you ſhou'd ſit no more.

Crom. Your pleaſure! Is that the General Voice? This is my Place in ſpight of thee, and all thy fawning Faction, and ſhall keep it, when thou perhaps, ſhalt be an humble ſuppliant here at my Foot-ſtool.

L. *Lam.* I ſmile at thee.

Crom. Do, and chringe; 'tis thy buſineſs to make thee Popular.

But

But 'tis not that—Nor thy falſe Beauty that will ſerve thy Ends.

L. *Lam.* Rail on; declining Majeſty may be excus'd,
Call in the Women that attend for redreſs of Grievances.

[*Ex.* Page.

Enter Page with Women, and Loveleſs *dreſs'd as a Woman.*

Gentlewomen, what's your Bus'neſs with us?

Lov. Gentlewomen, ſome of us are Ladies.

L. *Lam.* Ladies, in good time; by what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Title of Ladies?

L. *Fleet.* Have a care how you uſurp what is not your own?

Lov. How the Devil rebukes Sin? [*Aſide.*

L. *Def.* From whom had you your Honours, Women?

Lov. From our Husbands.

Gill. Husbands, who are they, and of what ſtanding?

2 *Lad.* Of no long ſtanding, I confeſs.

Gill. That's a common Grievance indeed.

L. *Def.* And ought to be redreſs'd.

L. *Lam.* And that ſhall be taken into conſideration; write it down, *Gilliflower*, who made your Husband a Knight, Woman?

Lov. Oliver the firſt, an't pleaſe ye.

L. *Lam.* Of horrid Memory? write that down — who yours?

2 *Lad. Richard* the fourth, an't like your Honour.

Gill. Of ſottiſh Memory; ſhall I write that down too?

L. *Def.* Moſt remarkably.

Crom. Heav'ns! Can I hear this Profanation of our Royal Family? [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* I wonder with what impudence *Noll* and *Dick* could Knightifie your Husbands? for 'tis a Rule in Heraldry, that none can make a Knight but him that is one; 'tis *Sanca Pancha*'s Caſe in *Don Quixot.*

Crom. How dare you queſtion my Husband's Authority? [*Riſes in Anger.*

Who nobly won his Honour in the Field,
Not like thy ſneaking Lord, who gain'd his Title
From his Wife's gay Love-tricks—Bartering her Honour for his Coronet.

L. *Lam.* Thou ly'ſt, my Husband earn'd it with his Sword, braver and juſter than thy bold Uſurper, who waded to his Glory, through a Sea of Royal Blood.———

L. *Def.* Sure *Loveleſs* has done good on her, and converted her.

L. *Fleet.* Madam, I humbly beg you will be patient, you'll ruine all my Lord's Deſigns elſe.—Women, proceed to your Grievances, both publick and private.

Lov. I petition for a Penſion, my Husband, deceas'd, was a conſtant active Man, in all the late Rebellion, againſt the Man; he plunder'd my Lord *Capel*, he betray'd his deareſt Friend

Brown

Brown Bushel, who trusted his Life in his Hands, and several others; plundering their Wives and Children even to their Smocks.

L. *Lam.* Most considerable Service, and ought to be consider'd.

2 *La.* And most remarkably, at the Tryal of the late Man, I spit in's Face, and betray'd the Earl of *Holland* to the Parliament.

Crom. In the King's Face, you mean ——— it shew'd your Zeal for the Good Cause.

2 *La.* And 'twas my Husband that headed the Rabble, to pull down *Gog* and *Magog*, the Bishops, broke the Idols in the Windows, and turn'd the Churches into Stables and Dens of Thieves; rob'd the Altar of the Cathedral of the twelve pieces of Plate call'd the twelve Apostles, turn'd eleven of 'em into Money, and kept *Judas* for his own use at home

L. *Fleet.* On my Word, most wisely perform'd, note it down———

3 *La.* And my Husband made Libels on the Man, from the first Troubles to this day, defam'd and profan'd the Woman and her Children, printed all the Man's Letters to the Woman with Burlesque Marginal Notes, pull'd down the sumptuous Shrines in Churches, and with the golden and Popish Spoils adorn'd his own Houses and Chimney-Pieces.

L. *Lam.* We shall consider these great Services. ———

Lov. To what a height is Impudence arriv'd?

L. *Lam.* Proceed to private Grievances.

Lov. An't please your Honours, my Husband prays too much; which both hinders his private bus'ness at home, and his Publick Services to the Commonwealth———

L. *Lam.* A doule Grievance—set it down *Gilliflower.*

Lov. And then he rails against the Whore of *Babylon*, and all my Neighbours think he calls me Whore.

Crom. A most unpardonable fault.

L. *Lam.* We'll have that rectify'd, it will concern us.

Lov. Then he never kisses me, but he says a long Grace, which is more mortifying than inviting.

L. *Def.* That is the fault of all the new Saints, which is the reason their Wives take a pious care, as much as in them lies to send 'em to Heaven, by making 'em Cuckolds.

L. *Fleet.* A very charitable Work, and ought to be encourag'd.

[Loveless *gives in a Petition to* Gilliflower.

Gill. The humble Petition of the Lady *Make-shift*, [*Reads.*

———Heav'ns Madam, here is many thousand Hands to't of the distressed Sex. *All.* Read it.

Gill. Reads.] Whereas there pass'd an Act, *June* 24th, against

For-

Fornication and Adultery, to the great detriment of moſt of the young Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Commonalty of *England*, and to the utter decay of many whole Families, eſpecially when married to old Men; your Petitioners moſt humbly beg your Honours will take this great Grievance into Mature Conſideration, and the ſaid Act may be repealed.

——a Bleſſing on 'em, they ſhall have my Hand too.

L. *Lam.* We acknowledge, there are many Grievances in that Act; but there are many Conveniencies too, for it ties up the Villanous Tongues of Men from boaſting our Favours.

Crom. But as it lays a Scandal on Society——'tis troubleſome, Society being the very Life of a Republick—— *Peters* the firſt, and *Martin* the ſecond.

Lov. But in a Free-State, why ſhou'd we not be Free?

L. *Def.* Why not? we ſtand for the Liberty and Property of our Sex, and will preſent it to the Committee of Safety.

Lov. Secondly, we deſire the Heroicks, vulgarly call'd the Malignant, may not be look'd on as Monſters, for aſſuredly they are Men; and that it may not be charg'd to us as a Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honeſt Men.

2 *La.* And ſome of 'em Men that will ſtand to their Principles.

L. *Lam.* Is there no other honeſt Men that will do as well?

2 *La.* Good Men are ſcarce.

L. *Lam.* They're all for Heroicks, ſure 'tis the mode to love 'em——I cannot blame 'em. [*Aſide.*

Lov. And that when we go to Morning and Evening Lectures, to *Tantlings*, or elſewhere, and either before or after viſit a private Friend, it may be Actionable for the Wicked to ſcandaliſe us, by terming of it, abuſing the Creature, when 'tis harmleſs recreating the Creature.

All. Reaſon, Reaſon.

Lov. Nor that any Husband ſhou'd interrupt his Wife, when at her private Devotion.

Enter Page.

L. *Lam.* I have been too late ſenſible of that Grievance.

Gill. And, Madam, I wou'd humbly pray a Patent for Scolding, to eaſe my Spleen.

Pag. An pleaſe your Highneſs, here's a Meſſenger arriv'd Poſt with Letters from my Lord the General. [*Ex.* Page.

L. *Lam.* Greater Affairs—oblige us to break up the Council.

[*Riſes, the Women retire.*

Enter Page *with Meſſengers, or Letters,*

——What means this haſte? [*Opens, and reads 'em.*

Crom. Hah, bleſs my Eye-ſight, ſhe looks pale,—now red again, ſome turn to his Confuſion, Heav'n, I beſeech thee.

L. *Lam.* My Lord's undone! his Army has deſerted him;

Left

Left him defenceless to the Enemies Pow'r.
Ah Coward Traytors! Where's the brutal Courage
That made you so successful in your Villanies?
Has Hell that taught you Valour, now abandon'd ye?
—How in an instant are my Glories fall'n!

Crom. Ha, ha, ha—What, has your Highness any Cause of Grief?

Gill. Call up your Courage, Madam, do not let these things scoff you—you may be yet a Queen: Remember what *Lilly* told you, Madam.

La. *Lam.* Damn *Lilly*, who with lying Prophesies, has rais'd me to the hopes of Majesty: a Legend of his Divels take him for't.

Crom. Oh, have a care of Cursing, Madam!

La. *Lam.* Screech Owl, away, thy Voice is omnious.
Oh I cou'd rave! but that it is not great;
——And silent Sorrow——has most Majesty.

Enter Warison, *huffing.*

War. Wons, Madam, undone, undone; our honourable Committee is gone to th' Diel, and the damn'd loosey Rump is aud in aud; the muckle Diel set it i'solt, and his Dam drink most for't.

Crom. The Committee dissolv'd! whose wise Work was that? it looks like *Fleetwood*'s silly Politicks.

War. Marrry, and yar Ladiship's i'th' Right, 'twas en the Work o'th' saud Loone, the Diel brest his Wem for't.

Enter Hewson, Desbro, Whitlock, Duc. *and* Cob.

Hews. So Brethren in Iniquity, we have spun a fine Thread, the Rump's all in all now; rules the Roast, and has sent for the General with Sissers and Rasor.

Whit. With a Sisseraro, you mean.

Hews. None of your Terms in Law, good Brother.

War. Right but gen ya have any Querks in Law, Mr. *Lyer*, that will save our Crags, 'twill be warth a Fee.

Duc. We have plaid our Cards fair.

War. I's deny that; Wans, Sirs, ya plaid 'em saul; a Fule had the shooftling of 'em, and the Muckle Diel himself turn up Trump.

Whit. We are lost Gentlemen, utterly lost; who the Devil wou'd have thought of a Dissolution?

Hews. Is there no Remedy?

Duc. Death, I'll to the *Scotch* General; turn but in time as many greater Rogues than I have done, and 'twill save my Stake yet——Farewel Gentlemen.

Des. No Remedy?

War. Nene Sirs, again the King's Evil; Bread Sirs, ye's ene

gan

gang tol yar Stall agen: I's en follow *Duckenfield*——Farewel Mr. *Leyer*.

La. *Lam.* See the Viciſſitudes of Humane Glory.
Theſe Raſcals, that but Yeſterday petition'd me
With humble Adoration, now ſcarce pay
Common Civilities due to my Sex alone

Enter Fleetwood.

Crom. How now Fool, what is't that makes you look ſo pertly? Some mighty Buſineſs you have done, I'll warrant.

Fleet. Verily, Lady, Mother, you are the ſtrangeſt Body; a Man cannot pleaſe you—Have I not finely circumvented *Lambert?* Made the *Rump* Head, who have committed him to the *Tower*; ne're ſtir now that I have, and I'm the greateſt Man in *England*, as I live I am, as a Man may ſay.

Crom. Yes till a greater come. Ah Fool of Fools, not to fore-ſee the Danger of that naſty Rump.

La. Fleet. Good, Madam, treat my Lord with more Reſpect.

Crom. Away fond Fool, born with ſo little Senſe,
To doat on ſuch a wretched Idiot;
It was thy Fate in *Ireton's* Days to love him,
Or you were foully ſcandaliz'd.

Fleet. You are not ſo well ſpoken of neither, ne'r ſtir now, and you go to that. I can be King to morrow if I will.

Crom. Thou ly'ſt, thou wo't be hang'd firſt: Mark that I tell thee ſo. I'll prove *Caſſandra* to thee, and propheſie thy Doom; Heav'n pays the Traytor back with equal Meaſure. Remember how you ſerv'd my poor Son *Richard*. [*Ex.* Crom. *and* Page.

Fleet. She's mad——Come, my Dear, let's leave the Houſe of this Villain that meant to have couzen'd me illegally of three Kingdoms——but that I out-witted him at laſt.

[*Ex.* Fleet. *La.* Fleet. *and* Pag.

Enter Page.

L. *Lam.* Impriſon'd too, i'th' Tower! What Fate is mine?

[*Leans on* Deſ.

Pag. Madam, the fine Heroick's come to wait on you.

La. *Lam.* Hah, *Loveleſs!* let him not ſee the Ruine of my Greatneſs, which he foretold, and kindly begg'd I wou'd uſurp no more.

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. This News has brought me back, I love this Woman! Vain as ſhe is, in ſpight of all her Fopperies of State——

[*Bows to her, and looks ſad.*

La. *Lam.* Alas, I do not merit thy Reſpect,
I'm fall'n to Scorn, to Pity and Contempt. [*Weeping.*
Ah *Loveleſs* fly the wretched——
Thy Virtue is too noble to be ſhin'd on

By

By any thing but rising Suns alone:
I'm a declining Shade———

Lov. By Heaven you were never great till now!
I never thought thee so much worth my Love,
My Knee, and Adoration, till this Minute. [*Kneels.*
——I come to offer you my Life, and all
The little Fortune the rude Herd has left me.

L. *Lam.* Is there such God-like Virtue in your Sex?
Or rather, in your Party.
Curse on the Lies and Cheats of Conventicles,
That taught me first to think Heroicks Devils,
Blood-thirsty, lewd, tyrannick Salvage Monsters.
—But I believe 'em Angels all, if all like *Loveless*.
What heavenly thing then must the Master be,
Whose Servants are Divine?

Enter Page *running.*

Pag. Oh Madam! all the Heroick-Boys are up in Arms, and swear they'll have your Highness, dead or alive,——they have besieg'd the House.

L. *Lam.* Heav'ns, the Rabble!——those faithless things that us'd to crowd my Coaches Wheels, and stop my Passage, with their officious Noise and Adoration.

Enter Freeman.

Free. *Loveless*, thy Aid; the City-Sparks are up;
Their zealous Loyalty admits no Bounds.
A glorious Change is coming, and I'll appear now bare-fac'd.

Lov. Madam, fear not the Rabble; retire, *Freeman*, and I can still 'em. [*Leads her in, and bows low.*

Free. My dear *Maria*, I shall claim ye shortly——

L. *Def.* Do your worst, I'm ready for the Challenge. [*Go in.*

[*Ex.* Lov. *and* Free. *another way.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Captain *and the rest.*

Capt. I say we'll have the She-Politician out, she did more mischief than her Husband, pittiful, dittiful *Lambert*; who is, thanks be prais'd, in the *Tower*, to which place, Lord of his Mercy bring all the King's Enemies.

All. Amen, Amen.

Enter Lov. *and* Freeman.

Lov. Why how now Captain, what besiege the Women; No, let us lead our Force to Nobler Enemies.

Capt. Nay, noble Chief, your Word's our Law.

Lov. No, I resign that Title to the brave *Scotch* General, who has just now enter'd the City.

Cap. We know it, Sir: Do you not observe how the Crop-

eard

ear'd Phanaticks trot out of Town?——The Rogues began their old belov'd Mutiny, but 'twould not do.

Lov. A Pox upon 'em, they went out like the Snuff of a Candle, ſtinkingly and blinkingly.

1 *Pr.* Ay, ay, let 'em hang themſelves, and then they are cold Meat for the Devil.

Cap. But noble Champion, I hope we may have leave to Roaſt the Rump to Night.

Lov. With all our Hearts, here's Money to make Fires.——

Free. And here's for Drink to't, Boys.

All. Hey—*Via le Roy, via les Heroicks!* [*Go out hollowing.*

Enter Ananias *peeping*, Felt. *and* Joyner.

Ana. So, the Rabble's gone: Ah Brethren! what will this wicked World come to?

Felt. Alack, alack, to no goodneſs, you may be ſure; pray what's the News? [Fleet. *peeping out of a Garret Window,*

Fleet. Anania, Anania!

Ana. Who calleth *Ananias*? lo, here am I.

Fleet. Behold, it is I, look up. How goeth tidings?

Ana. Full ill, I fear; 'tis a bad Omen to ſee your Lordſhip ſo nigh Heaven; when the Saints are Garretified.

Fleet. I am fortifying my ſelf againſt the Evil-day.

Ana. Which is come upon us like a Thief in the Night; like a Torrent from the Mountain of Waters, or a Whirlwind from the Wilderneſs.

Fleet. Why, what has the *Scotch* General done?

Ana. Ah! he playeth the Devil with the Saints in the City, becauſe they put the Covenant Oath unto him, he pulls up their Gates, their Poſts and Chains, and enters.

Felt. And wou'd the wicked City let him have his beaſtly will of her?

Ana. Nay, but ſhe was raviſh'd——deflower'd.

Joy. How, raviſh'd! oh monſtrous! was ever ſuch a Rape committed upon an innocent City? lay her Legs open to the wide World, for every Knave to view her Nackedneſs?

Felt. Ah, ah! what Days, what Times, and what Seaſons are here?

Enter Captain, Corporal, and Prentices, with Faggots hollowing.

Corp. What ſay you now, Lads, is not my Propheſie truer than *Lilly*'s; I told you the Rump would fall to our handling and drinking for: the Kings proclaim'd, Rogues.

Cap. Ay, ay, *Lilly*, a Plague on him, he propheſied *Lambert* ſhould be uppermoſt.

Cor. Yes, he meant perhaps on *Weſtminſter* Pinacle: where's *Lilly* now, with all his Prophecies againſt the *Royal Family*.

Cap. In one of his Twelve Houſes.

1 *Pren.*

1 *Pr.* We'll fire him out to Night, Boy; come, all hands to work for the Fire. [Ex. *all hollowing.*

Fleet. Ah, diſmal, heavy day, a day of Grief and Wo,
Which haſt bereft me of my hopes for ay, ah Lard, what ſhall I do? [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Lov. *leading* La. Lam. *in diſguiſe,* Page *and* Gilliflower *diſguis'd,* Lov. *dreſſing her.*

Lov. My Charmer, why theſe Tears?
If for the fall of all thy painted Glories,
Thou art, in the eſteem of all good Men,
Above what thou wert then:
The glorious Sun is riſing in our Hemiſphere,
And I, amongſt the crowd of Loyal Sufferers,
Shall ſhare in its kindly Rayes.

L. *Lam.* Beſt of thy Sex——
What have I left to gratifie thy Goodneſs?

Lov. You have already by your noble Bounty,
Made me a Fortune, had I nothing elſe;
All which I render back, with all that Wealth
Heaven and my Parents left me:
Which, though unjuſtly now detain'd from me,
Will once again be mine, and then be yours.

Enter Free.

Free. Come, haſte, the Rabble gather round the Houſe,
And ſwear they'll have this Sorcereſs.

Lov. Let me looſe among 'em, their rude officious honeſty muſt be puniſh'd.

L. *Lam.* Oh, let me out, do not expoſe thy Perſon to their mad Rage, rather reſign the Victim. [*Holds him.*

Lov. Reſign thee! by Heaven, I think I ſhou'd turn Rebel firſt.

Enter La. Deſ. *diſguis'd, and* Page, *with Jewels in a Box.*

L. *Deſ.* With much ado, according to thy direction, dear *Freeman*, I have paſs'd the Pikes, my Houſe being ſurrounded, and my Husband demanded, fell down dead with fear.

Free. How, thy Husband dead!

L. *Deſ.* Dead as old *Oliver*, and much ado I got off with theſe Jewels, the Rabble ſwore I was one of the Party, and had not the honeſt Corporal convinc'd 'em, I had been pull'd to pieces.——Come, haſte away, Madam, we ſhall be roaſted with the Rump elſe.

L. *Lam.* Adieu, dear Manſion! whoſe rich gilded Roofs ſo oft put me in mind of Majeſty——And thou my Bed of State,

where my ſoft Slumbers have preſented me with Diadems and Scepters,——when waking I have ſtretch'd my greedy Arms to graſp the vaniſh'd Phantom! ah, adieu! and all my hopes of Royalty adieu.————

Free. And dare you put your ſelf into my Protection? Why if you do, I doubt you'll never be your own Woman again.

L. *Def.* No matter, I'm better loſt than found on ſuch occaſions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street; a great Bonfire, with Spits, and Rumps roaſting, and the Mobile about the Fire, with Pots, Bottles, Fiddles.*

1 *Pren.* Here, *Jack*, a Health to the King.

2 *Pren.* Let it paſs, Lad, and next to the noble General.

1 *Pren.* *Ralph*, baſte the Rump well, or ne'er hope to ſee a King agen.

3 *Pren.* The Rump will baſte it ſelf, it has been well cram'd *Enter* Freeman, L. Def. Loveleſs, *and* L. Lam. Gill. *Pages*, &c.

Cap. Hah, Noble, Champion, Faith Sir, you muſt honour us ſo far as to drink the King's Health, and the noble Generals, before you go.

Enter Wariſton, *dreſt like a Pedlar, with a Box about his Neck full of Ballads and Things.*

War. Will ya buy a guedly Ballat or a *Scotch* Spur Sirs? a guedly Ballat, or a *Scotch* Spur.——'Sbread, I's ſcapt hitherto weele enough, I's ſav'd my Crag fro ſtretching twa Inches longer than 'twas borne: will ya buy a Jack-line to roaſt the Rump, a new *Jack Lambert* Line,——or a blithe Ditty, of the Noble *Scotch* General——come buy my Ditties.

Cap. How, a Ditty o'th' General? let's ſee't, Sirrah.

War. 'Sbread, Sirs, and here's the guedly Ballet of the Generals coming out of *Scotland*.

Cap. Here, who ſings it? we'll all bear the bob.

[Wariſten *ſings the Ballad, all bearing the Bob.*

Enter Ananias, *crying* Almanacks.

Ana. New Almanacks, new Almanacks.

Cap. Hah, who have we here? *Ananias*, *Holder-forth* of *Clement*'s Pariſh?

All. Ha, a Traytor, a Traytor.

Lov. If I be not miſtaken, this blithe Ballad-ſinger too was Chair-man to the Committee of Safety.

Cap. Is your Lordſhip turned Pedlar at laſt?

War. What Mon I do noo? Lerd, ne mere Lerd than yaſel Sir; wons I's ſhow 'em a fair pair of Heels.

[*Goes to run away, they get him on a Colt-ſtaff, with* Anania *on another, Fidlers playing* Fortune my Foe, *round the Fire.*

Cap.

Cap. Play *Fortune my Foe*, Sirrah.

Enter Hewſon, *dreſt like a Country Fellow.*

Cor. Who are you, *Sirrah?* you have the mark o'th' Beaſt.

Hewſ. Who aye, Sir? Aye am a Doncer, that come a merry-making among ya——

Cap. Come, Sirrah, your Feats of Activity quickly then.

[*He Dances*; *which ended, they get him on a Coltſtaff, and cry a* Cobler, *a* Cobler.

All. A Cobler, a Cobler.

Cap. To Priſon with the Traytors, and then we have made a good Nights work on't.

Then let's all home, and to the Power's Divine.
Pray for the King, and all the Sacred Line. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lady *Desbro.*

THE Vizor's off, and now I dare appear
High for the Royal Cauſe *in Cavalier*;
Though once as true a Whig *as moſt of you,*
Cou'd Cant, and Lye, Preach and Diſſemble too;
So far you drew me in, but faith I'll be
Reveng'd on you for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious Cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your Ignoramus *Flock aſtray:*
For ſince I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exerciſe my Talent, that's to rail.
Ye Race of Hypocrites, whoſe Cloak of Zeal
Covers the Knaves that cants for Commonweale,
All Laws, the Church and State to Ruine brings,
And impudently ſet a Rule on Kings;
Ruin, deſtroy, all's good that you decree
By your Infallible Presbytery,
Proſperous at firſt, in Ills you grew ſo vain,
You thought to play the Old Game *o're again*;
And thus the Cheat was put upon the Nation,
Firſt with Long Parliaments, *next* Reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new Invaſion:
And when you can't prevail by open Force,
To cunning tickling Tricks you have recourſe,
And raiſe Sedition forth without Remorſe.

EPILOGUE.

Confound these curſed Tories, *then they cry,* [In a preaching tone.
Thoſe Fools, thoſe Pimps to Monarchy,
Thoſe that exclude the Saints; yet open th' Door,
To introduce the Babylonian Whore.
By Sacred Oliver *the Nation's mad;*
Beloved, 'twas not ſo when he was Head!
But then, as I have ſaid it oft before ye,
A Cavalier *was but a Type of* Tory.
The Curs durſt then not bark, but all the Breed
Is much encreas'd ſince that good Man was dead:
Yet then they rail'd againſt the Good Old Cauſe,
Rail'd fooliſhly for Loyalty and Laws;
But when the Saints had put them to a ſtand,
We left them Loyalty, and took their Land:
Yea, and the pious Work of Reformation
Rewarded was with Plunder, Sequeſtration.
Thus Cant the Faithful; nay, they're ſo uncivil,
To pray us harmleſs Players to the Devil.
When this is all th' Exception they can make,
They damn us for our Glorious Maſter's ſake.
But why 'gainſt us do you unjuſtly arm?
Our ſmall Religion ſure can do no harm;
Or if it do, ſince that's the only thing,
We will reform when you are true to th' King.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, Written by Mr. *Otway*, Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*.

HOw vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In ſtriving to reclaim a Vitious Age!
Poets may write the Miſchief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,
As you regard at Church what Parſons preach.
But where ſuch Follies and ſuch Vices reign,
What honeſt Pen has Patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye moſt devourly ſnore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to Church to glour, and Ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd Convenient here:
With equal Zeal ye honour either place,
And run ſo very evenly your Race,
Ye improve in Wit juſt as ye do in Grace.
It muſt be ſo, ſome Dæmon has poſſeſeſt
Our Land, and we have never ſince been bleſt.
Ye have ſeen it all, or heard of its Renown,
In Reverend Shape it ſtalk'd about the Town,
Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.
Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,
'Twou'd play the Apoſtolick Function o'er:
But, Heaven have mercy on us when it ſwore.
Whene're it ſwore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its mouth at random Halters flew
Round ſome unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,
Though ſtill the cunning Devil ſav'd its own:
For when the Inchantment could no longer laſt,
The ſubtle Pug moſt dextrouſly uncas'd.
Left awful Form for one more ſeeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to deſie us:
From ſilken Doctor home-ſpun Ananias.
Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix,
Where ſtill, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,
And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drawn in many a Gueſt,
To part with zealous Guinea for———no Feaſt.
VVho, but the moſt incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in diſmal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themſelves to get their Livings,
VVou'd lay ſweet Money out in Sham-Thankſgivings?
Sham-Plots you may have paid for o're and o're;
But who e're paid for a Sham-Treat before?

Had you not better ſent your Offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequeſtrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Juſtice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. *Nokes*,	Sir *Timothy Treat-all*,	An old Seditious Knight that keeps open Houſe for Commonwealthſmen and true blue Proteſtants, Uncle to *T. Wild.*
Mr. *Betterton*,	*Tom Wilding*,	A Tory, his diſcarded Nephew.
Mr. *Lee*,	Sir *Antony Meriwill*,	An old Tory Knight of *Devonſhire.*
Mr. *Williams*,	Sir *Charles Meriwill*,	His Nephew, a Tory alſo, in love with L. *Galliard*, & Friend to *Wild.*
Mr. *Bowman*,	*Dreſſwell*,	A young Gentleman, Friend to *Wilding.*
Mr. *Jevon.*	*Fopington*,	A Hanger-on on *Wilding*
	Jervice,	Man to Sir *Timothy.*
	Footmen, Muſick, *&c.*	
Mrs. *Barry*,	Lady *Galliard*,	A rich City-Widow, in Love with *Wilding.*
Mrs. *Butler*,	*Charlot*,	The City-Heireſs, in Love with *Wilding.*
Mrs. *Corror*,	*Diana*,	Miſtreſs to *Wilding*, and kept by him.
Mrs. *Norice*,	Mrs. *Clacket*,	A City Bawd & Puritan.
Mrs. *Lee*,	Mrs. *Cloſet*,	Woman to Lady *Galliard.*

SCENE, *Within the Walls of* London.

THE

THE CITY-HEIRESS: OR, Sir Timothy Treat-all.

ACT I. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *follow'd by* Tom Wilding, *bare*, *Sir* Charles Meriwill, Foppington, *and Footman with a Cloak.*

Sir Tim. TRouble me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye see, and so forth.

Wild. I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. Dear Uncle——— *Sir Tim.* No.

Wild. You will be mortify'd———

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir Tim. No, *I* have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of many a fair Thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables Clutches about Town, Sir; have brought you out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and pocky Doctors Hands, that ever pretended to cure incurable Diseases; and have crost ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and Semstrisses; with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir Char. But, Sir, conſider, he's your own Fleſh and Blood.

Sir Tim. That's more than I'll ſwear

Sir Char. Your only Heir.

Sir Tim. That's more than you or any of his wiſe Aſſociates can tell, Sir.

Sir Char. Why his wiſe Aſſociates? Have you any Exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dreſſwel*, Sir, Men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir Tim. Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you ſince you'll have it out, That you and young *Dreſſwel* are able to debauch, deſtroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir Char. How, Sir!

Sir Tim. Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have ſix thouſand Pound a Year, and value no Man: Neither do I ſpeak ſo much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, ſuch Tarmagant Tories as theſe, [*To Fop.*] Who are the very Vermine of a young Heir, and for one tickling, give him a thouſand bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir Tim. Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never ſtare, Sir; I fear you not: No Mans hectoring ſignifies this——in the City, but the Conſtables; no body dares be ſawcy here, except it be in the Kings name.

Sir Char. Sir, I confeſs he was to blame.

Sir Tim. Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be lewd, you have a plentiful Eſtate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil; your Uncle, Sir *Anthony Meriwil* intends to give you all his Eſtate too: But for ſuch Sparks as this, and my Fop in Faſhion here, why with what Face, Conſcience, or Religion, can they be lewd and vitious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and ſo forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir Char. If he have youthful Vices, he has Vertues too.

Sir Tim. Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongſt ye [*weeping*] Before he fell to Toryiſm, he was a ſober, civil Youth, and had ſome Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twou'd have done ones Heart good to have heard him——— Wore decent Cloathes; was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays: and then I had Hopes of him.

[*Still weeping.*

Wild. Aye, Heaven forgive me.

Sir Char. But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is caſting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or ſix times a week, ſwears not above once in a quarter of an Hour, nor has not gam'd this two Days———

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. 'Twas becauſe the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir Char. —Begins to take up at Coffee-houſes, talks gravely in the City, ſpeaks ſcandalouſly of the Government, and rails moſt abominable againſt the Pope and the French King.

Sir Tim. Aye, aye, this ſhall not wheedle me out of one Engliſh Guinea; and ſo I told him yeſterday.

Wild. You did ſo, *Sir.*

Sir Tim. Yes; by a good Token you were witty upon me, and ſwore I lov'd and honoured the King no where but on his Coin.

Sir Char. Is it poſſible, *Sir*?

Wild. God forgive me, *Sir*; *I* confeſs I was a little overtaken.

Sir. Tim. Ay, ſo it ſhou'd ſeem: for he miſtook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maids.

Sir Char. How! to bed to your Maids! *Sure, Sir*, 'tis ſcandal on him.

Sir Tim. No, no, he makes his brags on't, *Sir.* Oh that crying *Sin* of Boaſting! Well fare, I ſay, the Days of old *Oliver*; he by a wholeſome Act, made it death to boaſt; ſo that then a Man might whore his Heart out, and no body the wiſer.

Sir Char. Right, *Sir*, and then the Men paſs'd for ſober religious Perſons, and the Women for as demure *Saints*———

Sir Tim. Ay, then there was no ſcandal; but now they do not only boaſt what they do, but what they do not.

Wild. I'll take care that fault ſhall be mended, *Sir.*

Sir. Ay, ſo will I, if Poverty has any Fears of Mortification; and ſo farewel to you, *Sir.* [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Sir, are you reſolv'd to be ſo cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending?

Sir Tim. Moſt religiouſly———

Wild. You are?

Sir Tim. I am.

Wild. Death, I'll rob.

Sir Tim. Do and be hang'd.

Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papiſt.

Sir Tim. Do and be damn'd.

Sir Char. Bleſs me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls!*

Sir Tim. Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd Turk or Jew, for his own Sake; but as for ſcandalizing me, I defie it: My Integrity has been known ever ſince Forty one; I bought three Thouſand a year in Biſhops Lands, as 'tis well known, and loſt it at the Kings return; for which I'm honour'd by the City. But for his farther Satisfaction, Conſolation, and Diſtruction, know,

know, That I Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my ſelf young enough to marry, d'ye ſee, and will wipe your Noſe with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and ſo forth. [*Going away.*

Wild. Death! marry!

Sir Char. Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't ſpoil all.

Wild. Damn him, I've loſt all Patience, and can diſſemble no longer, tho' I loſe all—Very good, Sir; hearkye, I hope ſhe's young and handſome; or if ſhe be not, amongſt the numerons luſty-ſtomacht Whigs that daily noſe your publick Dinners, ſome may be found, that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open Houſe to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generoſity or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all *Sexes*, *Sorts*, Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-headed Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the Kings Liege-people into Commonwealthſmen; and rather then loſe a Convert, you'll pimp for him. Theſe are your nightly Debauches—— Nay, rather than you ſhall want it, I'll cuckold you my ſelf in pure Revenge.

Sir Tim. How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

Sir Char. Oh, he cannot be ſo prophane.

Wild. Prophane! why he deny'd but now the having any ſhare in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my Wits, you ſay, and your old rich good-natur'd Cuckold is as ſure a Revenue to a handſome young Cadet, as a thouſand Pound a Year. Your tolerable Face and *Shape* is an Eſtate in the City, and a better Bank than your *Six per Cent.* at any time.

Sir Tim. Well, Sir, ſince Nature has furniſht you ſo well, you need but up and ride, ſhow and be rich; and ſo your *Servant*, witty Mr. *Wilding*. [*Goes out. He looks after him.*

Sir Char. Whilſt I am labouring anothers good, I quite neglect my own. This curſed, proud, diſdainful Lady *Galliard*, is ever in my Head; ſhe's now at Church, I'm ſure, not for Devotion, but to ſhew Her Charms, and throw her Darts amongſt the gazing Crowd, and grows more vain by Conqueſt. I'm near the Church, and muſt ſtep in, tho' it coſt me a new Wound [*Wild. ſtands pauſing.*

Wild. I am reſolv'd——Well, dear *Charles*, let's ſup together to night, and contrive ſome way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I muſt leave thee now, for I have an Aſſignation here at Church.

Sir Char. Hah! at Church!

Wild.

Wild. Ay, *Charles*, with the deareſt She-Saint, and I hope, Sinner.

Sir Char. What at Church? Pox, I ſhall be diſcover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love-Intrigues.

Wild. Oh, I am to paſs for a ſober, diſcreet Perſon to the Relations; but for my Miſtreſs, ſhe's made of no ſuch ſanctify'd Materials; ſhe is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir Char. Hah! if this ſhou'd prove my Widow now. [*Aſide.*

Wild. And though at her own diſpoſe, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her againſt the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing ſo much as her Daughter's marrying a villanous Tory: So the young one is forc'd to diſſemble Religion, the beſt Mask to hide a kind Miſtreſs in.

Sir Char. This muſt be my Lady *Galliard.* [*Aſide.*

Wild. There is at preſent ſome ill underſtanding between us; ſome damn'd Honourable Fop lays ſiege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elſewhere, return her cold diſdain, but now and then ſhe croſſes my Heart too violently to reſiſt her. In one of theſe hot Fits I now am, and muſt find ſome occaſion to ſpeak to her.

Sir Char. By Heaven, it muſt be ſhe—— I am ſtudying now, amongſt all our She-Acquaintance, who this ſhou'd be.

Wild. Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the deareſt loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, ſmooth as Ruſhes, and plump as Grapes after Showers, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Diſdain, and yet bewitching ſweet; but then ſhe loves, ſoft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour! Oh, damn the Nonſence, wou'd be all my own.

Sir Char. 'Tis ſhe, by Heaven! [*Aſide.*] Methinks this Widow ſhou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now ſtand between you and your Uncle.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherways diſpos'd of. There is the moſt charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this Perſon of mine, a rich City-Heireſs, and I have her in poſſeſſion.

Sir Char. How can you love two at once? I've been as wild and as extravagant, as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arriv'd to that degree of Lewdneſs, to deal my Heart about; my Hours I might, but Love ſhou'd be intire.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, Two ſuch bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lie:——But Love Divides us, and I muſt into Church. Adieu till Night.

Sir Char. And I muſt follow to reſolve my Heart in what it dreads

dreads to learn. Here, my Cloak. [*Takes his Cloak from his Man, and puts it on.*] Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth!

Enter People croſs the Stage, as from Church; amongſt 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, *follow'd by Sir* Timothy Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle! He muſt not ſee me here.

[*Throws his Cloak over his Face.*

Sir Tim. What my old Friend and Acquaintace, Sir *Anthony Meriwill!*

Sir Anth. Sir *Timothy Treat-all!*

Sir Tim. Whe, how long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir Anth. About three days, Sir.

Sir Tim. Three days, and never came to dine with me! 'tis unpardonable! What, you keep cloſe to the Church, I ſee: You are for the Surplice ſtill, old Orthodox you; the Times cannot mend you, I ſee.

Sir Anth. No, nor ſhall they mar me, Sir.

Sir Char. They are diſcourſing; I'll paſs by.

[*Aſide.* Ex. *Sir* Charles.

Sir Anth. As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir Tim. Ay, needs muſt, when the Devil drives. I go to ſave my Bacon, as they ſay, once a Month, and that too after the Porrage is ſerv'd up.

Sir Anth. Thoſe that made it, Sir, are wiſer than we. For my part, I love good wholſome Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to King and Superiours, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this Morning made a notable Sermon. By *George*, our Country-Vicars are meer Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parſons! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Diviſions upon't! 'twou'd make a Man ſin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the reſt of the deadly number.

Sir Tim. Good lack! an he were ſo good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd beſt carry your Nephew, Sir *Charles Meriwill*, to Church; he wants a little Documentizing that way.

Sir Anth. Hum! you keep your old wont ſtill; a Man can begin no Diſcourſe to you, be it of *Preſter John*, but you ſtill conclude with my Nephew.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Sir *Anthony*, you need not be ſo purty; what I ſay, is the Diſcourſe of the whole City, how laviſhly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir Anth. The City! The City's a grumbling, lying, diſſatisfy'd City, and no wiſe or honeſt Man regards what it ſays. Do you, or any of the City, ſtand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor?

Taylor? He ſpends what I allow him, Sir, his own; and you're a Fool, or Knave, chuſe ye whether, to concern your ſelf.

Sir Tim. Good lack! I ſpeak but what wiſer Men Diſcourſe.

Sir Anth. Wiſer Men! wiſer Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth to keep a Merchant's Book, or ſend him to chop Logick in an Univerſity, and have him return an errant learned Aſs, to ſimper, and look demure, and ſtart at Oaths and Wenches, whilſt I fell his Woods, and grant Leaſes: And laſtly, to make good what I have couzen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. *Crump*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of ſome Right Worſhipful. ——— A Pox of all ſuch Guardians.

Sir Tim. Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir Anth. What Sin, what Expences? He wears good Cloathes, why Trades-men get the more by him; he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his Eaſe; a Miſtreſs, 'tis for his Pleaſure; he Games, 'tis for his Diverſion: And where's the harm of this? is there ought elſe you can accuſe him with?

Sir Tim. Yes,——a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too. [*Aſide.* Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir Anth. If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked!

Sir Tim. But I mean honourably———

Sir Anth. Honourably! Why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he ſhou'd not marry? [*Angrily.*

Sir Tim. Not I, Sir.

Sir Anth. Not you, Sir? why then you're an Aſs, Sir.—— But is this Lady young and handſome?

Sir Tim. Ay, and rich too, Sir.

Sir Anth. No matter for Money, ſo ſhe love the Boy.

Sir Tim. Love him! no, Sir, ſhe neither does, nor ſhall love him.

Sir Anth. How, Sir, nor ſhall love him! By *George*, but ſhe ſhall, and lie with him too, if I pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Tim. How, Sir? lie with a rich City-widow, and a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gentleman within a day or two?

Sir Anth. His Name, Sir, his Name; I'll diſpatch him preſently. [*Offers to draw.*

Sir Tim. How, Sir, diſpatch him! ——— Your Servant, Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Sir Anth. Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. [*Draws.*

Sir Tim. How, draw, Sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, draw, Sir; not my Nephew have the Widow!

Sir. Tim. With all my Soul, Sir; I love and honour your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not ſo fond of Cuckoldom.

dom. Pray, Sir, let me ſee you and Sir *Charles* at my Houſe, I may ſerve him in this buſineſs; and ſo I take my leave, Sir—Draw quoth a! a Pox upon him for an old Tory-rory.

[*Aſide.* Exit.

Enter as from Church, Lady Galliard, Cloſet, *and Footman:* Wilding *paſſes careleſly by her,* Sir Charles Meriwill *following, wrapt up in his Cloak.*

Sir Anth. Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloak, peering after a Woman?——My own Boy to a hair. She's handſome too. I'll ſtep aſide; for I muſt ſee the meaning on't.

[*Goes aſide.*

L. *Gall.* Bleſs me! how unconcern'd he paſs'd!

Cloſ. He bow'd low, Madam.

L. *Gall.* But 'twas in ſuch a faſhion, as expreſt indifferency, much worſe than hate from *Wilding.*

Cloſ. Your Ladiſhip has us'd him ill of late; yet if your Ladiſhip pleaſe, I'll call him back.

L. *Gall.* I'll die firſt —— Hah, he's going!—— Yet now I think on't, I have a Toy of his, which to expreſs my ſcorn, I'll give him back now———this Ring.

Cloſ. Shall I carry it, Madam?

L. *Gall.* You'l not expreſs Diſdain enough in the Delivery; and you may call him back. [Cloſ. *goes to* Wild.

Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe's fond of him. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Oh, Mrs. *Cloſet!* is it you?——— Madam, your Servant: By this Diſdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has miſtaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladiſhip ſpeak with me?

L. Gall. Yes.——— But what? the God of Love inſtruct me. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam; for I have buſineſs.

L. Gall. Nay, then I cannot be diſcreet in Love. [*Aſide.*

——Your buſineſs once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any thought;
You lov'd, as if you'd had no other Faculties,
As if you'd meant to gain eternal Bliſs,
But that Devotion only: And ſee how now you're chang'd.

Wild. No I, by Heaven; 'tis you are only chang'd.
I thought you'd lov'd me too, curſe on the dull miſtake;
But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off for Honour,
That Nothing fram'd by ſome old ſullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle Flames when young.

Sir Anth. By *George* he's i'th' right. [*Aſide.*

Sir Char. Death! can ſhe hear this Language?

L. Gall. How dare you name this to me any more?

Have

Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth?
My Quality, and Fame?
Wild. No, by Heaven, all theſe increaſe my Flame.
L. *Gall.* Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldneſs to approach me with it.
Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.
L. *Gall.* From mine! Heavens, what Contempt is this?
Wild. When firſt I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiſer you, thanks to your Mother's care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of Scandal, and my lewd Opinion,
Forbid me Wiſh that way; 'twas kindly urg'd;
You cou'd not then forbid my Paſſion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes
Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.
Sir Tim. Gad, a fine Fellow this!
L. *Gall.* To ſave my Life, I wou'd not marry thee.
Wild. That's kindly ſaid.
But to ſave mine, thou't do a kinder thing;
——I know thou wo't.
L. Gall. What, yield my Honour up!
And after find it ſacrific'd anew,
And made the ſcorn of a triumphing Wife!
Sir Anth. Gad, ſhe's i'th' right too; a noble Girl I'll warrant her.
L. *Gall.* But you diſdain to ſatisfie theſe fears;
And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,
Demand the Town, without the leaſt Conditions.
Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe yields apace. [*Aſide.*
Cir Anth. Pox on't, wou'd I had ne'er ſeen her; now I have
Legends of ſmall *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my Heart.
Wild. Now I am pauſing on that word Conditions.
Thou ſayſt thou wou't not have me marry thee?
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes,
And put 'em out to hate thee;
Or like our Stage-ſmitten Youth, who fall in Love with a Woman for acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage, deprive her of the only Charm ſhe had,
Then leave her to ill Luck.
Sir Anth. Gad, he's i'th' right again too! a rare Fellow!
Wild. For Widow, know, hadſt thou more Beauty, yet, not all of 'em were half ſo great a Charm as thy not being mine.
Sir Anth. Hum! how will he make that out now?
Wild. The ſtealths of Love, the Midnight kind admittance,
The gloomy Bed, the ſoft breath'd murmuring Paſſion;

Ah

Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatch'd by parcels!
The difficulty makes us always wishing,
Whilst on thy part, fear makes still some resistance;
And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir Anth. H'as don't!—— A Divine Fellow this; just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother. [*L. Gall. walks away, Wild. follows.*

L. *Gall.* Tempt me no more! what dull unwary Flame
Possest me all this while! Confusion on thee, [*In Rage.*
And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diseases ruine that bewitching Form,
That with the soft feign'd Vows debaucht my Heart.

Sir Char. Heavens! can I yet endure! [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* By all that's good, I'll marry instantly;
Marry, and save my last Stake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

Wild. Marry! thou canst not do a better thing;
There are a thousand Matrimonial Fops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

L. *Gall.* That will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. *Gall.* I have an Eye upon a Friend of yours.

Wild. A Friend of mine! then he must be my Cuckold.

Sir Char. Very fine! can I endure yet more? [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle! [*Sir* Charles *makes up to 'em.*

Sir Anth. Hah, my *Charles!* why well said *Charles*, he bore up briskly to her.

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you——

Sir Anth. Ah Pox, that was stark naught! he begins like a Fore-man o'th' Shop, to his Master's Daughter.

Wild. How, *Charles Meriwill* acquainted with my Widow!

Sir Char. Why do you wear that scorn upon your Face?
I've nought but honest meaning in my Passion.
Whilst him you favour, so prophanes your Beauties,
In scorn of Marriage and Religious Rites,
Attempts the ruin of your sacred Honour.

L. *Gall.* Hah, *Wilding* boast my Love! [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. The Devil take him, my Nephew's quite spoil'd! Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. *Gall.* Pray leave me, Sir.

Wild. Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame. You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir Char. How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more,
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,

T' approach that Lady with your ſawcy Paſſion.

Sir Anth. Gad, well done *Charles!* here muſt be ſport anon.

Wild. I will not anſwer every idle Queſtion.

Sir Char. Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir Char. No, dare not; for if you did———

Wild. What durſt you, if I did?

Sir Char. Death, cut your Throat, Sir.

[*Taking hold on him roughly.*

Sir Anth. Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curſe him that parts ye. [*Taking 'em aſunder, they draw.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir Char. There reſt my Sword to all Eternity.

[*Lays his Sword at her Feet.*

L. *Gall.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Vertue,
To ſee my Face no more,
Who durſt diſpute your Intereſt in me thus,
As for a common Miſtreſs, in your Drink.

[*She goes out, and all but* Wild. *Sir* Anth. *and Sir* Char. *who ſtands ſadly looking after her.*

Sir Anth. A Heavenly Girl!——Well, now ſhe's gone, by *George*, I am for diſputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir Char. I wo'not fight.

Wild. Another time will decide it, Sir. [Wild. *goes out.*

Sir Anth. After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected ſuch a Farce?———Come, *Charles*, take up thy Sword, *Charles*———and d'ye hear, forget me this Woman.———

Sir Char. Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing ſo excellent!

Sir Anth. You lie, Sirrah, you lie, there's a thouſand
As fair, as young, and kinder by this day.
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove
Affords us Ruſtick Beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles*;
Fine wholſome Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the gathering, *Charles*.

Sir Char. Oh, Sir, I cannot reliſh the coarſe Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my preſent Paſſion?

Sir Anth. Paſſion, Sir! you ſhall have no Paſſion, Sir.

Sir Char. No Paſſion, Sir! ſhall I have Life and Breath?

Sir Anth. It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and pleaſure.——Why how now! ſawcy Boys be their own Carvers?

Sir Char. Sir, I am all Obedience. [*Bowing and ſighing*

Sir Anth. Obedience! Was ever ſuch a Blockhead! why then, if I command it, you will not love this Woman?

Sir Char. No, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* No, Sir! But I ſay, Yes, Sir, love her me; and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye, Sir.

Sir Char. I've try'd all ways to win upon her Heart,
Preſented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir Anth. Why there's it now; I thought ſo: kneel'd and wept! a Pox upon thee—I took thee for a prettier Fellow—
You ſhou'd a huft and bluſter'd at her door;
Been very impudent and ſawcy, Sir!
Lewd, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and ſeaſons;
Let her not reſt, nor eat, nor ſleep, nor viſit.
Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importunity.
Watch her cloſe, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till ſhe confeſs the Devil in her,————Love.

Sir Char. I cannot, Sir.
Her Eyes ſtrike ſuch awe into my Soul————

Sir Anth. Strike ſuch a Fiddle-ſtick.—— Sirrah, I ſay, do't; what, you can towſe a Wench as handſomely—— You can be lewd enough upon occaſion. I know not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I'm reſolv'd thou ſhalt have her, with practiſing a little Courtſhip of my Mode.——Come——

Come, my Boy *Charles*, ſince you muſt needs be doing,
I'll ſhew thee how to go a Widow-woing.

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Room.*

Enter Charlot, Fopington, *and* Clacket.

Charl. ENough, I've heard enough of *Wilding*'s Vices, to know I am undone. [*Weeps.*
——*Galliard* his Miſtreſs too? I never ſaw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune.
That Rival may be dangerous.

Fop. Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady *Galliard*, even in the height of all his love to you; nay, even whilſt his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he deſigns himſelf for a Gallant.

Charl. Wondrous Inconſtancy and Impudence!

Mrs. *Clack.* Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr. *Fopington*'s Information; therefore if you reſpect your Reputation, retreat in time.

Charl.

Charl. Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away with your Friend Mr. *Wilding*.

Mrs. *Clack*. Ah, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee [*Weeps.*] the ſole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, run away with one of the lewdeſt Heathens about Town!

Charl. How, your Friend, Mr. *Wilding*, a Heathen; and with you too Mrs. *Clacket!* That Friend Mr. *Wilding*, who thought none ſo worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to truſt with ſo great a Secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. *Clack*. Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you muſt marry a Man to buy him Breeches, marry an honeſt Man, a religious Man, a Man that bears a Conſcience, and will do a Woman ſome Reaſon—Why here's Mr. *Fopington*, Madam; here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as ſtraight as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charl. How! buy him Breeches! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune?

Fop. Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; ſo, ſo, as the Dice run; and now and then he lights upon a 'Squire, or ſo, and between fair and foul play, he makes a ſhift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no preſent Maintenance?

Fop. No, nor future hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will ſee the difference between him and a Man of Parts, that adores you. [*Smiling and bowing.*

Charl. If I find all this true you tell me, I ſhall know how to value my ſelf and thoſe that love me.

——This may be yet a Raſcal.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Miſtreſs, Mr. *Wilding*'s below. [*Exit.*

Fop. Below! Oh, Heaven, Madam, do not expoſe me to this Fury, for being too zealous in your Service. [*In great diſorder.*

Charl. I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Fop. Death! to be ſeen here, would expoſe my Life. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack*. Here, here, ſtep out upon the Stair-caſe, and ſlip into my Chamber. [*Going out, returns in fright.*

Fop. 'Owns, he's here! lock the Door faſt; let him not enter.

Mrs. *Clack*. Oh, Heavens, I have not they Key! hold it, hold it faſt, ſweet, ſweet Mr. *Foping*. Oh, ſhould there be murder done, what a ſcandal wou'd that be to the Houſe of a true Proteſtant! [*Knocks.*

Charl. Heavens! what will he ſay or think, to ſee me ſhut in with a Man?

Mrs. *Clack*. Oh, I'll ſay you're ſick, aſleep, or out of Humour.

Charl. I'd give the World to ſee him. [*Knocks.*

VVild. [Without.] *Charlot, Charlot!* Am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the Door.

[*Knocks again*; Fop. *ſtill holding it.*

Fop. Oh, I'm a dead Man, dear *Clacket!* [*Knocking ſtill.*

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, hold Sir, Mrs. *Charlot* is very ſick.

Wild. How, ſick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. *Clack.* She begs you'll come again an hour hence.

Wild. Delay'd, by Heaven I will have entrance.

Fop. Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may ſtarve me.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, he will break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; Mrs. *Charlot* is juſt—juſt—ſhifting her ſelf, Sir: you will not be ſo uncivil as to preſs in, I hope, at ſuch a time.

Charl. I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am ſtripping my ſelf before Mr. *Foppington*——Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

[Wild. *breaks open the Door and ruſhes in:* Fop. *ſtands cloſe up at the entrance till he is paſt him, then venturing to ſlip out, finds* Wild. *has made faſt the Door: ſo he is forc'd to return again and ſtand cloſe up behind* Wild. *with ſigns of Fear.*

Wild. How now, *Charlot*, what means this new unkindneſs? What, not a word?

Charl. There is ſo little Muſick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it; you have bin better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Wild. Yes faith, and ſo I have, *Charlot:* Damn'd Buſineſs, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charl. Or that other Enemy to love, damn'd Wenching.

VVild. Wenching! how ill haſt thou tim'd thy Jealouſie! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty Sum, wou'd venture out his Stock to day in little Parcels, and loſe his Credit by it?

Charl. You wou'd, perfidious as you are, though all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit.

[*Angry.*

VVild. So, Hark ye, Mrs. *Clacket*, you have been praring I find in my Abſence, giving me a handſome Character to *Charlot*——You hate any good thing ſhou'd go by your own Noſe.

[*Aſide to* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* By my Noſe, Mr. *VVilding!* I defie you: I'd have you to know, I ſcorn any good thing ſhou'd go by my Noſe in an uncivil way.

VVild. I believe ſo.

Mrs. *Clack.* Have I been the Confident to all your Secrets this three Years, in Sickneſs and in Health, for richer, for poorer

poorer; concealed the Nature of your wicked Diſeaſes, under the honeſt Name of Surfeits: call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor to keep up your Reputation; civily receiv'd your t'other-end-of the Town young Relations at all Hours———

VVild. High!

Mrs. *Clack.* Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by Night and by Day; let you in at all Hours, drunk and ſober, ſingle and double; and civily withdrawn, and modeſtly ſhut the Door after me?

VVild. Whir! The Storms up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. *Clack.* And I am thus rewarded for my Pains! [*VVeeps.*

VVild. So Tempeſts are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

Mrs. *Clack.* That I ſhou'd be charg'd with ſpeaking ill of you, ſo honeſt, ſo civil a Gentleman———

Charl. No, *I* have better Witneſs of your Falſhood.

Fop. Hah, 'sdeath ſhe'll name me!

VVild. What mean you, my *Charlot?*
Do you not think *I* love you?

Charl. Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, ſhe keeps the beſt Account of all your Sighs and Vows,
And robs me of my deareſt ſofter Hours. [*Kindly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him. [*Aſide.*

VVild. Galliard! How came ſhe by that Secret of my Life? [*aſide.*] Why ay, 'tis true, I am there ſometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charl. Ay, that Uncle too———
You ſwore to me you were your Uncles Heir;
But you perhaps may chance to get him one,
If the Lady prove not cruel.

VVild. Death and the Devil, what Raſcal has been prating to her! [*Aſide.*

Charl. Whilſt I am reſerv'd for a dead Lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory,
Yet I cou'd love you though you were a Slave,
[*In a ſoft Tone to him.*
And I were Queen of all the Univerſe.

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, there you ſpoil'd all again——— you forgot your ſelf.

Charl. And all the World when he looks kindly on me.
But I'll take Courage, and be very angry. [*Aſide.*
Nor does your Perjuries reſt here; you're equally as falſe to *Galliard*, as to me; falſe for a little Miſtreſs of the Town, whom you've ſet up in ſpight to Quality. [*Angry.*

Mrs. *Clack.* So, that were home and handſome.

VVild. What damn'd Informer does ſhe keep in Penſion?

Charl. And can you think my Fortune and my Youth

Merits no better Treatment? [*Angry.*
How cou'd you have the Heart to uſe me ſo? [*Soft to him.*
I fall inſenſibly to Love and Fondneſs. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Ah, my dear *Charlot!* you who know my Heart, can you believe me falſe?

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look;
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit;
You ſaid you lov'd me, where was then your Truth?
You ſwore you were to be your Uncle's Heir;
Where was your Confidence of me the while,
To think my Generoſity ſo ſcanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
——How every Look betrays my yielding Heart! (*Aſide.*
No, ſince Men are grown ſo cunning in their
Trade of Love, the neceſſary Vice I'll practice too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncles Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the moſt unkind,
Becauſe you thought to conquer by that Lye.
——To Night I'll be reſolv'd.

Wild. Hum! to night!

Charl. To night, or *I* will think you love me for my Fortune; which if you find elſewhere to more advantage,
I may unpitied die——and *I* ſhould die
If you ſhould prove untrue. [*Tenderly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* There you've daſht all again.

Wild. I'm reſolv'd to keep my Credit with her——Here's my Hand;
This Night, *Charlot*, I'll let you ſee the Writings.
——But how a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas.* [*Aſide.*

Charl. Hah, that Hand without the Ring!
Nay, never ſtudy for a handſome Lye.

Wild. Ring! Oh, ay, *I* left it in my Dreſſing-room this Morning.

Charl. See how thou haſt injur'd thy Tongue to falſhood!
Did you not ſend it to a certain Creature
They call *Diana*,
From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me?

Wild. By Heaven 'tis Witchcraft all;
Unleſs this Villain *Foppington* betray me.
Thoſe ſort of Raſcals will do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine——I'll kill the Fool——hah, here!

Fop. Here, Lord! Lord! [*Turns quick and ſees him behind him.*
Where were thy Eyes, dear *Wilding?*

Wild. Where they have ſpy'd a Raſcal.

Where

Where was this Property conceal'd?

Fop. Conceal'd! What doſt thou mean, dear *Tom?* Why *I* ſtood as plain as the Noſe on thy Face mun.

Mild. But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your ſort, to make ſuch baſe returns.

How got this Rogue admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his Treacherous Lyes?

Fop. Admittance! Why thou'rt ſtark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, follow'd you?

Wild. Whither?

Fop. Why into the Houſe, up ſtairs, ſtood behind you when you ſwore you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in.

Wild. All this, and I not ſee!

Fop. Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady ſaw me, Mrs. *Clacket* ſaw me——Admittance quotha!

Wild. Why did you not ſpeak?

Fop. Speak! I was ſo amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous Scandals laid on you by ſome pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no Power.

Wild. Ay, thou know'ſt how *I* am wrong'd.

Fop. Oh, moſt damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuſe me to my Miſtreſs too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charl. Do you think they have wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Fop. Do I think, Madam? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that ſaid it; and I'll cut his Throat.

Mrs. *Clack.* Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Vertue!

Wild. You ſee now, Madam, how Innocence may ſuffer.

Charl. In ſpight of all thy villanous diſſembling,
I muſt believe, and love thee for my quiet.

Wild. That's kind; and if before to morrow I do not ſhew you I deſerve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me——Farewel— [*Goes out with* Fop.] I know where both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Eſtate.

My Craft will be in catching; which if paſt,
Her Love ſecures me the kind Wench at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Clack.* What if he ſhou'd not chance to keep his Word now?

Charl. How if he ſhou'd not? by all that's good, if he ſhou'd not, I am reſolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty ſhift with three thouſand pound a year; yet I wou'd fain be reſolv'd how affairs ſtand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the World to ſee that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard.*

Mrs. *Clack.* If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what

we'll do, Madam: There's every Day mighty Feasting here at his Uncles hard by, and you shall disguise your self as well as you can, and so go for a Niece of mine I have coming out of *Scotland*; there you will not fail of seeing my Lady *Galliard*, though I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late discarded.

Charl. Enough; I am resolv'd upon this design; let's in and practice the Northern Dialect. [*Ex. both.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Wilding *and* Fopington.

Wild. But then *Diana* took the Ring at last?

Fop. Greedily, but rail'd, and swore, and ranted at your late unkindness, and wou'd not be appeas'd.

Enter Dreswell.

VWild. Dreswell, I was just going to see for thee.

Dress. I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to serve thee.

VWild. And now I've found thee, thou must along with me.

Dress. Whither? but I'll not ask, but obey.

VWild. To a kind Sinner, *Frank*.

Dress. Pox on 'em all; prithee turn out those petty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *VWilding*, of which thou never knew'st the pleasure yet, or not above a day.

VWild. Not knew the pleasure! Death, the very Essence, the first draughts of Love. Ah, how pleasant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!
The rest is all but dully sipping on.

Dress. And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou hast been constant to this three or four Years.

VWild. A constant Keeper thou mean'st; which is indeed, enough to get the scandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not those sort of Baggages have a kind of Fascination so inticing — and faith, after the Fatigues of Formal Visits to a Man's dull Relations, or what's as bad, to Women of Quality; after the busie Afflictions of the day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a Man's best Retirement is with a soft kind Wench. But to say truth, I have a farther design in my Visit now. Thou know'st how I stand past hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindness of my Uncle.

Dres. True.

VWild. My lewd Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcileable Quarrel; so that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, especially these of my charming Widow, and my City-Heiress, which can by no means be carry'd on without that damn'd Necessary call'd Ready Money. I have stretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Cloathes must be had, they must, my Friend. *Dress.*

Dreſſ. Why do'ſt thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Galliard?* or this young Heireſs you ſpeak of?

Wild. But Marriage, *Frank*, is ſuch a Bugbear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered togethher, and ſleep with his Fathers, and then I ſhall have ſix thouſand Pound a Year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd reliſh theſe Bleſſings with the clog of a Wife behind him?——But till then, Money muſt be had, I ſay.

Fop. Ay, but how, Sir?

Wild. Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle; he has himſelf decreed it: He tells me, I muſt live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

Fop. Gad. I'm impatient to know how.

Wild. I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows; and when I thrive, you ſhow it i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and Coffee-houſes. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

Fop. I own, I thrive by your influence, Sir,

Dreſſ. Well, but to your Project, Friend, to which I'll ſet a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all.

[*Going out, they meet* Diana, *who enters with her Maid* Betty, *and Boy, looks angrily.*

——*Diana*, I was juſt going to thy Lodgings!

Dian. Oh las, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heireſs.

Wild. That's no cauſe of quarrel between you and I, *Diana*; you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the Death of my Uncle; for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husband's Miſtreſs; and Women of your ſort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Dian. Do, try to appeaſe the eaſie Fool with theſe fine Expectations ——— No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but inſtead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vaniſh'd, my Servants dwindled into one neceſſary Woman and a Boy, which to ſave Charges, is too ſmall for any Service; my twenty Guinea's a Week, into forty Shillings; a hopeful Reformation!

Wild. Patience, *Diana*, things will mend in time.

Dian. When, I wonder? Summer's come, yet I am ſtill in my embroider'd Manto, when I'm dreſt, lin'd with Velvet; 'twould give one a Fever but too look at me; yet ſtill I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whoſe Fortune I am to laviſh.———But I ſee you have neither Conſcience nor Religion

ligion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me! [*Weeps.*

Will. By Heaven, I love thee!

Dian. Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point? Will the Mercer take it for currant Coin!——But 'tis no matter, I muſt love a Wit with a Pox, when I might have had ſo many Fools of Fortune; but the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer. [*Weeping.*

Wild. You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have ſworn.

Dian. So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conqueſt. Happy's the Man that can approach neareſt the Side-box where I ſit at Play, to look at me; but if I daign to ſmile on him, Lord, how the overjoy'd Creature returns it with a Bow low as the very Benches! Then riſing, ſhakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to ſee who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy.*

Wild. No more, come, let's be Friends, *Diana*; for you and I muſt manage an Uncle of mine.

Dian. Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

Wild. Here, here's the beſt ſoftner of a Woman's Heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it on, till you ſhame Quality, into plain Silk and Fringe.

Dian. Lord, you have the ſtrangeſt power of perſwaſion!—Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a Pennyworth.

Wild. So thou canſt of any thing about thee.

Dian. Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy*?

Wild. Thus then—— Thou, dear *Frank*, ſhalt to my Uncle, tell him, that Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one onely Daughter his Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modeſt Behaviour, ſo won upon her Heart, that two Nights ſince ſhe left her Father's Country-houſe at *Luſum* in *Kent*, in ſpight of all her ſtrict Guards, and run away with me.

Dreſſ. How, wilt thou tell him of it then?

Wild. Hear me,——That I have hitherto ſecur'd her at a Friend's Houſe here in the City; but diligent ſearch being now made, dare truſt her there no longer. And make it my humble Requeſt by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this Secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his Houſe; whoſe very Authority will defend her from being ſought for there.

Dreſſ. Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I ſay?

Wild. Why, a Settlement; you know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his deceaſe; but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made,

ſign'd,

ſign'd, and ſeal'd, refus'd to give 'em in truſt. Now when he ſees I have made my ſelf Maſter of ſo vaſt a Fortune, he will immediately ſurrender; that reconciles all again.

Dreſſ. Very likely; but wo't thou truſt him with the Woman, *Thomas*.

Wild. No, here's *Diana*, who as I ſhall bedizen, ſhall paſs for as ſubſtantial an Alderman's Heireſs, as ever fell into wicked Hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever ſeen her but an old Aunt and Nurſe, ſhe was ſo kept up—And there, *Diana*, thou ſhalt have a good opportutunity to lie, diſſemble, and gilt in abundance to keep thy hand in ure. Prithee, dear, *Dreſswel*, haſte with the News to him.

Dreſſ. Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it. [*Goes out.*

Wild. Go, get ye home, and trick and betawder your ſelf up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-faſhion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gipſie, nor no *Spaniſh* Paint, d'ye hear.

Dian. I'll warrant you for my part.

Wild. Then before the old Gentleman, you muſt behave your ſelf very ſoberly, ſimple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glaſs at Table, nor rant, nor ſwear; one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an errant Drab.

Dian. Doubt not my Art of Diſſimulation.

Wild. Go haſte and dreſs—— [*Ex.* Dian. Bet. *and* Boy.

Enter Lady Gall. *and* Cloſet, *above in the Balcony*; Wild. *going out, ſees them, ſtops, and reads a Paper.*

Wild. Hah, who's yonder, the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to ſtir; ſhe has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her, will diſſolve the Charm. She has forbid me ſeeing her, and therefore *I* am ſure will the ſooner take notice of me. [*Reads.*

Cloſ. What will you put on too Night, Madam? you know you are to Sup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all*'s.

L. Gall. Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balcony, this City-Garden, where we walk to take the freſh Air of the Sea-coal-ſmoak. Did the Footman go back, as I order'd him, to ſee how *Wilding* and Sir *Charles* parted?

Cloſ. He did, Madam, and nothing cou'd provoke *Sir Charles* to fight after your Ladiſhip's ſtrict Commands. Well, I'll ſwear he's the ſweeteſt natur'd Gentleman —— has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladiſhip has to him!

L. Gall. Some ſmall Exception to his whining Humour; but I think my chiefeſt diſlike is, becauſe my Relations wiſh it a Match between us.

It

It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter ſure.

Wild. So, ſhe ſees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up; for though I have a greater mind than ſhe, it ſhall be all her own; the Match ſhe told me of this Morning with my Uncle, ſticks plaguily upon my Stomach; I muſt break the Neck on't, or break the Widow's Heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the Door now, ſhe frowningly retires; if I paſs on, 'tis likely ſhe may call me. [*Advances.*

L. Gall. I think he's paſſing on,
Without ſo much as looking towards the Window.

Cloſ. He's glad of the excuſe of being forbidden.

L. Gall. But *Cloſet*, know'ſt thou not he has abus'd my Fame,
And does he think to paſs thus unupbraided;
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No Trick——Prithee faign to laugh, [Cloſ. *laughs.*

Wild. So, I ſhall not anſwer to that Call.

L. Gall. He's going! Ah, *Cloſet*, my Fan!—[*Lets fall her Fan juſt as he paſſes by; he takes it up, and looks up.*] Cry mercy, Sir, I'm ſorry I muſt trouble you to bring it.

Wild. Faith, ſo am I; and you may ſpare my Pains, and ſend your Woman for't, I'm in haſte.

L. Gall. Then the quickeſt way will be to bring it.
[*Goes out of the Balcony with* Cloſet.

Wild. I know I ſhould be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter L. Galliard, Cloſet *to them*; Wilding *delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

L. Gall. Stay, *I* hear you're wondrous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let looſe on me.

Wild. Who I, Widow? *I* think of no ſuch trifles.

L. Gall. Such Railers never think when they're abuſive; but ſomething you have ſaid, a Lye ſo infamous!

Wild. A Lye, and infamous of you! impoſſible!
What was it that *I* call'd you, Wiſe or Honeſt?

L. Gall. How can you accuſe me with the want of either?

Wild. Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honeſty, or intended ever to be thought ſo, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not ſo much as ſerve you for a Cloak, he is ſo viſibly and undeniably impotent?

L. Gall. Your Uncle you mean.

Wild. I do, who has not known the Joy of Fornication this thirty Year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his Head to marry, forſooth. Oh the Felicity of the Wedding-Night!

L. Gall. Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, ſhall not have power to hinder.

Wild.

Wild. Not if you can help it; for *I* perceive you are reſolved to be a lewd incorrigible Sinner, and marry'ſt this ſeditious doting fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the ſign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwiſe we ſhould miſtake, and think thee honeſt.

L. Gall. So much for my want of Honeſty; my Wit is the part of the Text you are to handle next.

Wild. Let the World judge of that by this one Action: This marriage undiſputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleaſure. Marry an old Fool, becauſe he's rich! when ſo many handſome proper younger Brothers wou'd be glad of you.

L. Gall. Of which hopeful number your ſelf are one.

Wild. Who, I! Bear Witneſs, *Cloſet*; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and ſuch a Scandal on my Reputation might ruine me; therefore have a care what you ſay.

L. Gall. Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, *I* hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if *I* be not Reveng'd, hang me.

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd; *I* had the fame of vanquiſhing where-e'er *I* laid my Siege, till *I* knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honeſt Reputation of lying with the Magiſtrate's Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the neceſſary Affairs of the Nation, ſeditiouſly petitioning; and then *I* was eſteemed; but now they look on me as a monſtrous thing, that makes honourable Love to you; Oh hidious, a Husband-Lover! So that now I may proteſt, and ſwear, and lye my Heart out, *I* find neither Credit nor Kindneſs; but when *I* beg for either, my Lady *Galliard*'s thrown in my Diſh: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, Who would think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding!* Thus the City She-wits are let looſe upon me and all for you, ſweat Widow; but *I* am reſolv'd *I* will redeem my Reputation again, if never ſeeing you nor writing to you more, will do it: And ſo farewel, faithleſs and ſcandalous honeſt Woman.

L. Gall. Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. *I* am engag'd.

L. Gall. You are not.

Wild. *I* am, and am reſolv'd to loſe no more time on a peeviſh Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover. [*He goes out.*

L. Gall. Go, this is the nobleſt way of loſing thee,

Cloſ. Muſt not *I* call him back?

L. Gall. No, if any honeſt Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Watch me ſome Jewels; the Company to Night at *Sir Timothy*'s may divert me. [*She ſits down before her Glaſs.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, one *Sir Anthony Meriwill* wou'd ſpeak with your Ladiſhip.

L. Gall.

La. *Gal.* Admit him ; ſure 'tis Sir *Charles* his Uncle : if he come to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical Minute. Wou'd he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill *and Sir* Charles.

Sir Anth. So, *I* have tutor'd the young Rogue, *I* hope he'll learn in time. Good day to your Ladiſhip ; *Charles* [*putting him forward*] my Nephew here, Madam—Sirrah—notwithſtanding your Ladiſhips Commands—Look how he ſtands now, being a mad young Raſcal!—Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyſhip——A Devil on him, ſee if he'll budge now—For he's a briſk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll ſpoil all yet.

La. *Gall.* Pleaſe you ſit, Sir.

Sir Char. Madam, *I* beg your Pardon for my Rudeneſs.

La. *Gall.* Still whining?—— [*Dreſſing her ſelf careleſly.*

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah? Oh damn it, beg pardon! The Rogue's quite out of's part.

Sir Char. Madam, *I* fear my Viſit is unſeaſonable.

Sir Anth. Unſeaſonable! Damn'd Rogue, unſeaſonable to a Widow!——Quite out.

La. *Gall.* There are indeed ſome Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Viſit, before they've put on their beſt Faces ; but *I* am none of thoſe that wou'd be fair in ſpight of Nature, Sir———Put on this Jewel here. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir Anth. Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a Puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. [*Aſide, vext.*

La. *Gall.* You are ſtill ſo full of Univerſity Complements—

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah?—Ay ſo he is, ſo he is, indeed, Madam——— To her like a Man, ye Knave. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, *I* am come!

Sir Anth. To ſhew your ſelf a Coxcomb.

La. *Gall.* To tire me with Diſcourſes of your Paſſion——— Fie, how this Curl ſits! [*Looking in the Glaſs.*

Sir Char. No, you ſhall hear no more of that ungrateful Subject.

Sir Anth. Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George* he lies ; he does come to ſpeak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love—— Not come to ſpeak of Love, with a Pox! 'Owns, Sir, behave your ſelf like a Man ; be impudent, bawdy, forward, bold, towzing, and lewd, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her. Why what a Pox! [*Aſide to him, he minds it not.*

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Finding my hopes quite loſt in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting the Town.

L. *Gal.* You will do well to do ſo—lay by that Necklace; I'll wear Pearl to day. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Anth. Confounded Blockhead!———by George, he lies again, Madam. A Dog, *I*'ll diſ-inherit him [*Aſide.*] He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilſt your Ladiſhip is in it, to my knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the Houſe; nay, in the very Bed, by *George*; I've heard him a thouſand times ſwear it. *S*wear it now, *S*irrah: Look, look, how he ſtands now! Why dear *Charles*, good Boy, ſwear a little, ruffle her, and ſwear damn it, ſhe ſhall have none but thee. (*aſide to him.*) Why you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddeſt Fellows in all *Devonſhire*.

La. *Gal.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee't, *S*ir.

Sir Anth. *S*ee't! look ye there, ye Rogue—Why 'tis all his fault, Madam. He's ſeldom ſober; then he has a dozen Wenches in pay, that he may with the more Authority break their Windows. There's never a Maid within forty Miles of *Meriwill*-Hall to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll ſay that for him.

Sir Char. How I have lov'd you, my Deſpairs ſhall witneſs: For *I* will die to purchaſe your Content. [*She riſes.*

Sir Anth. Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll diſ-inherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd firſt, Madam.

Sir Char. And ſure you'll pity me when I am dead.

Sir Anth. A curſe on him; pity, with a Pox! I'll give him ne'er a *S*ouſe.

La. *Gall.* Give me that Eſſence-bottle. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. But for a recompenſe of all my Sufferings——

La. *Gall.* Sprinkle my Handkercher with Tuberuſe. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. I beg a favour you'd afford a ſtranger.

La. *Gal.* Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that. [*To* Cloſ.

Cloſ. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*———

La. *Gal.* Sent, and you received without my Order!
No wonder that he looks ſo ſcurvily.
Gave him the trifle back to mend his Humour.

Sir Anth. I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glaſs, *S*ir, and admire that ſneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A Pox on him, he's paſt Grace, loſt, gone, not a *S*ouſe, not a Groat; good buy to you, *S*ir. Madam, I beg your Pardon; the next time *I* come a wooing, it ſhall be for my ſelf, Madam, and I have ſomething that will juſtifie it too; but as for this Fellow, if your Ladiſhip have e'er a ſmall Page at Leiſure, I deſire he may have Order to kick him down *S*tairs.

Stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he ſhou'd have behav'd himſelf handſomely! Not an Acre, not a Shilling—— buy, Sir Softhead [*Going out meets* Wild. *and returns*] Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? So, ſo, he'll ſwing him I hope; I'll ſtay to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing it done.

Enter Wilding *bruſhes by Sir* Charles.

Wild. I was ſure 'twas *Meriwill*'s Coach at Door.

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding!*

Sir Anth. Ay, now Sir here's one will waken ye, Sir. [*To Sir* Char.

Wild. How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I ſee.

Sir Char. You're very free, Sir.

Wild. I am always ſo in the Widows Lodgings, Sir.

Sir Anth. A rare Fellow!

Sir Char. You will not do't elſewhere?

Wild. Not with ſo much Authority.

Sir Anth. An admirable Fellow! I muſt be acquainted with him.

Sir Char. Is this the Reſpect you pay Women of her Quality?

Wild. The Widow knows I ſtand not much upon Ceremonies,

Sir Anth. Gad, he ſhall be my Heir. [*Aſide ſtill.*

La. *Gal.* Pardon him, Sir, this is his *Cambridge*-breeding.

Sir Anth. Ay ſo 'tis, ſo 'tis, that two Years there quite ſpoil'd him.

La. *Gall.* Sir, if you've any further Buſineſs with me, ſpeak it; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir Char. Madam, in ſhort——

Sir Anth. In ſhort to a Widow, in ſhort! quite loſt.

Sir Char. I find you treat me ill for my Reſpect;
And when *I* court you next,
I will forget how very much *I* love you.

Sir Anth. Sir, *I* ſhall be proud of your farther Acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you. [*To* Wild.

Wild. I'll ſtudy to deſerve it, Sir.

Sir Anth. Madam, your Servant. A damn'd ſneaking Dog to be civil and modeſt with a Pox! [*Exit Sir* Char. *and Sir* Anth.

La. *Gall.* See if my Coach be ready. [*Exit* Cloſ.

Wild. Whither are you janting now?

La. *Gall.* Where you dare not wait on me; to your Uncles to Supper.

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;
There they all meet and bargain without Scandal:
Fops of all ſorts and ſizes you may chuſe.
Whig-land offers not ſuch another Market.

Enter

Enter Closet.

Clos. Madam here's *Sir Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladiſhip to Supper.

Wild. My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: Not diſ-inheriting me had been ſo great a Diſappointment; and if he ſees me here, *I* ruine all the Plots *I've* laid for him. Ha, he's here.

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

Wild. Madam, *I* find you can be cruel too,
Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir Tim. How now, Sir, what's your Buſineſs here?

Wild. I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir Tim. How a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*! The Rogue ſaid indeed he wou'd Cuckold me. [*Aſide.*] Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heireſs?

Wild. That was my Buſineſs now, Sir; Having in my Poſſeſſion the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, I would have made uſe of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard*'s Houſe to have ſecur'd her, till I got things in order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, crys I have an Uncle.

La. *Gal.* A well-contrived Lie. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Well, I have heard of your good Fortune; and however a Reprobate thou haſt been, I'll not ſhew my ſelf ſo undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little Houſe-room: I heard indeed ſhe was gone a week ago,
And, Sir, my Houſe is at your Service.

Wild. I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A pox upon him and his Aſſociation. [*Goes out.*

Sir Tim. Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all *and* Jervice.

Sir Tim. HEre, take my Sword, *Jervice.* What have you inquir'd as I directed you concerning the rich Heireſs, Sir *Nicholas Gettall*'s Daughter?

Jer. Alas Sir, inquir'd! why 'tis all the City News that ſhe's run away with one of the maddeſt Tories about Town.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Ay, ay, 'tis ſo; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven ſhou'd drap ſuch Bleſſings in the Mouths of the Wicked! Well, *Jervice*, what Company have we in the Houſe, *Jervice*?

Jer. Why truly, Sir, a fine deal, conſidering there's no Parliament.

Sir Tim. What Lords have we, *Jervice*?

Jer. Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir Tim. None! what ne'er a Lord! ſome miſhap will befall me, ſome dire miſchance! ne'er a Lord, ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles daily. What, nor Earl, nor Marqueſs, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord! Hum, my Wine will lie moſt villanouſly upon my Hands to Night, *Jervice*. What, have we ſtore of Knights and Gentlemen?

Jer. I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir, but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir Tim. Make us thankful for that; our Meat will not lie upon our Hands then, *Jervice*; I'll ſay that for our little *Londoners*, they are as tall Fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in *Chriſtendom*.

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformiſt-Parſons.

Sir Sim. Nay, then we ſhall have a clear Board; for your true Proteſtant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a Man's Table Credit.

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Country Juſtices and Grand-Jury-Men.

Sir Tim. Well enough, well enough, *Jervice*.

Enter Mrs. Senſure.

Sen. An't like your Worſhip, Mr. *Wilding* is come in with a Lady richly dreſt in Jewels, mask'd, in his Hand, and will not be deny'd ſpeaking with your Worſhip.

Sir Tim. Hah, rich in Jewels! this muſt be ſhe. My Sword again, *Jervice*.——— Bring 'em up, *Senſure*.—— Prithee how do I look to Night, *Jervice*? [*Setting himſelf.*

Jer. Oh, moſt methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild. *with* Diana, *and* Betty.

Wild. Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richeſt Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Charlot Gettall*.

Sir Tim. Bleſs us, ſhe's ravilking fair! Lady I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead———

Dian. If he chatechiſe me much on that point, I ſhall ſpoil all. Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, [*weeping.*] I'm ſure I cannot anſwer you one Queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Wild.

Wild. For Heaven ſake, Sir, name not her Father to her; the bare remembrance of him kills her. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir Tim. Alas, poor Soul! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How ſoft-hearted ſhe is! I am in love; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run friſking though my Veins. [*Aſide.*

Bet. Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelvemonth juſt, and has left his Daughter here, my Miſtreſs, three thouſand Pound a year. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Three thouſand Pound a Year! Yes, yes, I am in love. [*Aſide.*

Bet. Beſides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir Tim. I'll marry her out of Hand, [*Aſide.*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now; for 'tis not neceſſary you ſhou'd be ſeen here, d'ye ſee. [*Puſhing him out.*

Wild. You ſee, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind you wou'd be ſo. Thoſe Writings, Sir, by which you were ſo good to make me Heir of all your Eſtate, you ſaid you wou'd put into my poſſeſſion, whene'er I made it appear to you *I* cou'd live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir Tim. And *I* will keep my word; it is time enough. [*Putting him out.*

Wild. *I* have, 'tis true, been wicked; but I ſhall now turn from my evil ways, eſtabliſh my ſelf in the religious City, and enter into the Aſſociation. There wants but theſe ſame Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

Sir Tim. Thou ſha't have both; all in good time, Man: Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character, go.

Wild. Ay, Sir, but the Writings, becauſe I told her, Sir, *I* was your Heir; nay, forc'd to ſwear it too, before ſhe wou'd believe me.

Sir Tim. Alas, alas! how ſhrewdly thou wer't put to't!

Wild. *I* told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me; for nothing wooes a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladiſhip.

Sir Tim. I'm glad of that; that *I* can ſettle on her preſently. [*Aſide.*

Wild. You may pleaſe to hint ſomething to her of my Godly Life and Converſation; that *I* frequent Conventicles, and am drunk no where but at your true Proteſtant Conſults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir Tim. Nay, if theſe will pleaſe her, *I* have her for certain. [*Aſide.*] Go, go, fear not my good word.

Wild. But the Writings, Sir——

Sir Tim. Am I a Jew, a Turk? Thou ſha't have any thing, now *I* find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide ſo

well for thy Uncle. [*Aſide.*

[*Puts him out, and addreſſes himſelf to the Lady.*

Wild. Wou'd they were hang'd that truſt you, that have but the art of Legerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where *I* know thoſe Writings are kept. Death, what a diſappointment's here! *I* wou'd a ſworn this Sham had paſt upon him.——But, Sir, ſhall *I* have the Writings now?

Sir Tim. What not gone yet! for ſhame, away; canſt thou diſtruſt thy own natural Uncle? Fie, away, *Tom*, away.

Wild. A Plague upon your damn'd Diſſimulation, that never ſailing Badge of all your Party, there's always miſchief at the bottom on't; *I* know ye all; and Fortune be the Word. When next I ſee you, Uncle, it ſhall coſt you dearer. [*Exit.*

Enter Jervice.

Jer. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, Supper's almoſt over, and you are askt for.

Sir Tim. They know I never ſup; I ſhall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. [*Exit* Jer.

Dian. I keep you, Sir, from Supper and better Company.

Sir Tim. Lady, were I Glutton, I cou'd be ſatisfy'd
With feeding on thoſe two bright ſtarry Eyes.

Dian. You are a Courtier, Sir, we City-Maids do ſeldom hear ſuch Language; in which you ſhew your kindneſs to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how innocent ſhe is! [*Aſide.*] My Nephew, Madam? yes, yes, I cannot chuſe but be wonderous kind upon his ſcore.

Dian. Nay, he has often told me, you were the beſt of Uncles, and he deſerves your goodneſs? ſo hopeful a young Gentleman.

Sir Tim. Wou'd I cou'd ſee't. [*Aſide.*

Dian. So modeſt.

Sir Tim. Yes, ask my Maids. [*Aſide.*

Dian. So civil.

Sir Tim. Yes, to my Neighbour's Wives. [*Aſide.*] But ſo, Madam, I find by this high Commendation of my Nephew, your Ladiſhip has a very ſlender opinion of your devoted Servant the while! or elſe, Madam, with this not diſagreeable Face and Shape of mine, ſix thouſand Pound a year, and other Vertues and Commodities that ſhall be nameleſs, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious Perſon in the World, that ſhall be nameleſs. [*Bowing and ſmirking.*

Dian. Meaning me, I am ſure; if I ſhou'd marry him now, and diſappoint my dear Inconſtant with an Heir of his own begetting,

getting, 'twou'd be a moſt wicked Revenge for paſt Kindneſſes. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. I know your Ladiſhip is ſtudying now who this victorious perſon ſhou'd be, whom I dare not name; but let it ſuffice; ſhe is, Madam, within a Mile of an Oak.

Dian. No, Sir, *I* was conſidering, if what you ſay be true,
How unadviſedly *I* have lov'd your Nephew,
Who ſwore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir Tim. My Heir, Madam! am *I* ſo viſibly old to be ſo deſperate?
No, I'm in my years of deſires and diſcretion,
And *I* have thoughts, durſt *I* but utter 'em;
But modeſtly ſay, Mum———

Dian. *I* took him for the hopefulleſt Gentleman———

Sir Tim. Let him hope on, ſo will *I*; and yet Madam, in conſideration of your love to him, and becauſe he is my Nephew, young, handſome, witty, and ſoforth, *I* am content to be ſo much a Parent to him, as, if Heaven pleaſe,——to ſee him fairly hang'd.

Dian. How, Sir! [*In amaze.*

Sir Tim. He has deſerv'd it, Madam; Firſt, for lampooning the Reverend City with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling ſome for Feaſting, and ſome for Faſting, ſome for Cuckolds, and ſome for Cuckold-makers; charging us with all the ſeven deadly Sins, the Sins of our Forefathers, adding ſeven ſcore more to the number; the Sins of Forty-One reviv'd again in Eighty-One, with Additions and Amendments; for which, though the Writings were drawn, by which I made him my whole Executor, I will diſinherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deſerves hanging for ſeducing, and moſt felonioufly bearing away a young City-Heireſs.

Dian. Undone, undone! Oh, with what Face can *I* return again!
What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the Owning! [*Feigns to weep.*

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, Madam, there are honeſt, diſcreet, religious, and true Proteſtant Knights in the City, that wou'd be proud to dignifie and diſtinguiſh ſo worthy a Gentlewoman. (*Bowing and ſmiling.*

Bet. Look to your hits, and take Fortune by the forelock, Madam, (*Aſide.*
——Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir Tim. As a Tory Poet.

Bet. Well, Madam, take Comfort; if the worſt come to the worſt, you have Eſtate enough for both.

Dian. Ay, *Betty*, were he but honeſt, *Betty*, (*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Honest! I think he will not steal; but for his Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Dian. 'Tis evident, I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as look't, and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as sworn, and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. A small fault with him; he has flatter'd and sworn me out of many a fair Thousand; why he has no more Conscience than a Politician, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Rose.)

Dian. Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

Sir Tim. Troth, very little, and that lies all 'th' City amongst us sober Magistrates.

Dian. Were I a Man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

Sir Tim. Your Ladiship might do it better as you are, were I worthy to advise you.

Dian. Name it.

Sir Tim. Why by marrying your Ladiships most assur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all* of *London*, Alderman. [*Bowing.*

Bet. Ay this is something, Mistress; here's Reason!

Dian. But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding*, *Betty*.

Sir Tim. Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heiress married and bedded, and yet with the Advise of the wiser Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest; 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

Dian. What, though he had my Consent?

Sir Tim. That's nothing, he had not ours.

Dian. Then shou'd I marry you by stealth, the Danger wou'd be the same.

Sir Tim. No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the Poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please, alas, I come off hand-smooth with *Ignoramus*.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there's such calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir Tim. Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Jer. They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah, coming! Call *Sensure* to wait on the Lady

to

to her Apartment——And, Madam, I do moſt heartily recommend my moſt humble Addreſs to your moſt judicious Conſideration, hoping you will moſt vigorouſly, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Priviledges of the Honourable City; and not ſuffer the Force or Perſwaſion of any Arbitrary Lover whatſoever, to ſubvert their Ancient and Fundamental Laws, by ſeducing and forcibly bearing away ſo rich and illuſtrious a Lady; and, Madam, we will unanimouſly ſtand by you with our Lives and Fortunes.———This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgeſs.

[*Leads her to the Door: She goes out with* Betty *and* Senſure.

Enter Muſick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill *dancing with a Lady in his Hand, Sir* Charles *with Lady* Galliard, *ſeveral other Women and Men.*

Sir Anth. [ſinging] Philander *was a jolly Swain,*
And lov'd by ev'ry Laſs;
Whom when he met upon the Plain,
He laid upon the Graſs.

And here he kiſt, and there play'd
With this, and then the other,
Till every wanton ſmiling Maid
At laſt became a Mother.

And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breath, then to't again,
Thou'rt Maſter of the Fild.
[Clapping Sir *Char.* on the back.

Sir Char. And if I keep it not, ſay I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir Anth. More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up.
(*Enter Bottles and Glaſſes.*

Sir Tim. How! young *Meriwill* ſo cloſe to the Widow——Madam——— [*Addreſſing himſelf to her, Sir* Char. *puts him by.*

Sir Char. Sir *Timothy*, why, what a Pox doſt thou bring that damn'd Puritanical, Schiſmatical, Phanatical, Small-beer-face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glaſs to the Widow's Health.

Sir Tim. O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir Char. Hark ye, leave that couzening, canting, ſanctify'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a ſober loyal Magiſtrate, all thoſe Healths you are behind, from his ſacred Majeſty, whom God long preſerve, with the reſt of the Royal Family,

even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert for her lew'd designs upon my Body.

[*Pulling Sir* Tim. *to kneel.*

Sir Anth. A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir Tim. How, the Widow a lewd design upon his Body! Nay, then *I* am jealous. [*Aside.*

L. Gall. I a lewd design upon your Body! for what, *I* wonder?

Sir Char. Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. Gall. Who, I!

Sir Char. Who, you? yes, you.
Why are those Eyes dress't in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms which make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir Anth. How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every Man his Glass. Sir *Timothy*, you are six behind. Come, come, *Charles*, name 'em all. [*Each take a Glass, and force Sir* Tim. *on his Knees.*

Sir Char.——Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, His Majesty's Health, and Confusion to his Enemies.

[*They go to force his Mouth open to drink.*

Sir Tim. Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very Arbitrary, methinks. [*Drinks.*

Sir Anth. And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Albany*. Musick, play a *Scotch* Jigg. [*Musick plays, they drink.*

Sir Tim. This is meer Tyranny.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir Tim. How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*——'Ods so, he's here!

Enter Wilding *in disguise*, Dresswel, *and Footmen and Pages.*

Wild. Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the Renown'd *Mesher de Hotell.*

Sir Tim. Meter de Otell! I have not the Honour to know any of that Name, I am call'd Sir *Timothy Treat-all.* (*Bowing.*

Wild. The same, Sir; I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir Tim. Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation *I* hate, as indeed *I* do all Monarchies.

Sir Tim. Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. (*Bows.*

Wild. Unless Elective Monarchies which so resemble a Commonwealth.

Sir

Sir Tim. Right, my Lord; where every Man may hope to take his turn---Your Lordſhip is moſt ſingularly welcome. [*Bows low.*

Wild. And tho' I am a Stranger to your Perſon, I am not to your Fame, amongſt the ſober Party of the *Amſterdamians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, Fame's Trumpet ſounds your Praiſe, making the Pope to fear, the reſt admire you.

Sir Tim. I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

Wild. So you will ſay, when you ſhall hear my Embaſſie. The *Polanders* by me ſalute you, Sir, and have in the next new Election, prick'd ye down for their ſucceeding King.

Sir Tim. How, my Lord, prick'd me down for King! Why this is wonderful! Prick'd me, unworthy me, down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Wild. They know, he that can be ſo great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private Perſon, what muſt he be when Power is on his ſide.

Sir Tim. Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the ſtop to all my riſing Greatneſs. Shall I be ſo ungrateful to diſappoint this big expecting Nation? Defeat the ſober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Poliſh Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will conſider on't: Mean time my Houſe is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the Meaſure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair. [*Pulls out a Ribon and meaſures his Head.* You were by Heav'n and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir Anth. Hah, at it again! [*Sir* Charles *making ſober Love:* Come, we grow dull, *Charles*; where ſtands the Glaſs? What, balk my Lady *Galliard*'s Health! [*They go to drink.*

Wild. Hah, *Galliard*——and ſo ſweet on *Meriwill!* [*Aſide.*

L. *Gal.* If it be your buſineſs, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir Char. Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear Liquor well, you are ſo forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir Tim. Well, Gentlemen, ſince I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you will not refuſe a Health of my Denomination.

Sir Anth. We ſcorn to be ſo uncivil. [*All take the Glaſſes.*

Sir Tim. Why then here's a conceal'd Health that ſhall be nameleſs, to his Grace the King of *Poland*.

Sir Char. King of *Poland!* Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

Sir Tim. Not ſo far as you imagine; I know what I ſay, Sir.

Sir Char. Away with it. [*Drink all.*

Wild.

Wild. I see, Sir, you still keep up that English Hospitality that so renowned our Ancestors in History. [*Looking on L.* Gal.

Sir Tim. Ay, my Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married then? Death, she smiles on him. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. I had a Wife, but, rest her Soul, she's dead; and I have no Plague left now, but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantive Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Wild. Cannot your pious Examples convert him? By Heaven, she's fond of him! [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Alas, *I* have try'd all ways, fair and foul: nay, had settl'd t'other Day my whole Estate upon him, and just as *I* had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel, call'd, *A Warning to all good Christians against the City Magistrates*; and *I* doubt he had a Hand in *Absalom and Achitophel*, a Rogue: But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, i'faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Wild. Most visibly in Love! Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws and Religion plead for so near a Kinsman.

Sir Tim. Laws and Religions! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the Name of a Patriot, who does not for the publick Good, defie all Laws and Religion.

Wild. Death, *I* must interrupt 'em——*Sir*, pray what Lady's that? [Wild. *salutes her.*

Sir Tim. I beseech your Lordship, know her, 'tis my Lady *Galliard*; the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all——Well, my Lord, how do you like my Method of doing the business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and so forth.

Wild. High Feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir Tim. Your Lordship has hit it right: A rare Man this!

Wild. But come, *Sir*, leave serious Affairs, and oblige these fair ones. [*Addresses himself to* Galliard, *Sir* Charles *puts him by.*

Enter Charlot *disguised*, Clacket *and* Fopington.

Charl. Heavens, *Clacket*, yonder's my False one, and that my lovely Rival. [*Pointing to* Wild. *and L.* Gal.

Enter Diana *and* Sensure *mask'd, and* Betty.

Dian. Dear Mrs. *Sensure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

Sen. I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Wild. By her Mien, this shou'd be handsome—(*Goes to* Diana Madam, *I* hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the Honour of your Hand.

Dian. Ha, *Wilding!* Love can discover thee through all Disguise.

Wild.

Wild. Hah, *Diana!* wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the Kings High-way with Stand and Deliver, then thus encounter it on the Face of an old Miſtreſs, and the Cheat were more excuſable——But how——

[*Talks aſide with her.*

Sir Char. Nay, never frown nor chide: For thus do I intend to ſhew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

Wild. Is't ſo, my precious Uncle! Are you ſo great a Devil in Hypocriſie! Thus had I been ſerv'd, had I brought him the right Woman. [*Aſide.*

Dian. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have ſerv'd thee ſo; married thy Uncle, and have couzen'd thee of thy Birth-right——But ſee we're obſerv'd!

[Charlot *liſtening behind him all this while.*

Charl. By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his!

[*He going from* Dian. *turns upon* Charlot *and looks.*

Wild. Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has ſo much of *Charlot* in her Face? But ſure ſhe durſt not venture: 'tis not her Dreſs nor Mien. Dear pretty Stranger, I muſt dance with you.

Charl. Gued deed, and ſee ye ſhall, Sir, gen you pleaſe. Tho' I's not dance, Sir, I'll tell ya that noo.

Wild. Nor *I*, ſo we're well marcht. By Heaven, ſhe's wonderous like her.

Charl. By th' Maſs not ſo kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that ene of us ſhou'd dance to guid the other weel.

Wild. How young, how innocent and free ſhe is?
And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Charl. In any thing that gued is.

Wild. I love you extreamly, and wou'd teach you to love.

Charl. Ah, wele aday!. [*Sighs and ſmiles.*

Wild. A thing, *I* know you do not underſtand.

Charl. Gued faith, and ya're 'ith' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing *I*'s often here ya gay men talk of.

Wild. Yes, and no doubt have been told thoſe pretty Eyes inſpired it.

Charl. Gued deed, and ſo I have; Ya men make ſa mickle ado about ens Eyes, ways me, *I*'s ene tir'd with ſick-like Complements.

Wild. Ah, if you give us wounds we muſt complain.

Charl. Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

Wild. Oh, we cannot, or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Char. Marry and *I*'s have a Song tol that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature let me beg it.

Charl. Gued faith, ya ſhall not, Sir, *I*'s Sing without entreaty.

SONG

SONG.

Ah Jenny, *gen your Eyes do kill,*
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd againſt my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had.
And ad my bleether Howers.

But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy ſhowering Eyne,
And on the Banks of ſhaded Brooks,
I paſs my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleedeth on,
To witneſs if it ſee,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain ſo true as Iee.

Wild. This very Swain am *I*, ſo true and ſo forlorn, unleſs ye pity me,

This is an excellenſie *Charlot* wants, at leaſt I never heard her ſing. [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. Why *Charles*, where ſtands the Woman, *Charles?* [Fop. *comes up to* Charlot.

Wild. I muſt ſpeak to *Galliard*, though all my Fortunes depend on the Diſcovery of my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. Come, come, a cooling Glaſs about.

Wild. Dear *Dreſſwell*, entertain *Charles Meriwill* a little, whilſt I ſpeak to *Galliard* [*The Men go all to the drinking Table.*

By Heaven, I die, I languiſh for a Word!
——Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow
To ſpeak with none but that young Cavalier?
They ſay, the Freedom Engliſh Ladies uſe,
Is as their Beauty, great.

L. *Gall.* Sir; we are none of thoſe of ſo nice and delicate a Vertue as Converſation can corrupt; we live in a cold Climate.

Wild. And think you are not ſo apt to be in Love,
As where the Sun ſhines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconſtancy of your fickle Climate. [*Malicioufly to her.*
One day all Sun-ſhine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himſelf up in glittering Robes of Hope;

And

And in the midſt of all their boaſted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud acroſs his Miſtreſs Brow,
Daſhes the Fool, and ſpoils the gawdy Show.
[*La.* Gall. *obſerving him nearly.*
La. *Gall.* Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours?
Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then.
I was reſolv'd to be to Night a Witneſs
Of that ſworn Love you flatter'd me ſo often with.
By Heaven, I ſaw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Aſſignation? When the Hours?
For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Looſe as the Winds, and amorous as the *Sun*
That kiſſes all the Beauties of the *Spring.*
La. *Gall. I* take him for a ſober Perſon, Sir.
Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots
In all the lewd courſe of our early Youth,
Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers?
But no kind Bloſſom could oblige our ſtay,
We rifled and were gone.
La. *Gal.* Your Vertues I perceive are pretty equal;
Only his Love's the honeſter o'th' two.
Wild. Honeſter! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune to the Parſon of the Pariſh;
And I would be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a Licenſe to boaſt he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with Modeſty and Silence:
For Vertue's but a Name kept from *Scandal,*
Which the moſt baſe of Women beſt preſerve,
Since Jilting and Hypocriſie cheat the World beſt.
—But we both love, and who ſhall blab the Secret?
[*In a ſoft Tone.*
La. *Gall.* Oh, why were all the Charms of ſpeaking given to that falſe Tongue that makes no better uſe of 'em?
———*I'll* hear no more of your inchanting Reaſons.
Wild. You muſt.
La. *Gal. I* will not.
Wild. Indeed you muſt.
La. *Gal.* By all the Powers above———
Wild. By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath, unleſs you ſwear this Night to let me ſee you.
La. *Gall.* This Night.
Wild. This very Night.
La. *Gall.* I'd die firſt——— At what Hour?
[*Firſt turns away, then ſighs and looks on him.*
Wild. Oh, name it; and if I fail——— [*With Joy.*

La. *Gal.*

La. *Gall.* I wou'd not for the World———

Wild. That I ſhou'd fail!

La. *Gall.* Not Name the guilty Hour.

Wild. Then I through eager haſte ſhall come too ſoon,
And do your Honour wrong.

La. *Gall.* My Honour! Oh that Word!

Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming. [*Aſide.*
———At Twelve!

La. *Gall.* My Women and my Servants then are up.

Wild. At One, or Two.

La. *Gall.* So late! 'twill be ſo quickly Day!

Wild. Ay, ſo it will:
That half our Buſineſs will be left unfiniſht.

La. *Gal.* Hah, what do you mean? what Buſineſs?

Wild. A thouſand tender things I have to ſay;
A thouſand Vows of my eternal Love;
And now and then we'll kiſs and———

La. *Gall.* Be extreamly honeſt.

Wild. As you can wiſh.

La. *Gal.* Rather as I command: for ſhou'd he know my wiſh, I were undone. [*Aſide.*

Wild. The Sign———

La. *Gall.* Oh, preſs me not—— yet you may come at Midnight under my Chamber Window.

[*Sir* Char. *ſees 'em ſo cloſe, comes to 'em.*

Sir Char. Hold, Sir, hold! Whilſt I am liſtening to the Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterſcarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters.——My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*

Charl. Perſwade me not; I burſt with Jealouſie.

[Wild. *turns. ſees* Clacket.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Clacket!* then 'tis *Charlot*, and I'm diſcover'd to her.

Charl. Say, are not you a falſe diſſembling thing?

[*To* Wild. *in anger.*

Wild. What, my little Northern Laſs tranſlated into Engliſh!
This 'tis to practice Art in ſpight of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,
Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out through all your forc'd diſguiſe.

Charl. Hah, did you know me then?

Wild. At the firſt glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in Revenge,
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid all Diſcourſes of that nature, I came to Night in this Diſguiſe you ſee,

ſee, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Charl. And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?

Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?

Charl. Yes, when I ſee the Writings.

Wild. Go home; I die if you ſhou'd be diſcover'd;
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.
Clacket, you and I muſt have an odd Reckoning about this Night's Jant of yours. [*Aſide to* Clacket.

Sir Tim. Well, my Lord, how do you like our Engliſh Beauties?

Wild. Extreamly, Sir; and was preſſing this young Lady to give us a Song. [*Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.*

Sir Tim. I never ſaw this Lady before: pray who may ſhe be, Neighbour? [*to* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

Sir Tim. Nay, then ſhe dances by Nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, pleaſe you to ſit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.

[*they all ſit*; Charl. *and* Fop. *dance.*

So, ſo; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conſcience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my ſelf, I muſt retire; firſt waiting on your Lordſhip to ſhew you your Apartment, then leave you to *cher entire*; and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will ſettle the Nation, and reſolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders.*

[*Exeunt all but* Wild. Dreſſ. *and* Fop. *Sir* Charles *leading out Lady* Galliard.

Sir Anth. Well ſaid *Charles*, thou leaveſt her not till ſhe's thy own, Boy——And Philander *was a jolly Swain*, &c.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Wild. All things ſucceed above my Wiſh, dear *Frank*;
Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is ſo;
This Night crowns all my Wiſhes.
Laboir, are all things ready for our purpoſe? (*to his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Piſtols, Habits and Vizards, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treaſure.

Dreſſ. I perceive you are reſolv'd to make a thorough-ſtitcht Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good venture a Caper under the Triple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

Wild. We will conſider on't. 'Tis now juſt ſtruck Eleven; within this Hour is the dear Aſſignation with *Galliard.*

Dreſſ. What, whether our Affairs be finiſh'd or not?

Wild. 'Tis but at next Door; I ſhall return time enough for that trivial Buſineſs.

Dreſſ.

Dreſſ. A trivial Buſineſs of ſome ſix thouſand pound a year?

Wild. Trivial to a Woman, *Frank!* no more, do you make as if you went to Bed——*Laboir*, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table; and when I give the ſign, let me ſoftly in.

Dreſſ. Death, Sir, will you venture at ſuch a time?

Wild. My Life and future hope——I am reſolv'd,
Let Politicians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty One,
Let City Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery;
Let petty States be to confuſion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll deſpiſe the World. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Dreſſing-Room.*

Lady Galliard *is diſcover'd in an Undreſs at her Table, Glaſs, and Toilette*, Cloſet *attending: As ſoon as the Scene draws off, ſhe riſes from the Table as diſturbed and out of Humour.*

L. *Gal.* COme, leave your everlaſting Chamber-maids Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aſide. Thou art fuller of falſe News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Cloſ. I have good Proof, Madam, of what I ſay.

La. *Gall.* Proof a thing impoſſible!——Away.

Cloſ. Is it a thing ſo impoſſible, Madam, that a Man of Mr. *Wilding*'s Parts and Perſon ſhould get a City-Heireſs? Such a bonne Mien, and ſuch a pleaſant Wit!

L. *Gal.* Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou haſt Tongue
Enough to talk an Oyſter Woman deaf; I ſay it cannot be——
What means the panting of my troubled Heart!
Oh my prefaging Fears! ſhou'd what ſhe ſays prove true,
How wretched and how loſt a thing am I! [*Aſide.*

Cloſ. Your Honour may ſay your Pleaſure; but I hope I have not liv'd to theſe Years to be impertinent—— No, Madam, I am none of thoſe that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and——

L. *Gal.* Eternal rattle, peace——
Mrs. *Charlot Gettall* go away with *Wilding!*

A Man of *Wilding*'s extravagant Life
Get a Fortune in the City!
'Thou might'ſt as well have told me, a Holder forth were married to a Nun.
There are not two ſuch Contraries in Nature;
'Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis moſt impoſſible.

Cloſ. I beg your Ladiſhip's pardon, if my Diſcourſe offend you; but all the World knows Mrs. *Clacket* to be perſon——

L. Gall. Who is a moſt devout Bawd, a preciſe Procurer;
Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Fleſh;
A Doer of the Devils work in God's Name.
Is ſhe your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted.——
I ſay once more, adone with your idle Tittle, Tattle,——
And to divert me, bid *Betty* ſing the Song which *Wilding*
Made to his laſt Miſtreſs; we may judge by that,
What little Haunts, and what low Game he follows.
This is not like the deſcription of a rich Citizen's Daughter and Heir, but ſome common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Cloſ. I have heard him often ſwear ſhe was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. Gall. Like enough, there are many of theſe Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Proſtitutes, as errant Jilts, as thoſe who make open profeſſion of the Trade——— almoſt as Mercenary——But come, the Song. (*Enter* Betty.

SONG.

In Phillis *all vile Jilts are met,*
Fooliſh, uncertain, falſe, Coquette.
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt,
And ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt.
Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of Humane Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, ſuch Sweetneſs in her look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can ſave a poor inclining Heart?

In vain, a thouſand times an hour
Reaſon rebels againſt her Power.
In vain I rail, I curſe her Charms;
One look my feeble Rage diſarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who ſees 'em, can no more be wiſe.

Enter Wilding, *who runs to embrace* L. Gall.

Wild. Twelve was the lucky minute when we met:
Moſt charming of your Sex, and wiſeſt of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here!
Now I have liv'd to purpoſe, ſince at laſt—Oh, killing Joy!—
Come, let me fold you, preſs you in my Arms,
And kiſs you thanks for this dear happy Night.

L. Gall. You may ſpare your thanks, Sir, for thoſe that will deſerve 'em; I ſhall give ye no occaſion for 'em.

Wild. Nay, no ſcruples now, deareſt of Dears, no more;
'Tis moſt unſeaſonable———
I bring a Heart full fraight of eager hopes,
Oppreſt with a vaſt load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that ſoft white Boſom,
That Store-houſe of rich Joys and laſting Pleaſures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies. [*She breaks from him.*

L. Gall. You're wondrous full of Love and Rapture, Sir, but certainly you miſtake the perſon you addreſs 'em to.

Wild. Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard* who, if one may take her word for't, loves *Wilding*? Am I not come hither by your own appointment; and can I have any other buſineſs here at this time of Night, but Love, and Rapture, and———

L. Gall. Scandalous and vain! by my appointment, and for ſo lewd a purpoſe! guard me ye good Angels.
If after an Affront ſo groſs as this,
I ever ſuffer you to ſee me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An impudent, an open Proſtitute,
Loſt to all ſenſe of Vertue, or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean. [*Aſide.*
Oh, now I underſtand the Myſtery. [*Looking on* Cloſet.
Her Woman's here, that troubleſome piece of Train.
———I muſt remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Cloſet*, I had forgot to tell you; as I came up I heard a Kinſman of yours very earneſt with the Servants below, and in great haſte to ſpeak with you.

Cloſ. A Kinſman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of Night.

Wild. Yes, a very near Kinſman, he ſaid he was your Father's own Mother's Uncle's Siſter's Son; what d'ye call him?

Cloſ. Ay, what d'ye call him indeed? I ſhou'd be glad to hear his Name. Alas, Sir, I have no near Relation living that I know of, the more's my misfortune, poor helpleſs Orphan that I am. [*Weeps.*

Wild.

VVild. Nay, but Mrs. *Closet*, pray take me right, This Country-man of yours, as I was saying———

L. Gall. Chang'd already from a Kinſman to a Country-man! A plain Contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Closet*, as you value my Service, ſtir not from hence.

VVild. This Country-man of yours, I ſay, being left Executor by your Father's laſt Will and Teſtament, is come——— Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Que, and retire.

Clos. How, Sir!

VVild. Learn, I ſay, to underſtand Reaſon when you hear it. Leave us a while; Love is not a Game for thee to play at. [*Gives her Money.*

Clos. I muſt own to all the World, you have convinc'd me; I ask a thouſand Pardons for my Dulneſs. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run; you're a moſt powerful Perſon, the very Spirit of Perſwaſion——I'll ſteal out——You have ſuch a taking way with you——But I forgot my ſelf. Well, your moſt obedient Servant: Whenever you've occaſion, Sir, be pleas'd to uſe me freely.

Wild. Nay, dear Impertinent, no more Complements, you ſee I'm buſie now; prithee be gone, you ſee I am buſie.

Clos. I'm all Obedience to you, Sir——— Your moſt obedient———

L. Gal. Whither are you fisking and gigiting now?

Clos. Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately. [*Exit* Clos.

VVild. So, ſhe's gone; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the Deliverance: And now, dear Widow, let's loſe no more precious time; we've fool'd away too much already.

L. Gal. This to me?

VVild. To you, yes, to whom elſe ſhould it be? unleſs being ſenſible you have not Diſcretion enough to manage your own Affairs your ſelf, you reſolve, like other Widows, with all you're worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband. I took ye to be wiſer; but if that be your Deſign, I ſhall do my beſt to ſerve you—— tho' to deal freely with you——

L. Gal. Trouble not your ſelf, Sir, to make Excuſes; I'm not ſo fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you! a Rakeſhame, who have not Eſteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honeſt—— without Money or Credit, without Land either in preſent or proſpect; and half a dozen hungry Vices, like ſo many bawling Brats at your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Beſides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Getall?*

VVild. Married to her! Do I know her, you ſhou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lie? But ſuppoſe 'twere true, cou'd you be jealous of a Woman I marry? Do you take me for ſuch an Aſs, to ſuſpect I ſhall love my own Wife? On the other ſide, I have a great Charge of Vices, as you well obſerve, and I muſt not be ſo barbarous to let 'em ſtarve. Every Body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, tho' they ſend their Children a begging; I ſhou'd be worſe than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I muſt marry ſome ſtiff aukward thing or other with an ugly Face and an handſom Eſtate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only that can make me happy—— Come, do it then.

L. Gal. I never will.

VVild. Unkindly ſaid, you muſt.

L. Gal. Unreaſonable Man! becauſe you ſee
I have unuſual Regards for you,
Pleaſure to hear, and trouble to deny you;
A fatal yielding in my Nature toward you,
Love bends my Soul that way———
A Weakneſs I ne'er felt in any other;
And wou'd you be ſo baſe? And cou'd you have the Heart
To take th' advantage on't to ruine me,
To make me infamous, deſpis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

VVild. You reaſon falſe,
According to the ſtricteſt Rules of Honour,
Beauty ſhould ſtill be the Reward of Love,
Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune,
Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony.
She's only infamous, who to her Bed,
For Intereſt takes ſome naufeous Clown ſhe hates:
And though a Joynture or a Vow in publick
Be her price, that makes her but the dearer Whore.

L. Gal. I underſtand not theſe new Morals.

VVild. Have Patience, I ſay 'tis clear.
All the Deſires of mutual Love are virtuous.
Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you pleaſe
Your ſelf and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be?
Beſides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?

L. Gal. Heaven will know't; and I—that, that's enough: But when you're weary of me, firſt your Friend, then his, then all the World.

VVild. Think not that time will ever come.

L. Gal. Oh, it muſt, it will!

VVild. Or if it ſhould, could I be ſuch a Villain———

Ah

Ah Cruel! if you love me as you ſay,
You wou'd not thus diſtruſt me.

L. Gal. You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er my Tongue,
Or all the Actions of Life can tell you——ſo well——
Your very Faults, how groſs ſoe'er to me,
Have ſomething pleaſing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praiſe, or Woman can deſire;
All Charm without, and all Deſert within;
But yet my Vertue is more lovely ſtill;
That is a Price too high to pay for you;
The Love of Angels may be bought too de[ar]
If we beſtow on them what's kept for Heave[n].

VVild. Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this Religious Stuff, this Godly Nonſence.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to preach Vertue to me?

L. Gal. I bring you hither! how can you ſay it?
I ſuffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the baſe End you fancy'd, but to take
A laſt Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me;
Believe I ſtill ſhall have a Kindneſs for you,
Always your Friend, your Miſtreſs now no more.

VVild. Cozen'd, abus'd, ſhe loves ſome other Man! Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before! [*Aſide.*
——Well, Madam, may I at laſt believe
This is your fix'd and final Reſolution?
And does your Tongue now truly ſpeak your Heart,
That has ſo long bely'd it?

L. Gal. It does.

VVild. I'm glad on't. Good Night; and when I viſit you Again, may you again thus fool me. [*Offers to go.*

L. Gal. Stay but a moment.

VVild. For what? To praiſe your Night-dreſs, or make Court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, ſend for Mr. *Flamfull* and Mr. *Flutterbuz*, Mr. *Lap-fool* and Mr. *Love-all*; they'll do it better, and are more at leiſure.

L. Gal. Hear me a little: You know I both deſpiſe, and hate thoſe civil Coxcombs, as much as I eſteem and love you. But why will you be gone ſo ſoon? and why are ye ſo cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindneſs? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [*In a ſoft tone.*

VVild. Then keep your Word, Madam.

L. Gal. My Word! And have I promis'd then to be A Whore? A Whore! Oh let me think of that!

A Man's Convenience, his leisure Hours, his Bed of ease,
To loll and tumble on at idle times;
The Slave, the Hackney of his lawless Lust!
A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy Flames,
Made use of, and thrown by——Oh infamous!

Wild. Come, come, you love me not, *I* see it plain;
That makes your Scruples: That, that's the Reason.
You start at Words, and turn away from Shadows.
Already some pert Fop, some Ribbon-Fool,
Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me
In that unsteady treacherous Woman's Heart of yours.

La. *Gall.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore—

Wild. Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind!
All that you are, and all that you do's a Lie.
False are your Faces, false your floating Hearts;
False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements:
Enemies without Reason, and Dear without Kindness,
Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love;
Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

L. *Gal.* False rather are the Joys you are so fond of.
Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Wild. No, them I can never quit, but you most easily:
A Woman changeable, and false as you.

L. *Gal.* Said you most easily? Oh, inhumane!
Your cruel Words have wak'd a dismal Thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,
And Weakness steals upon my Soul apace;
I find I must be miserable———
I wou'd not be thought false. [*In a soft Tone, coming near him.*

Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so; give me not Cause.

L. *Gal.* What Heart can bear distrust from what it loves?
Or who can always her own Will deny? [*Aside.*
My Reason's weary of unequal Strife;
And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.
—Do you not then believe I love you? [*To him in a soft Tone.*

Wild. How can I, while you still remain unkind!

L. *Gal.* How shall I speak my guilty Thoughts?———
I have not Power to part with you; conceal thy Shame I doubt
I cannot, I fear *I* shou'd not any more deny you.

Wild. Oh heavenly Sound! Oh, charming Creature! Speak that Word again, agen, agen! for ever let me hear it.

L. *Gal.* But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. *Charlot* never?

Wild. Never, never.

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* Turn your Face away, and give me leave
To hide my riſing Bluſhes: I cannot look on you,
[*As this laſt Speech is ſpeaking ſhe ſinks into his Arms by degrees.*
But you muſt undo me if you will———
Since I no other way my Truth can prove,
——You ſhall ſee I love.
Pity my Weakneſs, and admire my Love.
Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms.
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defie thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Loves kind Fever, let me ever lie,
Drunk with Deſire, and raving mad with Joy.
[*Exeunt into the Bed-chamber,* Wild *leading her with his Arms about her.*

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill *and Sir* Anthony, *Sir* Char. *drunk.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Sir Anth. A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

Sir Char. Why look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a Man do? I brought her to her Coach———

Sir Anth. To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your Hand, follow'd you out, wink'd, ſmil'd and nodded; cry'd 'buy *Charles*, 'buy Rogue; which was as much as to ſay, Go home with her *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles*; nay, as much as to ſay, Home to her Bed, *Charles*; nay, as much as to ſay———Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modeſt too! That I ſhou'd bring thee up with no more Fear of God before thy Eyes!

Sir Char. Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my Heart now! Why I did proffer, and preſs, and ſwear, and ly'd, and——but a pox on her ſhe has the damn'ſt wheedling way with her, as dear *Charles*, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preſerve; and ſuch obliging Reaſons.

Sir Anth. Reaſons! Reaſon! a Lover, and talk of Reaſon! You lie, Sirrah, you lie. Leave a Woman for Reaſon, when you were ſo finely drunk too, a Raſcal!

Sir Char. Why look ye, d'ye ſee, Uncle, I durſt not truſt my ſelf alone with her in this pickle, leſt *I* ſhou'd a fallen foul on her.

Sir Anth. Why there's it; 'tis that you ſhou'd have done; I am miſtaken if ſhe be not one of thoſe Ladies that love to be raviſht of a Kindneſs. Why, your willing Rape is all the Faſhion, *Charles*.

Sir Char. But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir Anth. Why how now, Jack-ſawce, what, capitulate?

Sir Char. Why do but hear me, Uncle; Lord, you're ſo haſty!

sty! Why look ye, I am as ready, d'ye see, as any Man on these Occasions.

Sir Anth. Are you so, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir——Whe, what, I shall have you whining when ye are sober again, traversing your Chamber with Arms across, railing on Love and Women, and at last defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your self on the whole Sex.

Sir Char. My dear Uncle, come kiss me and be friends; I will be rul'd, [*Kisses him.*

Sir Anth. —A most admirable good-natur'd Boy this! [*aside*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know, I have brought thee now hither to the Widows House with a Resolution to have thee order matters so, as before thou quits her, she shall be thy own, Boy.

Sir Char. Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin! Introduce me, d'ye see, and if I do not so woo the Widow, and so do the Widow, that ere morning she shall be content to take me for better for worse——Renounce me! Egad I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had she all *Cupid*'s Arrows, *Venus*'s Beauty, and *Masalina*'s Fire, d'ye see.

Sir Anth. A sweet Boy, a very sweet Boy! Hum, thou art damnable handsome to Night, *Charles*——Ay, thou wilt do't; I see a kind of resistless Lewdness about thee, a most triumphant Impudence, loose and wonton. [*Stands looking on him.*

Enter Closet.

Clos. Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of Night?

Sir Char. Where's your Lady?

Clos. Softly, dear Sir.

Sir Char. Why is she asleep? Come, come, I'll wake her. [*Offers to force in as to the Bed-Chamber.*

Clos. Hold, hold, Sir; No, no, she's a little busie, Sir.

Sir Char. I'll have no Business done to Night, Sweetheart.

Clos. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Sir, her Mother's with her; For Heavens Sake, Sir, be gone.

Sir Char. I'll not budge.

Sir Anth. No not a Foot.

Clos. The City you know, Sir, is so senforious——

Sir Char. Damn the City.

Sir Anth. All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

Sir Char. In short, I am resolv'd, d'ye see, to go to the Widow's Chamber.

Sir Anth. Harkye, Mrs. *Closet*, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this Evening.

Clos. I

Clos. I am perfectly yours, Sir; but now it happens so, her Mother being there—— Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till she were gone——

Sir Anth. This is Reason, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget. [*Gives her Money.*

Sir Char. And here's my two, because thou art industrious. [*Gives her Money, and goes out with her.*

Enter Lady Galliard *in rage, held by* Wilding.

L. *Gal.* What have I done? Ah whither shall I flie? [*Weeps.*

Wild. Why all these Tears? Ah, why this cruel Passion?

L. *Gal.* Undone, undone! Unhand me, false, forsworn;
Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.
What shou'd I do with guilty Life about me?

Wild. Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

L. *Gal.* Ah, leave me——
Leave me alone to sigh to flying Winds,
That the infection may be born aloft,
And reach no humane Ear.

Wild. Cease, lovely Charmer, cease to wound me more.

L. *Gal.* Shall I survive this Shame! No, if I do,
Eternal Blushes dwell upon my Cheeks,
To tell the World my Crime.
——Mischief and Hell, what Devil did possess me?

Wild. It was no Devil, but a Deity;
A litte gay-wing'd God, harmless and innocent,
Young as Desire, wanton as Summer-breezes,
Soft as thy Smiles, resistless as thy Eyes.

L. *Gal.* Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind
Taught thee the Art of Conquest with thy Tongue?
Thy false deluding Eyes were surely made
Of Stars that rule our Sexes Destiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That first undo the heedless Gazers on,
Then shew their natural Deformity.

Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then? [*In a soft tone.*
Has my increase of Passion lessen'd yours?

L. *Gal.* Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayest me,
And then upbraidest the wretchedness thou'st made.
——Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my Danger,
Yet venture on so evident a Ruine.

Wild. Say——what one Grace is faded!
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more: This charming change of Looks
Raises my Flame, and makes me wish t'invoke
The harmless God again. [*Embraces her.*

L. *Gal.* By Heaven, not all thy Art Shall

Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.

Wild. Oh, I muſt, or dye.

L. *Gal.* By all the Powers, by———

Wild. Oh, do not ſwear, leſt Love ſhou'd take it ill
That Honour ſhou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.
——Say that you will half a long Hour hence———

L. *Gal.* Hah? *Wild.* Or ſay a tedious Hour.

L. *Gal.* Death, never———

Wild. Or if you——— Promiſe me then to morrow.

L. *Gal.* No, hear my Vows.

Wild. Hold, ſee me die; if you reſolve 'em fatal to my Love, by Heaven I'll do't. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

L. *Gal.* Ah, what———

Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.

L. *Gal.* I dare not.

Wild. Oh, ſay you will.

L. *Gal.* Alas, *I* dare not utter it.

Wild. Let's in, and thou ſhalt whiſper it into my Boſom; Or ſighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. *Gal.* Ah, *VVilding*——— [*Sighs.*

VVild. It toucht my Soul! Repeat that Sigh again.

L. *Gal.* Ah, *I* confeſs *I* am but feeble Woman.

[*Leans on him.*

Sir Char. Good Miſtreſs Keep-door ſtand by: for I muſt enter. [*Sir* Char. *without.*

L. *Gal.* Hah, young *Meriwill*'s Voice!

Cloſ. Pray, Sir *Charles* let me go and give my Lady notice. [*She enters and goes to* Wild.

——For Heavens Sake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's loſt.

VVild. What will you have me do? [*To* Galliard.

L. *Gal.* Be gone, or you will ruine me for ever. [*In diſorder.*

VVild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. *Gal.* Here, down the back-ſtairs———
As you have Honour, go and cheriſh mine. [*Pulling him.*
——He's gone, and now methinks the ſhivering Fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir Charles, *rudely puſhing* Cloſet *aſide, with Sir* Anthony.

Sir Char. Deny'd an entrance! nay, then there is a Rival in the Caſe, or ſo; and I'm reſolv'd to diſcover the Helliſh Plot, d'ye ſee.

[*Juſt as he enters drunk at one Door,* Wild. *returns at the other.*

L. *Gal.* Ha, *VVilding* return'd! Shield me ye Shades of Night, [*Puts out the Candle, and goes to* Wild.

VVild.

Wild. The Back-Stairs Door is lockt.

L. Gall. Oh, I am loſt! curſe on this fatal Night! Art thou reſolv'd on my undoing every way?

Cloſ. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Sir Char. What, what, all in darkneſs? Do you make Love like Cats, by Star-light? [*Reeling about.*

L. Gall. Ah, he knows he's here! —— Oh, what a pain is Guilt! [*Aſide.*

Wild. I wou'd not be ſurpriz'd.

As Cloſet *takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark, puſhes by Sir* Charles, *and almoſt overthrows Sir* Anth. *at which they both draw, whilſt he goes out with* Cloſet.

Sir Char. Hah, Gad 'twas a Spark! —— What, vaniſht! hah—

Sir Anth. Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye.

Sir Char. Are you ſo, Sir, and I am for the Widow, Sir, and——

[*Juſt as they are paſſing at each other,* Cloſet *enters with a Candle.*

Hah, why what have we here, —— my none Fleſh and Blood? [*Embracing his Uncle.*

Sir Anth. Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

Sir Char. Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the —— Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where is he? [*Searching about.*

L. Gall. Whom ſeek ye, Sir, a Man, and in my Lodgings. [*Angrily.*

Cloſ. A Man! Merciful, what will this ſcandalous lying World come to? Here's no Man.

Sir Char. Away, I ſay, thou damn'd Domeſtick Intelligence, that comeſt out every half hour with ſome freſh Sham —— No Man! —— What, 'twas an Appointment only, hum, —— which I ſhall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here, (*Searches about*) I ſhall very civily and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendſhip with him —— pray mark that —— run him through the Lungs.

L. Gall. Oh, what a Coward's Guilt! what mean you, Sir?

Sir Char. Mean! why I am obſtinately bent to raviſh thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that ſo I may have no obligation to thee, and conſequently uſe thee ſcurvily with a good Conſcience.

Sir Anth. A moſt delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as lewd as the beſt of 'em, God grant him Life and Health. [*Aſide.*

L. Gall. 'Tis late, and I entreat your abſence, Sir: Theſe are my Hours of Prayer, which this unſeaſonable Viſit has diſturb'd.

Sir

Sir Char. Prayer! no more of that Sweetheart; for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing ſo late, but a good Husband; and ſee, Heaven has ſent him juſt in the crit—critical minute, to ſupply your Occaſions.

Sir Anth. A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons preſently. I'll not give Sixpence from him, though to the poor of the Pariſh.

Sir Char. Come, Widow, let's to Bed. [*Pulls her, ſhe is angry.*

L. Gall. Hold, Sir, you drive the Jeſt too far;
And I am in no humour now for Mirth.

Sir Char. Jeſt: Gad ye lye, I was never in more earneſt in all my Life.

Sir Anth. He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counſel, and good Company. (*Getting nearer the Door ſtill.*

L. Gall. What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to ſee me treated thus?

Sir Char. VVell thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye ſee——
Therefore, thou ſometimes neceſſary Utenſil, withdraw.
(*Gives her to Sir* Anth.

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty.
(*Puſhes her out, and goes out.*

L. Gall. Stay, *Cloſet*, I command ye.
——VVhat have you ſeen in me ſhou'd move you to this rudeneſs. [*To Sir* Char.

Sir Char. No frowning; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, VVidow; and therefore I am reſolv'd no Body ſhall lie with you but my ſelf. You have dangerous VVaſps buzzing about your Hive, Widow—— mark that —— (*She flings from him.*) Nay, no parting but upon terms, which in ſhort, d'ye ſee, are theſe: Down on your Knees and ſwear me heartily as Gad ſhall judge your Soul, d'ye ſee, to marry me to Morrow.

L. Gall. To Morrow! O'n, I have urgent buſineſs then.

Sir Char. So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the neareſt way to the Wood, the ſober diſcreet way of loving, I am ſorry for you, look ye. (*He begins to undreſs.*

L. Gall. Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Char. Only to go to Bed, that's all. (*Still undreſſing.*

L. Gall. Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir Char. Ay do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours, they'll be for me, d'ye ſee, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, though I am no very true blue Proteſtant neither; therefore diſpatch, or——

L. Gall. Hold, are you mad? I cannot promiſe you to night.

Sir

Sir Char. Well, well, I'll be content with Performance then to Night, and truſt you for your Promiſe till to morrow.

Sir Anth. peeping.] Ah, Rogue! By *George*, he out-does my Expectations of him.

L. Gal. What Impoſition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Char. You need not, you'll do my buſineſs better alone. [*Pulls her.*

L. Gal. What ſhall I do? How ſhall I ſend him hence? [*aſide*

Sir Anth. He ſhall ne'er drink Small-beer more, that's poſitive; I'll burn all's Books too, they have help'd to ſpoil him; and ſick or well, ſound or unſound, Drinking ſhall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study. [*Aſide. Peeping unſeen.*

Sir Char. Come, come, no pauſing; your Promiſe, or I'll to bed.

[*Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pull'd off almoſt all the reſt of his Cloathes.*

L. Gal. What ſhall *I* do, here is no Witneſs near! And to be rid of him I'll promiſe him; he'll have forget it in his ſober Paſſion. [*Aſide.*

Hold, I do ſwear I will—— [*He fumbling to undo his Breeches.*

Sir Char. What? *L. Gal.* Marry you.

Sir Char. When?

L. Gal. Nay, that's too much——— Hold, hold, I will to Morrow.———Now you are ſatisfied, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Ant. *and* Cloſet.

Sir Anth. Charles, Joy, *Charles*, give ye Joy; here's two ſubſtantial Witneſſes.

Cloſ. *I* deny it, Sir; I heard no ſuch thing.

Sir Ant. What, what, Mrs. *Cloſet*, a Waiting-woman of Honour and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul if thou dareſt ſwear what thou ſayeſt.

L. Gal. How, upon the Catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Baſe and unkind, is this your humble Love!
Is all your whining come to this, falſe Man! By Heaven, *I'll* be reveng'd. [*She goes out in a Rage with* Cloſet.

Sir Char. Nay, Gad, you're caught, ſtruggle and flounder as you pleaſe, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith. [*Looking after her.*
——Uncle, get ye home about your buſineſs; I hope you'll give me the Good Morrow, as becomes me———I ſay no more, a Word to the Wiſe———

Sir Anth. By *George*, thou'rt a brave Fellow; why, *I* did not think it had been in thee, Man. Well, adieu; I'll give thee ſuch a good Morrow, *Charles*— the Devil's in him!— 'Buy *Charles*—a plaguy Rogue!— 'Night, Boy——a Divine Youth! [*Going and returning, as not able to leave him.*

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Gad, *I*'ll not leave her now, till ſhe is mine ;
Then keep her ſo by conſtant Conſummation.
Let Man a God do his, I'll do my part,
In ſpight of all her Fickleneſs and Art ;
There's one ſure way to fix a Widow's Heart. [*Exit.*

ACT V. Scene I. *Sir* Timothy's *Houſe.*

Enter Dreſſwell, Fopington, *and five or ſix more diſguiſed with Vizards and Dark Lanthorns.*

Fop. NOt yet ! a Plague of this damn'd Widow : The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Caſt, and has thrown it him to Night.

Enter Wild. *in Rapture and Joy.*

———Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come ?

Wild. I ſaw how at her Length ſhe lay !
I ſaw her riſing Boſom bare !

Fop. A Pox of her riſing Boſom : My Dear, let's dreſs and about our Buſineſs.

Wild. Her looſe thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape deſign'd for Love and Play !

Dreſſ. 'Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture ? 'tis almoſt Day.

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, ſuch a dear Night !

Dreſſ. A Pox of Nights, Sir ; think of this and the Day to come ; which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Wild. The Day to come !
Death, who cou'd be ſo dull in ſuch dear Joys,
To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em !
And had *I* not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an untimely Viſit, I'd no more Power of returning, than committing Treaſon : But that Conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and ſo unſeen *I* got off. But come——my Diſguiſe.

[*Dreſſes.*

Dreſſ. All's ſtill and huſh, as if Nature meant to favour our Deſign.

Wild. 'Tis well : And hark ye, my Friends, I'll preſcribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation ; for I have conſidet'd, if we modeſtly take nothing but the Writings, 'twill be eaſie to ſuſpect the Thief.

Fop.

Fop. Right; and ſince 'tis for ſecuring our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize——Sirrah, leave the Portmantua here.

[*Exeunt as into the Houſe.*

After a ſmall time,

Enter Jervice *undreſs'd, crying out, purſu'd by ſome of the Thieves.*

Jer. Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

Enter Wilding *with his Sword drawn.*

Wild. A Plague upon his Throat; ſet a Gag in's Mouth and bind him, tho' he be my Uncle's chief Pimp——So——

[*They bind and gag him.*

Enter Dreſſwell.

Dreſſ. Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e're they could alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Wild. 'Tis well; Come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghoſt, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps—— this Door leads to my Uncles Apartment; I know each ſecret Nook contious of Treaſure.

(*All go in, leaving* Jervice *bound on the Stage.*

Enter Senſure *running half undreſs'd, as from Sir* Timothy's *Chamber, with his Velvet-Coat on her Shoulders.*

Sen. Help, help! Murder, Murder!

[Dreſſ. Laboir, *and others, purſue her.*

Dreſſ. What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Alderman's Bed. [*Holding his Lanthorn to her Face.*

Sen. Ah mercy, Sir, alas, *I* am a Virgin.

Dreſſ. A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great Miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Sen. Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the wicked.

Dreſſ. That's well——The ſanctified Jilt profeſſes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her Neck.

[*Pulls off the Coat.*

Sen. Ah Misfortune, I have miſtook his Worſhip's Coat for my Gown, [*A little Book drops out of her Boſom.*

Dreſſ. What have we here? *A Sermon preacht by* Richard Baxter, *Divine.* Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Proteſtant Cauſe.

Sen. Alack, how the Saints may be ſcandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worſhip in.

Dreſſ. And comment upon the Text a little, which I ſuppoſe may be Increaſe and multiply——Here, gag and bind her. [*Exit* Dreſſ.

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Lab. Then you'll go near to miſcarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. *and others, leading in Sir* Timothy *in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.*

Sir Tim. Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I beſeech you uſe a Conſcience

Conſcience in what you do, and have a feeling of what you go about—Pity my Age.

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conſcience, and needleſs Pity——

Sir Tim. Oh fearful——But, Gentlemen, what is't you deſign? is it a general Maſſacar, pray, or am I the only Perſon aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation! I know, and all the Wold knows, how many Plots have been laid againſt my ſelf, both by Men, Women, and Children, the Diabolical Emiſſaries of the Pope.

Wild. How, Sirrah! [*Fiercely he ſtarts.*

Sir Tim. Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holineſs with all my Soul; and if his Grace did but know what I've done for him, d'ye ſee——

Fop. You done for the Pope, Sirrah! Why what have you done for the Pope?

Sir Tim. Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you very great Service, very great Service; for I have been, d'ye ſee, in a ſmall Tryal I had, the cauſe and occaſion of invalidating the Evidence to that Degree, that I ſuppoſe no Jury in *Chriſtendom* will ever have the Impudence to believe 'em hereafter, ſhou'd they ſwear againſt his Holineſs and all the Canclave of Cardinals.

Wild. And yet you plot on ſtill, cabal, treat, and keep open Debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealthsmen to carry on the good Cauſe.

Sir Tim. Alas what ſignifies that! You know Gentlemen, that *I* have ſuch a ſtrange and natural agility in turning——I ſhall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the Lurch.

Wild. 'Tis very likely; but at this time we ſhall not take your Word for that.

Sir Tim. Bloody minded Men, are you reſolved to Aſſaſſinate me then?

Wild. You trifle, Sir, and know our Buſineſs better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much leſs any Party or Perſon—Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Fop. Ay, ay, diſcover, diſcover your Money, Sir, your ready——

Sir Tim. Money, Sir! good lack is that all. [*Smiling on 'em.* Why what a Beaſt was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money laſt Week to Alderman Draw-tooth! Alack, alack, what Shift ſhall *I* make now to accommodate you?——But if you pleaſe to come again to morrow——

Fop. A ſhamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a diſſembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick but ready Money. [*Aloud and threatning.*

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Hold, I beſeech you, Gentlemen, not ſo loud; for there is a Lord, a moſt conſiderable Perſon, and a Stranger, honours my Houſe to Night; I wou'd not for the World his Lordſhip ſhou'd be diſturb'd.

Wild. Take no care for him, he's faſt bound and all his Retinue.

Sir Tim. How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, diſgrac'd! What will the *Polanders* ſay, that I ſhou'd expoſe their Embaſſador to this Diſreſpect and Affront?

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

[*They bind him Hand and Foot, and take his Keys out of his Boſom.* Exeunt *all.*

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, what you pleaſe, Gentlemen, ſince my Lord's bound. —— Oh, what Recompence can I make for ſo unhoſpitable uſage? I am a moſt unfortunate Magiſtrate! Hah, who's there, *Jervice?* Alas, art thou here too? What, canſt not ſpeak? But 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will ſerve to beg my pardon of my Lord? ——And then my Heireſs, *Jervice*, ay, my rich Heireſs, why ſhe'll be raviſht, Oh Heavens, raviſht! The young Rogues will have no mercy, *Jervice*; nay, perhaps as thou ſayeſt, they'll carry her away.——Oh that thought! Gad I'd rather the City-Charter were loſt. [*Enter ſome with Bags of Money.* ——Why Gentlemen, rob like Chriſtians, Gentlemen.

Fop. What do you mutter, Dog?

Sir Tim. Not in the leaſt, Sir, not in the leaſt; only a Conſcience, Sir, in all things does well ——— Barbarous Rogues! [*They go out all again.*] Here's your Arbitrary Power, *Jervice*; here's the rule of the Sword now for you: Theſe are your Tory Rogues, your Tantivie Royſters; but we ſhall cry quits with you, Raſcals, e're long; and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequeſtration, we will ſo handle ye———we'll ſpare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a ſlice at at your fat Church-men, your Crape-Grownorums.

Enter Wild. *and the reſt, with more Bags.*

Wild. A Prize, a Prize, my Lads in ready Guineas! Contribution, my Beloved.

Dreſſ. Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in ſpight of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe.——What haſt thou here?

[*To* Fop. *who enters with a Bag full of Papers.*

Fop. A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treaſon, Succeſſions, Rights and Privileges, with a new-faſhion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Aſſociation. ——— Ah, Rogue, what will you ſay when theſe ſhall be made publick?

Sir Tim. Say, Sir? why I'll deny it, Sir; for what Jury will believe ſo wiſe a Magiſtrate as I, cou'd communicate ſuch Se-

crets to such as you? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in,—or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a Man may speak Treason within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-Men. And as for the Money, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way——Your Servant, Sir.——So, away with him to *Dresswel*'s Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it.

[*They carry off Sir* Timothy, *and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.*

Dress. Well, you are sure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all——

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meanest thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done so ill, but we dare shew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who shall bind the last Man?

Wild. Honest *Laboir*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you got drunk and lay in your Cloaths under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things discreetly, or you'll all be hang'd, that's certain. [*Ex.* Wild. *and* Dress.

Fop. So, now will I i'th' Morning to *Charlot*, and give her such a Character of her Love, as if she have resentment, makes her mine. [*Ex.* Fop.

Sir Tim. [*calls within.*] Ho, *Jenkins*, *Roger*, *Simon*! where are these Rogues? None left alive to come to my Assistance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! So ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Que——and stay, I am not yet sober. [*Puts himself into a drunken posture.*

Sir Tim. Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I say; for I am damnable dry.

Sir Tim. Hah, who's there?

Lab. What doleful Voice is that?

Sir Tim. What art thou, Friend or Foe? [*In a doleful tone.*

Lab. Very direful——why what the Devil art thou?

Sir Tim. If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched: What art thou, Ghost, Hobgobling, or walking Spirit?

[*Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.*

Sir

Sir Tim. Oh, neither, neither, but meer Mortal, Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, rob'd and bound. [*Coming out led by* Lab.

Lab. How, our generous Hoſt!

Sir Tim. How, one of my Lord's Servants! Alas, alas, how cam'ſt thou to eſcape?

Lab. E'en by Miracle, Sir; by being drunk, and falling aſleep under the Hall-Table with your Worſhip's Dog *Tory*, till juſt now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me; and crawling from my Kennel to ſecure the Black Jack, I ſtumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to ſerve your Worſhip.

[*Goes to unbind his Hands.*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, *I* ſay; for *I* ſcorn to be ſo uncivil to be unbound before his Lordſhip; therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confin'd too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in Diſtreſs? By no means, Sir.

Sir Tim. Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not aſham'd to look in the Face, *I* am an errant Sarazen.

[*Exit Sir* Tim. *and* Lab.

SCENE changes to *Wilding*'s Chamber.

He is diſcover'd ſitting in a Chair bound, his Vallet bound by him; to him Sir Timothy *and* Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for ſure I hear ſome coming—— Villains, Rogues! *I* care not for my ſelf, but for the good pious Alderman. [*Sir* Tim. *as liſtning.*

Sir Tim. Wonderful Goodneſs, for me! Alas, my Lord, this ſight will break my Heart. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir *Timothy* ſafe! Nay then *I* do forgive 'em.

Sir Tim. Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

Wild. It is my Cuſtom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before *I* go to Bed; and having pray'd that drowſie Slave aſleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aſide.

Sir Tim. Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not ſtay till you had ſaid your Prayers?

Wild. By no Perſwaſion——— Can you not gueſs who they ſhou'd be, Sir?

Sir Tim. Oh, ſome damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be ſure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! Why what will this World come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but purſue 'em. [*Offering to go.*

Sir Tim. Purſue 'em? Alas, they're paſt our reach by this time.

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine:

Some that know each Corner of your Houſe, I'll warrant.

Sir Tim. Think ye ſo, my Lord? Ay, this comes of keeping Open Houſe; which makes ſo many ſhut up their Doors at Dinner-time.

Enter Dreſſwell.

Dreſſ. Good morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke looſe to Night?

Sir Tim. Only ſome of his Imps, Sir, ſawcy Varlets, inſupportable Raſcals——But well, my Lord, now I have ſeen your Lordſhip at Liberty, I'll leave you to your Reſt, and go ſee what Harm this Night's Work has done.

Wild. I have a little Buſineſs, Sir, and will take this time to diſpatch it in; my Servants ſhall go to bed, tho 'tis already Day——I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir Tim. Your time: My Houſe and all I have is yours; and ſo I take my Leave of your Lordſhip. [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Wild. Now for my angry Maid, young *Charlot*;
'Twill be a Task to ſoften her to Peace:
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Bluſhing as tender Roſe-buds on their ſtalks,
Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to raviſh.
←—Come, thou ſhalt along with me, I'll truſt thy Friendſhip.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Diana*'s Chamber.

She is diſcover'd dreſſing, with Betty.

Dian. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to loſe no time.

Dian. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old Husband, becauſe rich, before ſo young, ſo handſom, and ſo ſoft a Lover as *Wilding*?

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchaſe, Money and Quality may.

Dian. Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with ſuch a Beaſt; ay, there's the Devil, *Betty*. Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,
The ſoft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my Neck,
From thoſe cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I ſhall meet, inſtead of *Tom*'s warm Kiſſes,
A hallow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palſie, ſtinking with Diſeaſe,
By Age and Nature barracado'd up
With a kind Noſe and Chin;

Wha

What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours ſupportable?

Bet. What? why ſix thouſand Pound a Year, Miſtreſs. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you pleaſe.

Dian. Die! no, he's too temperate——Sure theſe Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take ſuch care to live ſo long in this World——No, he'll out-live me. [*Sighs.*

Bet. In Grace a God he may be hang'd firſt, Miſtreſs——Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he. [*She goes to open the Door.*

Dian. *I* cannot bring my Heart to like this Buſineſs; One ſight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the Scale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. *joyful*; Dian. *walks away.*

Sir Tim. 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;

This happy Day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.

——Hum, I am profoundly Eloquent this Morning [*Aſide.*

——Fair Excellence, *I* approach—— [*Going towards her.*

Dian. Like Phyſick in a Morning next one's Heart; [*Aſide.* Which, tho' it be neceſſary, is moſt filthy loathſom. [*Going from him.*

Sir Tim. What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty? ——Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Dian. It will not down. [*Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.*

Sir Tim. Alas, ye Gods, am *I* deſpis'd and ſcorn'd? Did *I* for this, ponder upon the Queſtion, Whether *I* ſhould be King or Alderman? [*Heroickly.*

Dian. If *I* muſt marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding good Heaven. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Heaven! did ſhe name Heaven, *Betty*?

Bet. *I* think ſhe did, Sir.

Sir Tim. *I* do not like that: What need has ſhe to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Dian. Marriage is a ſort of Hanging, Sir; and *I* was only making a ſhort Prayer before Execution.

Sir Tim. Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing elſe to do. [*Takes her Hand.*

Dian. Not much, *I* dare ſwear.

Sir Tim. And let us, Fair one, haſte; the Parſon ſtays; beſides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us—*I* mean, my Nephew.

Dian. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding*. [*weeps;*

Sir Tim. How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay then I am provok'd—Look on this Head, this wiſe and reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken meaſure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye ſee.

Dian. A Halter rather. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Ay, and it fits it too: and I am ſlighted, *I* that ſhall receive *Billet Deux* from *Infanta's*? 'tis moſt uncivil and impolitick.

Dian. *I* hope he's mad, and then *I* reign alone.
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I ſhed indeed at *Wilding*,
Of whom my fooliſh Heart has now ta'en leave,
And from this Moment is intirely yours.
[*Gives him her Hand, they go out.*

SCENE *Changes to a Street.*

Enter Charlot, *led by* Foppington, *follow'd by Mrs.* Clacket.

Charl. Stay, my Heart miſgives me, I ſhall be undone.
——Ah, whither was I going? [*Pulls her Hand from* Fop.

Fop. Do, ſtay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady *Galliard.*

Char. Oh! Take heed leſt you Sin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he paſt the Night with her.

Charl. All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. *Clack.* A very proper Queſtion; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam?

Charl. Oh no; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and ſwore eternal Friendſhip——Haſte, haſte, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it paſt my Power to love him more.

Fop. Oh, how you charm me! [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Charl. Yet what art thou? a Stranger to my Heart.
Wherefore, ah why, on what occaſion ſhou'd I?

Mrs. *Clack.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you; your Reputation's gone.

Charl. How, am I not honeſt then?

Mrs. *Clack.* Marry Heaven forbid!—But who that knows you have been a ſingle Hour in *Wilding's* Hands, that wou'd not ſwear you have loſt your Maidenhead? And back again I'm ſure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine Hiſtory to be ſung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you ſee *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll ſhortly hear he's married.

Charl. Oh,

Charl. Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on.

[*They going out, meet Sir* Anthony *with Muſick, they return.*

Sir Anth. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the Houſe, and this the Window belonging to my Ladies Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have ſome neat, ſoft, brisk, languiſhing, ſprightly Air now.

Fop. Old *Meriwill*—how ſhall I paſs by him! [*Stand by.*

Sir Anth. So, here's Company too; 'tis very well—Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the Buſineſs——Come, come, ſcrew up your Chitterling. [*They play.*

—Hold, hold a little——Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard*, —Give your Ladiſhip Joy.

Charl. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

Fop. How, married her already?

Charl. Oh, yes he has. Lovely and falſe, haſt thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh Heavens, Mr. *Foppington*, ſhe faints—ah me! [*They hold her, Muſick plays.*

Enter Wilding *and* Dreſſwell *diſguis'd as before.*

Wild. Ah, Muſick at *Galliard*'s Door!

Sir Anth. Good morrow, Sir, *Charles Meriwill*; give your Worſhip and your fair Lady Joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow

Dreſſ. No matter; prithee advance and mind thy own Affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meets my Eyes—Hah!—
[*Sees Sir* Charles *come into the Balcony undreſt.*

Sir Char. Good morrow, Uncle. Gentlemen *I* thank ye: Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Maſter's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven bleſs your Honour, and your vertuous Bride.

Fop. Wilding! undone.

[*Shelters* Charlot *that ſhe may not ſee* Wilding.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above?

Sir Anth. Hah, the Boy's Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this Morning—No matter, here's two to two; come, Gentlemen, you muſt in.

[*Thruſts the Muſick in, and goes in.*

Dreſſ. Is't not what you expected? Nay what you wiſht?

Wild. What then? it comes too ſuddenly upon me——
E're my laſt Kiſs was cold upon her Lips,
Before the pantings of her Breaſt were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh damn'd deluding Woman.

Dreſſ. Be wiſe, and do not ruin where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'ſt to reaſoning, thou haſt loſt me.

[*Breaks from him, and runs in.*

Charl. I ſay 'twas *Wilding*'s Voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Charl. Nay, force me not; By Heaven I'll cry a Rape,
Unleſs you let me go—Not after him!
Yes to the infernal Shades———Unhand me, *Sir.*

Fop. How, Madam, have you then deſign'd my Ruine?

Charl. Oh, truſt me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour.

[*Runs in after Wild.*

Mrs. *Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now; For my part I'll en'e after her, and deny to have any hand in the Buſineſs. [*Goes in.*

Fop. Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-bit, that he ſhou'd croſs my Hours juſt in the nick? But ſhall I loſe her thus? No Gad, I'll after her; and come the worſt, I have an Impudence ſhall out-face a *Middleſex*-Jury, and out-ſwear a Diſcoverer. [*Goes in.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Lady Galliard, *purſued by Sir* Charles, *and Footman.*

L. *Gal.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require ſome of his Officers to aſſiſt me inſtantly; and d'ye hear Raſcal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter.

[*To the Footman who is going.*

Sir Char. William, you may ſtay, *William.*

L. *Gal.* I ſay, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir Char. Sirrah, *I* ſay—know your Lord and Maſter.

Will. I ſhall, Sir. [*Goes out.*

L. *Gal.* Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? purſue me not.

Sir Char. You are miſtaken, *I*'m diſobedient grown,
Since we became one Family; and when I've us'd you thus a Week or two, you will grow weary of this peeviſh fooling.

L. *Gal.* Malicious thing *I* wo'not, I am reſolv'd I'll tire thee out meerly in ſpite, to have the better of thee.

Sir Char. *I*'m reſolv'd as you, and do your worſt,
For I'm reſolv'd never to quit thy Houſe.

L. *Gal.* But Malice, there are Officers i' th' City, that will not ſee me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Char. Magiſtrates! why they ſhall be welcome, if they be honeſt and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* Are you reſolv'd to be thus obſtinate?
Fully reſolv'd to make this way your Conqueſt?

Sir Char. Moſt certainly, I'll keep you honeſt to your Word, my dear, I've Witneſs——

L. *Gal.* You will?

Sir Char. You'll find it ſo.

L. *Gal.* Then know, if thou dareſt marry me, *I* will ſo plague thee, be ſo reveng'd for all thoſe tricks thou haſt play'd me——
——Doſt thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir Char. Not at all: *I'll* truſt thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gal.* Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir Char. Why then I ſhall be free o'the Reverend City.

L. *Gal.* Then I will game without ceſſation, till I've undone thee.

Sir Char. Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be ſure of a Cully; and may they rook ye till ye loſe, and fret, and chafe, and rail thoſe youthful Eyes to ſinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered Leanneſs.

L. *Gal.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I pleaſe.

Sir Char. For that, ſee who'll petition firſt, and then I'll change for new ones every Night.

Enter William.

Will. Madam, her's Mr. *Wilding* at the Door, and will not be deny'd ſeeing you.

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding!* Oh my eternal Shame! now thou haſt done thy worſt.

Sir Char. Now for a Struggle betwixt your Love and Honour!
——Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happineſs,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding*;
But I have too much Honour in my Paſſion,
To let you looſe to ruin; Conſider and be wiſe.

L. *Gal.* Oh, he has toucht my Heart too ſenſibly. [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. (*within.*) As far as good Manners goes I'm yours; But when you preſs indecently to the Ladies Chambers, civil Queſtions ought to be askt, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gal.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealouſie, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows; Oh, Guilt, what art thou? [*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. *and* Dreſſ.

Dreſſ. Prithee, dear *Wilding*, moderate thy Paſſion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will; ſhe ſhall not have the Pleaſure to ſee I am concern'd—Morrow, Widow; you are early up, you mean to thrive *I* ſee, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding*, this that paſt laſt Night at Sir *Timothy*'s for a Man of Quality? Oh, give him way, *Wilding*'s my Friend, my dear, and now I'm ſure *I* have the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a haſty Word or two.

Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*—— What you are married then?

L. *Gal. I* hope you've no Exception to my Choice
[*Scornfully.*

Wild. Falſe Woman, doſt thou glory in thy Perfidy?
[*To her aſide angrily.*

——Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him—— [*Aloud.*
Had you lov'd me, you pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some ſpruce gay Fool of Fortune and no more,
Who would have taken ſo much Care on his own ill-favour'd Perſon, he ſhou'd have had no time to have minded yours.
But left it to the Care of ſome longing Lover.

L. *Gal.* Death, he will tell him all! (*aſide.*) Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, but thou art wondrous falſe,
Falſe as the Love and Joys you feign'd laſt Night.
[*In a ſoft Tone to her.*

L. *Gal.* Oh, Sir, be tender of thoſe treacherous Minutes.
[*Softly to him.*
—If this be all you have to ſay to me——
[*Walking away, and ſpeaking loud.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me ſcurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice. [*Aloud.*
——Curſe on thee, did I only blow the Fire
To warm another Lover? [*To her ſoftly aſide.*

L. *Gal.* Perjur'd—was't not by your Advice *I* married?
—Oh where was then your Love? [*Softly to him aſide.*

Wild. So ſoon did *I* adviſe,
Didſt thou invite me to the Feaſt of Love,
To ſnatch away my Joys as ſoon as taſted;
Ah, where was then your Modeſty and Senſe of Honour?
[*Aſide to him in a low Tone.*

L. *Gal.* Ay, where indeed, when you ſo quickly vanquiſht?
[*Soft:*
——But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. [*Aloud.*

Wild.

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my laſt Effort againſt your Scorn. (*Shews her the Writings.*
And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languiſhments cou'd nought avail,
Had made ye mine for ever. (*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony *pulling in Sir* Tim. *and* Diana.

Sir Anth. 'Morrow, *Charles*, 'Morrow to your Ladiſhip; *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am reſolv'd none of my Friends ſhall paſs this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Ladies Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here ſo early?

Sir Tim. What has your Ladyſhip ſerv'd me ſo? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not taken Heart of Grace, and ſhew'd your Ladiſhip Trick for Trick; for I have been this Morning about ſome ſuch Buſineſs of Life too, Gentlemen; I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heireſs of Sir *Nicholas Getall*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Ha, married to *Diana!*
How fickle is the Faith of common Women? [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I ſee your Lordſhip has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordſhip will do my Wedding-dinner the Honour to grace it with your Preſence.

Wild. I ſhall not fail, Sir.
A Pox upon him, he'll diſcover all. [*Aſide.*

L. Gal. I muſt own, Sir *Timothy*, you have the better Choice.

Sir Tim. I cou'd not help my Deſtiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot *weeping, and* Clacket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me looſe as are my Griefs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, falſe, forſworn!

L. Gal. Fair Creature, who is't that you ſeek with ſo much Sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantreſs. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay, then I am diſcover'd.

L. Gal. Alas, what wou'dſt thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithleſs Husband.
Be Judge, ye everlaſting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir Anth. How, my Nephew claim'd! Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here?

Sir Char. By Heaven, I know her not.——Hark ye, Widow, this is ſome Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, ſhe's ſo pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

L. Gal. Vile

L. Gal. Vile Man, this will not paſs your Falſhood off.
Sure 'tis ſome Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir Char. Death, I'll have the Forgery out;
——Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it ſet thee on to lay a Claim to me?

Charl. To you! Alas, who are you? for till this moment I never ſaw your Face.

L. Gal. Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, Madam, ſtark mad! Poor Soul— Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir Char. How came you, pretty one, to loſe your Wits thus?

Charl. With loving, Sir, ſtrongly, with too much loving.
——Will you not let me ſee the lovely falſe one? [*To L.* Gal.
For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

L. Gal. Who is he? pray deſcribe him.

Charl. A thing juſt like a Man, or rather Angel!
He ſpeaks, and looks, and loves, like any God!
All fine and gay, all manly, and all ſweet:
And when he ſwears he loves, you wou'd ſwear too
That all his Oaths were true.

Sir Anth. Who is ſhe? ſome one who knows her and is wiſer, ſpeak——you, Miſtreſs. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Since I muſt ſpeak, there comes the Man of Miſchief: 'Tis you, I mean, for all your Learing, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Wild. So. *Sir Tim.* What, my Lord!

Mrs. *Clack.* I never knew your Nephew was a Lord: Has his Honour made him forget his Honeſty?

[Charl. *runs and catches him in her Arms,*

Charl. I have thee, and I'll die thus graſping thee;
Thou art my own, no Power ſhall take thee from me.

Wild. Never thou trueſt of thy Sex, and deareſt,
Thou ſoft, thou kind, thou conſtant Sufferer,
This moment end thy Fears; for *I* am thine.

Charl. May I believe thou art not married then?

Wild. How can I, when I am yours?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life?
Now, Madam, *I*'m reveng'd on all your Scorn. [*To L.* Gal.
——And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

Sir Tim. Why, what are you indeed my Nephew, *Thomas*?

Wild. I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore ſome ſuch Title, till you diſcarded me, and left me to live upon my Wits.

Sir Tim. What, and are you no Poliſh Embaſſadour then incognito?

Wild. No

Wild. No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but muſt e'en remain as you were ever, Sir, a moſt ſeditious peſtilent old Knave; one that deludes the Rabble with your Politicks, then leave 'em to be hang'd, as they deſerve, for ſilly mutinous Rebels.

Sir Tim. I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd in courſe, becauſe he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have cozen'd him of his rich Heireſs; for I am married, Sir, to Mrs. *Charlot.*

Wild. Rather *Diana*, Sir; I wiſh you Joy; See here's *Charlot!* I was not ſuch a Fool to truſt ſuch Bleſſings with the Wicked.

Sir Char. How, Mrs. *Dy* Ladyfi'd! This is an excellent way of diſpoſing an old caſt-off Miſtreſs.

Sir Tim. How, have I married a Strumpet then?

Dian. You give your Nephew's Miſtreſs, Sir, too coarſe a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir Tim. Undone, undone! I ſhall ne're make *Guildhall*-Speech more; but he ſhall hang for't, if there be e're a Witneſs to be had between this and *Salamancha* for Money.

Wild. Do your worſt, Sir; Witneſſes are out of Faſhion now, Sir, Thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir Tim. Then I'm reſolv'd to diſinherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's paſt your Skill too, thanks to my laſt Night's Ingenuity; there [*ſhews him the Writings*] ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd in the Preſence of, *&c.*

Sir Tim. Bear Witneſs, 'twas he that rob'd me laſt Night.

Sir Anth. We bear Witneſs, Sir, we know of no ſuch matter we. I thank you for that, Sir, wou'd you make Witneſſes of Gentlemen?

Sir Tim. No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir Anth. Nay, then 'tis a clear Caſe, you can neither hang him or blame him.

Wild. I'll propoſe fairly now, if you'll be generous and pardon all; I'll render your Eſtate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwill*'s and Sir *Charles* his Hands———

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without ſo much as wiſhing for your Death.

All. This is but Reaſon.

Sir Char. With this Proviſo, that he makes not uſe on't to promote any Miſchief to the King and Government.

All. Good

All. Good and Just. [*Sir* Tim. *pauses.*

Sir Tim. Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a Noise.——— Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his Hand.*

Sir Char. See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at last into good Nature; yet you'll still be cruel.

L. *Gal.* No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquisht me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye———One last look more, and then———be gone, fond Love.

[*Sighing and looking on* Wilding, *giving Sir* Charles *her Hand.*

Sir Char. Come, Sir, you must receive *Diana* too; she is a cheerful witty Girl, and handsome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home. Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with Business of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,
Let *Cæsar* be the Kingdom's Care and Love;
Let the Hot-headed Mutineers Petition,
And meddle in the Rights of just Succession;
But may all honest Hearts as one agree
To bless the King, and Royal *Albanie.* [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

SPOKEN by Mrs. *BOTELER.*

MY Part, I fear will take but with a few,
A rich young Heireſs to her firſt Lover true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and paſt enduring,
Againſt the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
Marrying's the Maſk, which Modeſty aſſures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Husband ſounds ſo dull to a Town-Bride,
Ye now-a-days condemn him e're he's try'd;
E're in his Office he's confirm'd Poſſeſſor,
Like Trincalo's *you chuſe him a Succeſſor,*
In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,
With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead ſprouts.
Like a poor Parſon bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his Firſt-fruits e're he enters.
But for ſhort Carnivals of ſtoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year;
Till brought at laſt to a ſtarving Nuns Condition,
You break into our Quarters for Proviſion:
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care;
A Fool is the Fee-ſimple of a Player,
In which we Women claim a double ſhare.
In other things the Men are Rulers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother Wit,
By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit.
Take then the Wits, and all their uſeleſs Prattles;
But as for Fools they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your firſt Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.

What

EPILOGUE.

What is't you see in Quality we want?
What can they give, which we cannot grant?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our dress as gay———All underneath as good.
Most Men have found us hitherto more true,
And, if we're not abus'd by some of you,
We're full as fair—perhaps as wholesome too.
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies;
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,
And Musquetoon at last decide the Cause.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS Country Squire, who yet had never known
The long-expected Joy of being in Town;
Whoſe careful Parents ſcarce permitted Heir
To ride from home, unleſs to neighbouring Fair:
At laſt by happy Chance is hither led
To purchaſe Clap with loſs of Maidenhead;
Turns wondrous gay, bedizen'd to Exceſs;
Till he is all Burleſque in Mode and Dreſs:
Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows wily too,
That is to ſay, makes mighty Noiſe and Show.
So a young Poet, who had never been
Dabling beyond the Height of Ballading;
Who, in his briſk Eſſays, durſt ne're excel
The lucky Flight of Rhiming Dogerel,
Sets up with this ſufficient Stock on Stage,
And has, perchance, the luck to pleaſe the Age.
He draws you in, like couzening Citizen,
Cares not how bad the Ware, if Shop be fine.
As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
(Tho' on a dull diſeas'd ill-favour'd Whore)
Than prettier Frugal, tho' on Holiday,
When every City Spark has leave to play,
---Damn her, ſhe muſt be Sound, ſhe is ſo gay,
So let the Scenes be fine, you'll ne're enquire
For Sence, but lofty Flights in nimble Wire.
----What we preſent to Day is none of theſe,
But we cou'd wiſh it were, for we wou'd pleaſe,
And that you'll ſwear we hardly meant to do:
Yet here's no Sence, Pox on't, but here's no Show;
But a plain Story, that will give a Taſte
Of what your Grandſires lov'd i'th' Age that's paſt.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Lord *Plotwell.*	
Bellmour,	Nephew to the Lord *Plotwell,* Contracted to *Celinda.*
Charles,	Brother to *Bellmour.*
Friendlove,	Brother to *Celinda,* in Love with *Diana*
Sir *Timothy Tawdry,*	A Fop-Knight, design'd to marry *Celinda.*
Sham,	Hangers on to Sir *Timothy.*
Sharp,	
Trusty,	An old Steward to *Bellmour*'s Family.
Page, Dancers, and Servants.	

WOMEN.

The Lady *Diana,*	Neece to the Lord *Plotwell.*
Celinda,	Sister to *Friendlove,* Contracted to *Bellmour.*
Phillis.	Sister to *Bellmour.*
Betty Flauntit.	Kept by Sir *Timothy.*
Driver,	A Bawd.
Jenny,	Two Whores.
Doll,	
Nurse.	

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

TH

THE TOWN-FOPP:

OR,

Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sir Tim. HEereabouts is the Houſe wherein dwells the Miſtreſs of my Heart; for ſhe has Money, Boys, mind me, Money in abundance, or ſhe were not for me——the Wench her ſelf is good natur'd, and inclin'd to be civil; but a Pox on't——She has a Brother, a conceited Fellow, whom the World miſtakes for a fine Gentleman; for he has Travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *bone meine*, and the reſt, but by Fortune, he ſhall entertain you with nothing but Words——

Sham. Nothing elſe!——

Sir Tim. No——He's no Country Squire Gentlemen, will not Game, Whore; nay, in my Conſcience, you will hardly get your ſelves Drunk in his Company——He Treats Alamode, half Wine, half Water, and the reſt——But to the Buſineſs, this Fellow loves his Siſter dearly, and will not truſt her in this lewd Town, as he calls it, without him, and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his Pains——

Sir Tim. So ſay I——But my Comfort is, I ſhall be as weary of her, as the beſt Husband of 'em all. But there's Conve-

niency in it; beſides, the Match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Country, I muſt ſubmit——The Wench I never ſaw yet, but they ſay ſhe's handſome——But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boys!

Sharp. Well Sir, we will follow you—— but as dolefully as People do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at leaſt not the ſame Subſtance; the thin airy Viſion of a brave good Fellow, we may ſee thee hereafter, but that's the moſt.

Sir Tim. Your Pardon, ſweet *Sharp*, my whole Deſign in it is to be Maſter of my ſelf, and with part of her Portion to ſet up my Miſs, *Betty Flauntit*, which, by the way, is the main end of my Marrying, the reſt you'll have your ſhares of — Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at treble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cauſe the Reckoning is to be Book'd: But ready Money, ye Rogues! What Charms it has! Makes the Waiters flie Boys, and the Maſter with Cap in Hand—excuſe what's amiſs, Gentlemen——Your Worſhip ſhall command the beſt—— and the reſt—— How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money ſubmits to the lucky Gameſter, and the gay Wench conſults with every Beauty to make her ſelf agreeable to the Man with ready Money. In fine, dear Rogues! All things are ſacrific'd to it's Pow'r; and no Mortal conceives the Joy of, Argent Content. 'Tis this Powerful God that makes me ſubmit to the Devil, Matrimony; and then thou art aſſur'd of me, my ſtout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it poſſible you can be ty'd up to a Wife? Whilſt here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Paſture?

Sir Tim. Why, do'ſt think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Encloſure? No, I had rather feed coarſly upon the boundleſs Common; perhaps two or three days I may be in Love, and remain conſtant, but that's the moſt.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, ſhould you wed a *Cinthia*, you'd be a Monſter.

Sir Tim. What, thou meaneſt a Cuckold, I warrant? God help thee! But a Monſter is only ſo from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no ſuch ſtrange thing in our Age.

Enter Bellmore *and* Friendlove.

But who comes here?

Bellmore! Ah my little dear Rogue! how doſt thou!

——*Ned Friendlove* too! Dear Lad, how doſt thou too? Why welcome to Town i'faith, and I'm glad to ſee you both.

Friend. Sir *Tim. Tawdrey!*——

Sir Tim. The ſame, by Fortune, dear *Ned:* And how, and how Man, how go Matters?

Friend.

Friend. Between who, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why any Body, Man: But by Fortune, I'm over-joy'd to meet thee: But where do'ſt think I was going?

Friend. Is't poſſible one ſhou'd divine?

Sir Tim. Is't poſſible you ſhou'd not, and meet me ſo near your Siſter's Lodgings? Faith I was coming to pay my Reſpects and Services, and the reſt——Thou know'ſt my meaning——The old buſineſs of the Silver World, *Ned*, by Fortune it's a mad Age we live in, *Ned*, and here be ſo many ——— wicked Rogues, about this damn'd lewd Town, that, 'faith, I am fain to ſpeak in the vulgar modiſh Stile, in my own Defence, and rally Matrimony, and the reſt.

Friend. Matrimony!————I hope you are ſo exactly refin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of ſo dull a thing; let that alone for ſuch cold Complexions as *Bellmour* here, and I, that have not attain'd to that moſt excellent faculty of keeping yet, as you, Sir *Timothy*, have done much to your Glory, I aſſure you.

Sir Tim. Who I, Sir? You do me much Honour: I muſt confeſs I do not find the ſofter Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Money you mean Sir.

Sir Tim. Why 'faith *Ned*, thou art i'th' right; I love to buy my pleaſue; for, by Fortune, there's as much pleaſure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'ſt thou *Ned?*

Friend. I am not of your mind, I love to love upon the ſquare; and that I may be ſure not to be cheated with falſe Ware, I preſent 'em nothing but my Heart.

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the Conſolation, of ſeeing your frugal Huſwifry Miſs ſit in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If ſhe be clean, and pretty, and dreſt in Love, I can excuſe the reſt, and ſo will ſhe.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune *Ned*, thou muſt come to *London*, and be a little manag'd: 'slife Man, ſhould'ſt thou talk ſo aloud in good Company, thou would'ſt be counted a ſtrange Fellow. Pretty —— and dreſt with Love——— a fine Figure, by Fortune: No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot gives a Luſtre to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman look like Quality; Ay, ſo like, by Fortune, that you ſhall not know one from t'other, till ſome ſcandalous, out-of-favour'd laid-aſide Fellow of the Town, cry —— Damn her, for a Bitch ——— how ſcornfully the Whore regards me———She has forgot ſince, *Jack* —— ſuch a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks, well manag'd, wou'd not amount to above ſeven

Shillings ſix Pence a week? Beſides now and then a Treat of a Breaſt of Mutton, from the next Cooks———Then the other laughs, and crys———I———Rot her———And tells his Story too, and concludes with, who manages the Gilt now? Why Faith ſome diſmal Coxcomb or other, you may be ſure, replies the firſt; But *Ned*, theſe are Rogues, and Raſcals, that value no Man's Reputation, becauſe they deſpiſe their own: But Faith, I have laid aſide all theſe Vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I deſire my Reformation may be a Secret, becauſe, as you know, for a Man of my Addreſs, and the reſt———'Tis not altogether ſo Jantee.

Friend. Sir, I aſſure you, it ſhall be ſo great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's choſen for this great Work of your Converſion.

Sir Tim. Ask me———No, you need not, becauſe you know already.

Friend. Who I? I proteſt Sir *Timothy*———

Sir Tim. No, Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis ſuch a Secret, but I will truſt my Intimates; theſe are my Friends, *Ned*; pray know them———This Mr. *Sham*, and this———by fortune, a very honeſt Fellow [*Bows to 'em.*] Mr. *Sharp*, and may be truſted with a Bus'neſs that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me? What do you mean, Sir *Timothy!*

Sir Tim. Why Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Siſter *Celinda?*

Friend. Not at all.

Bell. O this inſufferable Sott! [*Aſide.*

Friend. My Siſter, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjuſted the matter, and they are the meſt proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which ſaves us the trouble of a tedious Courtſhip.

Freind. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why Lord Sir, will you perſwade me to that? Don't you know that your Father (according to the Method in ſuch Caſes, being certain of my Eſtate) came to me thus——Sir *Timothy Tawdry!*———You are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worſhipful Neighbour, our Eſtates lie together, therefore Sir, I have a deſire to have a near Relation with you———At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd——— Oh Lord Sir! I vow to Fortune, you do me the greateſt Honour, Sir, and the reſt———

Bell. I

Bell. I can endure no more; he marry fair *Celinda!*

Friend. Prethee let him alone. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. To which he answered——I have a good Fortune——Have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom *I* will make a Fortune, suitable to yours; your honourable Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the Match already. To which I (who, tho' I say it, am well enough bred for a Knight) answered her the Civility thus——I vow to Fortune *Sir*——I did not swear, but cry'd——*I* protest, Sir, *Cleinda* deserves——no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits——I, *Celinda*——merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You speak more Truth than you are aware of. [*Aside.*

Well, Sir, I'll bring you to my Sister, and if she likes you, as well as my Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much tenderness for her, as to leave her Choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh, Sir, you Compliment. *Alons, Entrons* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Celinda, *and* Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stays so long; sure Mr. *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us Word he would be here to day. Lord how impatient I grow!

Nur. Ay, so methinks if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman as Mr. *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too—— But I am past it——Well, I have had my pantings, and heavings, my impatience, and qualms, my Heats, and my Colds, and my *I* know not whats——But *I* thank my Stars, *I* have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries!——

Is there any thing in this Life but Love?
Wou'd'st thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For *I* confess *I* Love.

Nur. You need not, your sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) disorders, plainly enough betray the Truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin?
But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked.
For e're *I* saw Mr. *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him,
As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to Love;

And e're *I* ſaw him, *I* was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God forbid; What for Loving? You ſaid but now there was no Life without it.

Cel. But ſince my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our Houſe,
How very little thou hadſt ſaid of him;
How much above thy praiſe, *I* found the Youth?

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love——— And you are reſolv'd (if he pleaſe) to marry him?

Cel. Or *I* muſt dye,

Nur. I, but you know the Lord *Plotwell* has the Poſſeſſion of all his Eſtate, and if he marry without his liking, has Power to take away all his Fortune, and then I think it were not ſo good marrying him.

Cel. Not marrying him? Oh, canſt thou think ſo poorly of Me? Yes, I wou'd marry him, tho' our ſcanty Fortune
Cou'd only purchaſe us
A lonely Cottage, in ſome ſilent Place,
All cover'd o're with Thatch,
Defended from the Outrages of Storms
By leafleſs Trees, in Winter; and from Heat,
With Shades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew,
Under whoſe Covert we'd feed our gentle Flock,
That ſhou'd in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Cloathing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practiſe ſuch degrees of Love,
Such laſting, innocent, unheard of Joys,
As all the buſie World ſhould wonder at,
And, amidſt all their Glories, find none ſuch.

Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle?——But hear ye, fair Mrs. *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpoſe you came to Town, not to marry Mr. *Bellmour*, as I take it——but Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, that Spark of Men.

Cel. Oh name him not——Let me not in one Moment
Deſcend from Heaven to Hell——
How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith, Miſtreſs, *I* took pity of thee, *I* ſaw you ſo elevated with Thoughts of Mr. *Bellmour*, *I* found it neceſſary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like to *Bellmour*?
So ſtrangely ſweet and charming!

Nur. Marry come up, you ſpeak for your ſelf;
Oh intollerable loving Creature!

But here comes the utmoſt of your Wiſhes.

Cel. My Brother, and *Bellmour!* with ſtrange Men!

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, *Sir* Timothy, Sham, *and* Sharp.

Friend. Siſter, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy Perſon you have heard of, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey.*

Sir Tim. Yes, faith Madam, I am Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, at your Service———Pray are not you Mrs. *Celinda Dreſſwell?*

Cel. The ſame, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment. Faith, *Ned*, thy Siſter's quite ſpoil'd, for want of Town Education, 'tis pity, for ſhe's devilliſh pretty,

Freind. She's modeſt, Sir, before Company; therefore theſe Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.

Cel. Inhumane Brother! Will you leave me alone with this Sott?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty; two things he hates.

Bell. 'Sdeath! Muſt ſhe be blown upon by that Fool?

Friend. Patience, dear *Frank*, a little while.

[*Exeunt* Friend. Bell. Sham *and* Sharp.

[*Sir* Timothy *walks about the Room, expecting when* Celinda *ſhould ſpeak.*

Cel. Oh dear Nurſe, what ſhall I do?

Nurſ. I that ever help you at a dead Lift, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not a Word?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin,

Sir Tim. Not yet———ſure ſhe has ſpoke her laſt———

Nur. The Gentleman's good natur'd, and has took Pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim.———Hey day, here's Wooing indeed——Will ſhe never begin trow——This ſome would call an excellent Quality in her Sex——But a pox on't I do not like it——Well, I ſee I muſt break Silence at laſt———Madam———not anſwer me———ſhaw, this is meer ill breeding——by Fortune———it can be nothing elſe——Oh my Conſcience, if I ſhould kiſs her, ſhe would bid me ſtand off———I'll try———

Nur. Hold, Sir, you miſtake your Mark.

Sir Tim. So I ſhould, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps good Matron———Can your Lady ſpeak?

Nur. Try, Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why ſpeak to her firſt.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue for that; but all that I have met with, were ſtill before-hand with me, in tittle tattle

Nur.

Nur. Likely thoſe you have met with may, but this is no ſuch Creature, Sir.

Sir Tim. I muſt confeſs, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue; And I am an Aſs, if I know what to ſay to ſuch a Creature. ——But come, will you anſwer me to one Queſtion?

Cel. If I can, Sir.

Sir Tim. But firſt I ſhould ask you if you can ſpeak? For that's a Queſtion too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be anſwer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith, that's right, why then you muſt do't by ſigns.

Cel. But grant I can ſpeak, what is't you'll ask me?

Sir Tim. Can you Love?

Cel. Oh yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Cloathes, new Plays, and, like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred Perſon, by Fortune: I ſee there's hopes of thee, *Celinda*; thou wilt in time learn to make a very faſhionable Wife, having ſo much Beauty too. I ſee Attracts, Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languiſhing turn of the Head, and all that invites to Temptation.

Cel. Would that pleaſe you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Pleaſe me! Why, Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sott?——a Fool?——or a dull Italian of the Humour of your Brother?——No, no, I can aſſure you, ſhe that marries me, ſhall have Franchiſe——But my pretty Miſs, you muſt learn to talk a little more——

Cel. I have not Wit, and Senſe enough, for that.

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when ſhe talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Senſe: talk but loud, and a great deal to ſhew your white Teeth, and ſmile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough——Lord, what a Sight 'tis to ſee a pretty Woman ſtand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for wont of ſomething to keep her in Countenance. No, ſhe that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another Rate.

Nur. How, Sir? Why, what do you take my young Miſtreſs to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman——and a fine one, and ſo fine as ſhe ought to permit her ſelf to be ſeen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expoſe your Wife; by my troth, and I were ſhe, *I* know what I wou'd do——

Sir Tim. Thou do——what thou wouldſt have done ſixty Years ago, thou meaneſt.

Nur. Marry

Nur. Marry come up, for a ſtinking Knight, worſe than I have gone down with you, e're now———Sixty Years ago, quoth ye———As old as I am———I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiſs his Wife, to perſwade her Husband to be merciful to thee———who wakes thee every Morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber-door.

Sir Tim. Prithee good Matron, Peace. I'll compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, deſpair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow'ſt them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture——— for all, in fine, that makes thee a complete Fopp.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would 'truſt thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borroweſt, and ſwear thy ſelf at Age; and laſtly——to patch up your broken Fortune, you wou'd fain Marry my ſweet Miſtreſs *Celinda* here——— But, 'Faith, Sir, you're miſtaken, her Fortune ſhall not go to the Maintenance of your Miſſes, which being once ſure of, ſhe, poor Soul, is ſent down to the Country-houſe, to learn Houſewifery, and live without Mankind, unleſs ſhe can ſerve her ſelf with the handſom Steward, or ſo———whilſt you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every Day ſeen in the Glaſs Coach, whilſt your own natural Lady is hardly worth the Hire of a Hack.

Sir Tim. Why thou damnable confounded Torment, wilt thou never ceaſe?

Nur. No, not till you raiſe your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and Debauch———go——You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurſe, have Mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more Miſtreſs, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had ſo abandon'd you, to put you into his Power——— Mercy———quoth ye———no, no more than his Miſtreſs will have, when all his Money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will ſhe never end?

Cel. Prethee forbear.

Nur. No more than the Uſurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd the beſt part of his Eſtate, would forbear a Day after the promis'd Payment of the Money. Forbear———

Sir Tim. Not yet end: Can *I*, Madam, give you a greater Proof of my Paſſion for you, than to endure this for your Sake?

Nur.

Nur. This——thou art ſo ſorry a Creature, thou wilt endure any thing for the lucre of her Fortune; 'tis that thou haſt a Paſſion for: not that thou careſt for Money, but to ſacrifice to thy Lewdneſs, to purchaſe a Miſtreſs, to purchaſe the Reputation of as errant a Fool as ever arriv'd at the Honour of keeping, to purchaſe a little Grandeur as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and conſider what a Fool thou art, who elſe might paſs unregarded amongſt the common Crowd.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue, and ſo 'tis in moſt Women's of her Age; for when it has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur. Do not perſwade me, Madam, I am reſoly'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So God be prais'd the Storm is laid—— ——And now Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this Affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality——

Sir Tim. Yes; I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?

Sir Tim. You are beholden to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis ſo many Ages ſince thou couldſt ſee to read, I wonder thou haſt not forgot all that ever belongs to Books.

Nur. My Eye-ſight is good enough to ſee thee in all thy Colours, thou Knight of the burning Peſtle thou.

Sir Tim. Agen, that was out of a Play——Heark ye, Witch of *Endor*, hold your prating Tongue, or I ſhall moſt well-favour'dly cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hoſteſs has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laught at even by the Player-Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done? By Fortune, I'll endure no more——

Nur. Murder, Murder.

Cel. Hold, hold.

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham *and* Sharp.

Friend. Read here the worſt of News, that can arrive,

[*Gives* Bellm. *a Letter.*

——What's the matter here?——Why how now Sir *Timothy*; what, up in Arms with the VVomen?

Sir Tim. Oh *Ned*, I'm glad thou'rt come——never was *Tom Dove* baited as *I* have been.

Friend. By whom? my Siſter.

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Maſtiff there——the young VVhelp came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bell. How,

Bell. How, her Father here to morrow, and here he ſays, that ſhall be the laſt Moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda* to this Sott———Oh God, *I* ſhall grow mad, and ſo undo 'em all———I'll kill the Villain at the Altar———By my loſt hopes I will——— And yet there is ſome left——— Could I but———ſpeak to her———I muſt relie on *Dreſſwell*'s Friendſhip———Oh God, to morrow———Can I endure that thought———Can *I* endure to ſee the Traytor there, who muſt to morrow rob me of my Heaven———*I'll* own my Flame———and boldly tell this Fopp, ſhe muſt be mine——

Freind. I aſſure you, Sir *Timothy*, *I* am ſorry, and will chaſtiſe her.

Sir Tim. Ay Sir, *I* that am a Knight——a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and deſign'd to be the glory of marrying *Celinda.*

Bell. I can endure no more——How Sir——You marry fair *Celinda!*

Sir Tim. Ay, *Frank*, Ay——is ſhe not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah.

Bell. Yes.

Sir Tim. Oh, *I* had forgot thou art a modeſt Rogue, and to thy eternal *S*hame, hadſt never the Reputation of a Miſtreſs——Lord, Lord, that *I* could ſee thee addreſs thy ſelf to a Lady——*I* fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure in that Poſture, by Fortune.

Bell. Why, *Sir*——*I* can Court a Lady—

Sir Tim. No, no, thou'rt modeſt; that is to ſay, a Countrey Gentleman; that is to ſay ill-bred; that is to ſay a Fool by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bell. Neither, Sir———I can love——— and tell it too———and that you may believe me———look on this Lady, *Sir.*

Sir Tim. Look on this Lady, Sir—Ha, ha, ha—Well, Sir—Well, Sir——And what then——

Bell. Nay, view her well, *Sir*——

Sir Tim. Pleaſant this——— Well *Frank*, I do——And what then?

Bell. Is ſhe not charming Fair——Fair to a wonder!

Sir Tim. Well Sir, 'tis granted———

Bell. And canſt thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee, dull common Man?

Sir Tim. Very well, what will he ſay next?

Bell. I ſay, let me no more ſee thee approach this Lady.

Sir Tim. How Sir, how?

Bell. Not ſpeak to her, not look on her——— by Heaven———not think of her.

Sir Tim. How

Sir Tim. How *Frank*, art in earneſt?

Bell. Try, if thou dar'ſt?

Sir Tim. Not think of her———

Bell. No, not ſo much as in a Dream, could I divine it.

Sir Tim. Is he in earneſt, Mr. *Friendlove*?

Friend. I doubt ſo, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. What, does he then pretend to your Siſter?

Bell. Yes, and no Man elſe ſhall dare do ſo.

Sir Tim. Take notice I am affronted in your Lodgings——for you *Bellmour*——You take me for an Aſs———therefore meet me to morrow Morning about 5, with your Sword in your Hand, behind *Southampton* Houſe. [*Exit.*

Bell. 'Tis well———there we'll diſpute our Title to *Celinda*.

Dull Animal! Ye Gods cou'd ne're Decree
So bright a Maid ſhou'd be poſſeſt by thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Palace.*

Enter Nurſe *with a Light.*

Nur. WELl, 'tis an endleſs trouble, to have the Tuition of a Maid in Love, here is ſuch Wiſhing and Longing——And yet one muſt force them to what they moſt deſire before they will admit of it——Here am I ſent out a Scout of the Forlorn Hope, to diſcover the Approach of the Enemy———Well——Mr. *Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the Conſent of *Celinda*, that you come——I muſt bear all the blame, what Miſchief ſoever comes of theſe Night-Works.

Enter Bellmour.

Oh are you come——Your Hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almoſt Two.

Bell. I could not get from *Friendlove*——Thou haſt not told *Celinda* of my coming.

Nur. No, no, e'en make Peace for me, and your ſelf too.

Bell. I warrant thee Nurſe——Oh how *I* hope and fear this Night's Succeſs! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *A Chamber.*

Celinda *in her Night Attire, leaning on a Table.*

Enter to her Bellmour *and* Nurſe.

Cel. Oh Heavens! Mr. *Bellmour* at this late Hour in my Chamber!

Bell. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me;
And ſure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do Sir, and you may approach yet nearer
And let me know your Buſineſs.

Bell. Love is my bus'neſs, that of all the World
Only my Flame as much ſurmounts the reſt
As is the Objects of Beauty *I* adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love,
To morrow might have done as well.

Bell. Oh no, to morrow would have been too late,
Too late to make returns to all my Pain.
——What diſagreeing thing offends your Eyes?
I've no Deformity about my Perſon;
I'm Young, and have a Fortune great as any
That do pretend to ſerve you;
And yet I find my Intereſt in your Heart,
Below thoſe happy ones that are my Rivals.
Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,
And the poor Intereſt that a Parent gives him,
Can merit more than I.
—What elſe, my lovely Maid, can give a freedom
To that ſame talking, idle Knighted Fop.

Cel. Oh, if I am ſo wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live;
For, Sir, I muſt confeſs I cannot love him.

Bell. But thou may'ſt do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a Sin, I cannot over-live.
——No, hear my Vows——

Cel. But are you, Sir, in earneſt?

Bell. In earneſt? Yes, by all that's good I am;
I love you more than *I* do Life, or Heav'n!

Cel. Oh what a pleaſure 'tis to hear him ſay ſo! [*Aſide.*
——But pray, how long Sir, have you lov'd me ſo?

Bell. From the firſt moment that I ſaw your Eyes,
Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore 'em,
And ever ſince have languiſht Day and Night.

Nur. Come, come, ne'er ſtand asking of Queſtions,

But

But follow your Inclinations, and take him at his Word.

Bell. *Celinda*, take her Counſel,
Perhaps this is the laſt opportunity;
Nay, and by Heaven the laſt of all my Life,
If you refuſe me now———
Say, will you never marry Man but me?

Cel. Pray give me till to Morrow, Sir, to anſwer you;
For I have yet ſome fears about my Soul.
That take away my Reſt.

Bell. To morrow! You muſt then marry——oh fatal word!
Another! a Beaſt, a Fool, that knows not how to value you.

Cel. Is't poſſible my Fate ſhou'd be ſo near?

Nur. Nay then diſpoſe of your ſelf, I ſay, and leave diſſembling; 'tis high time.

Bell. This Night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to morrow too.
Oh anſwer me, or I ſhall die with Fear.

Cel. I muſt confeſs it, Sir, without a bluſh,
(For 'tis no Sin to love) that I cou'd wiſh——
Heaven and my Father, were inclin'd my way.
But I am all Obedience to their Wills.

Bell. That Sigh was kind,
But e're to morrow this time,
You'll want this pitying Senſe, and feel no pantings,
But thoſe which Joys and Pleaſures do create.

Cel. Alas Sir! what is't you'd have me do?

Bell. Why—*I* wou'd have you Love, and after that
You need not be inſtructed what to do.
Give me your Faith, give me your Solemn Vow
To be my Wife, and I ſhall be at Peace.

Cel. Have you conſider'd, Sir, your own Condition,
'Tis in your Uncle's Power to take your Fortune,
If in your Choice you diſobey his Will.
—And Sir, you know that mine is much below you.

Bell. Oh, I ſhall calm his Rage,
By urging ſo much Reaſon as thy Beauty,
And my own Flame, on which my Life depends.
——He now has kindly ſent for me to *London*,
I fear his Bus'neſs——
Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it ſecret, till our kinder Stars
Have made proviſion for the bleſt Diſcovery.
Come, give me your Vows, or we muſt part for ever.

Cel. Part! oh 'tis a fatal word!
I will do any thing to ſave that Life,
To which my own ſo nearly is ally'd.

Enter

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So forward Sister!

Bell. Ha! *Friendlove!*

Friend. Was it so kindly done to gain my Sister
Without my Knowledge?

Bell. Ah Friend! 'Twas from her self alone
That I wou'd take the Blessing which I ask.

Friend. And I'll assist her, Sir, to give it you.
Here, take him as an Honour, and be thankful.

Bell. I as a Blessing sent from Heaven receive her,
And e're I sleep will justifie my Claim,
And make her mine.

Friend. Be not so hasty, Friend:
Endeavour first to reconcile your Uncle to't.

Bell. By such Delays we're lost: Hast thou forgot?
To morrow she's design'd another's Bride!

Friend. For that let me alone t' evade.

Bell. If you must yet delay me,
Give me leave not to interest such Wealth without Security.
And I *Celinda* will instruct you how to satisfie my Fears.

[*Kneels, and takes her by the Hand.*

Bear witness to my Vows——
May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,
Fall down in Thunder on my Head,
If e're I marry any but *Celinda*,
Or if I do not marry thee, fair Maid.

Nur. Heartily sworn as I vow.

Cel. And here I wish as solemnly the same.
——May all arrive to me,
If e're I marry any Man but *Bellmour!*

Nur. We are Witnesses as good as a thousand.

Friend. But now, my Friend, I'd have you take your leave, the day comes on apace, and you've not seen your Uncle since your Arrival.

Bell. 'Tis Death to part with thee, my fair *Celinda*;
But our hard Fates impose this Separation;
——Farewell——Remember thou'rt all mine.

Cel. What have I else of Joy to think upon——
————Go——go—— depart.

Bell. I will————but 'tis as Misers part with Gold,
Or People full of Health depart from Life.

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him.

[*Exit* Cel. *and* Nurse.

Bell. Whilst I prepare to meet this Fop to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne're meet thee; to beat a Watch,

or kick a Drawer, or batter Windows, is the higheſt pitch of Valour he e're arriv'd to.

Bell. However I'll expect him, leſt he be Fool-hardy enough to keep his Word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee?

Bell. No, no, there's no need of that——Good morrow, my beſt Friend.

Friend. But e're you go, my deareſt Friend and Brother,
Now you are ſure of all the Joys you wiſh
From Heav'n, do not forgetful grow of that great Truſt
I gave you of all mine; but, like a Friend,
Aſſiſt me in my great Concern of Love
With fair *Diana*, your lovely Cozen;
You know how long I have ador'd that Maid,
But ſtill her haughty Pride repell'd my Flame,
And all its fierce Efforts.

Bell. She has a Spirit equal to her Beauty,
As mighty and tyrannick, yet ſhe has Goodneſs,
And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,
When once her Pride's o'recome; I have the Honour
To be the Confident of all her Thoughts:
And to augment thy Hopes, 'tis not long ſince
She did with Sighs confeſs to me ſhe Lov'd
A Man, ſhe ſaid, ſcarce equal to her Fortune;
But all my Intereſt could not learn the Object;
But it muſt needs be you, by what ſhe ſaid.
This I'll improve, and ſo to your Advantage—

Friend. I neither doubt thy Induſtry, nor Love;
Go, and be careful of my Intereſt there,
Whilſt I preſerve thine as intirely here. [*Exit ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sharp. Good morrow, Sir *Timothy*; what not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at Five? the time's paſt.

Sir Tim. ———Ay Pox on't—— *I* han't ſlept to Night for thinking on't.

Sham. Well, *Sir Timothy*, I have moſt excellent News for you, that will do as well; I have found out——

Sir Tim. A new Wench, I warrant———But prithee, *Sham*, I have other matters in hand; 'Sheart, *I* am ſo mortify'd with this ſame thought of Fighting, that *I* ſhall hardly think of Womankind again.

Sharp. And you were ſo forward, *Sir Timothy*——

Sir Tim. Ay *Sharp*, *I* am always ſo when *I* am angry; had *I* been but a little more provok'd then, that we might have gone to't

to't when the heat was brisk, *I* had done well——but a Pox on't, this fighting in cool Blood *I* hate.

Sham. 'Shaw, Sir, 'tis nothing, a Man wou'd do't for Exerciſe in a Morning.

Sir Tim. Ay, if there were no more in't than Exerciſe; if a Man cou'd take a Breathing without breathing a Vein——but *Sham*, this Wounds, and Blood, ſounds terribly in my Ears; but ſince thou ſay'ſt 'tis nothing, prethee do thou meet *Bellmour* in my ſtead; thou art a poor Dog, and 'tis no matter if the World were well rid of thee.

Sham. I wou'd do't with all my Soul——but your Honour, Sir——

Sir Tim——My Honour! 'tis but Cuſtom that makes it Honourable to fight Duels——I warrant you the wiſe *Italian* thinks himſelf a Man of Honour; and yet when did you hear of an *Italian*, that ever fought a Duel? *Is't* not enough, that I am affronted, have my Miſtreſs taken away before my Face, hear my ſelf call'd, dull, common Man, dull Animal, and the reſt——But I muſt after all give him leave to kill me too, if he can——And this is your damn'd Honourable Engliſh way of ſhewing a Man's Courage.

Sham. I muſt confeſs I am of your mind, and therefore have been ſtudying a Revenge, ſuitable to the Affront: and if I can judge any thing *I* have hit it.

Sir Tim. Haſt thou? dear *Sham*, out with it.

Sham. Why Sir——what think you of debauching his Siſter?

Sir Tim. Why, is there ſuch a thing in Nature?

Sham. You know he has a Siſter, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes, Rich, and Fair.

Sham. Both, or ſhe were not worthy of your Revenge.

Sir Tim. Oh, how *I* love Revenge, that has a double Pleaſure in it——and where——and where——is this fine piece of Temptation?

Sham. In being, Sir——but *Sharp* here, and *I*, have been at ſome coſt in finding her out.

Sir Tim. Ye ſhall be overpaid——there's Gold my little *Maquere*——but ſhe's very handſome?

Sharp. As a Goddeſs, Sir.

Sir Tim. And art thou ſure ſhe will be Lewd?

Sharp. Are we ſure ſhe's a Woman, Sir?——Sure ſhe's in her Teens? has Pride and Vanity——and two or three Sins more, that I cou'd name, all which never fails to aſſiſt a Woman in Debauchery——But Sir, there are certain People that belong to her, that muſt be conſider'd too.

Sir Tim. Stay Sir, e're I part with more Money, *I*'ll be certain what returns 'twill make me—that is—I'll ſee the Wench, not to inform my ſelf, how well I like her, for that *I* ſhall do, becauſe ſhe is new, and *Bellmour*'s Siſter——but to find what poſſibility there is in gaining her——*I* am us'd to theſe things, and can gueſs from a Look, or a Kiſs, or a Touch of the Hand——but then *I* warrant, 'twill come to the Knowledge of *Betty Flaunti*t.

Sham. What, Sir——then it ſeems you doubt us?

Sir Tim. How do you mean, your Honeſty or Judgment? *I* can aſſure you, *I* doubt both.

Sharp. How, Sir? doubt our Honeſty.

Sir Tim. Yes——why *I* hope neither of you pretend to either, do you?

Sham. Why, Sir, what do you take us for Cheats?

Sir Tim. As errant, as any's in Chriſtendom.

Sharp. How, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why how now——what flie in my Face? Are your Stomachs ſo queaſie, that Cheat won't down with you?

Sham. Why, Sir——we are Gentlemen——and tho' our ill Fortune have thrown us on your Bounty——we are not to be term'd——

Sir Tim. Why, you pair of Hectors——whence this Impudence?——De'e you know me, ye Raggamuffins?

Sham. Yes, but we knew not that you were a Coward before. You talkt big, and huft where e're you came, like an errant Bully, and ſo long we Reverenc'd you——but now we find, you have need of our Courage——we'll ſtand on our Reputations.

Sir Tim. Courage and Reputation!——ha, ha, ha——why, ye lowſie Tatterdemallions——dare ye talk of Courage and Reputation?

Sharp. Why, Sir, who dares queſtion either?

Sir Tim. He that dares try it. [*Kicks 'em.*

Sharp. Hold, Sir, hold.

Sham. Enough, enough, we are ſatisfy'd.

Sir Tim. So am not I, ye mangy Mungrels, till I have kickt Courage and Reputation out of ye.

Sham. Hold there Sir, 'tis enough we are ſatisfy'd, that you have Courage.

Sir Tim. Oh, are you ſo? then it ſeems I was not to be believ'd——I told you *I* had Courage when I was angry.

Sham. Ay Sir, we have prov'd it, and will now ſwear it.——But we had an Inclination to try, Sir,

S

Sir Tim. And all you did, was but to try my Courage—— hah!

Sharp. On our Honours, nothing elſe, Sir *Timothy.*

Sir Tim. Tho' I know ye to be curſed cowardly lying Rogues, Yet becauſe I have uſe of ye, I muſt furgive ye.

——Here, kiſs my Hand, and be forgiven.

Sham. 'Tis an Honour we are proud of, Sir.

Sir Tim. Oh is it ſo, Raſcallians! then I hope *I* am to ſee the Lady without Indentures.

Sharp. Oh Lord, Sir! any thing we can ſerve you in.

Sham. And I have brib'd her Maid to bring her this Morning into the *Mall.*

Sir Tim. Well, let's about it then; for I am for no fighting to Day—— De'e hear Boy—— Let the Coach be got ready whilſt I get my ſelf dreſt.

Boy. The Coach, Sir! Why you know Mr. *Shatter* has pawn'd the Horſes.

Sir Tim. I had forgot it——A pox on't, this 'tis to have a Partner in a Coach; by Fortune, *I* muſt marry, and ſet up a whole one. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charles Bellmour *and* Truſty.

Truſty. Mr. *Charles*, your Brother, my young Maſter *Bellmour*, is come.

Char. I'm glad on't; my Uncle began to be impatient that he came not, you ſaying you left him but a days Journey behind you yeſterday. My Uncle has ſomething of importance to ſay to him, *I* fancy it may be about a Marriage between him and my Lady *Diana*——ſuch a Whiſper I heard——

Truſty. I marry Sir, that were a Match indeed, ſhe being your Uncles only Heir.

Char. Ay, but they are Siſters Children, and too near a kin to be happy.

Truſty. 'Twere pity my young Maſter ſhou'd be unhappy in a Wife; for he is the ſweeteſt natur'd Gentleman—— But one Comfort is, Mr. *Charles*, you, and your Siſter Mrs. *Phillis*, will have your Portions aſſign'd you if he Marry.

Char. Yes, that he can't deny us the very Day after his Marriage.

Truſty. *I* ſhall be glad to ſee you all diſpos'd of well; but *I* was half afraid, your Brother would have married Mrs. *Celinda Friendlove*, to whom he made notable Love in *Yorkſhire I* thought; not but ſhe's a fine Lady; but her Fortune is below

that of my young Masters, as much as my Lady *Diana*'s is above his——But see they come—let us retire to give 'em leave to talk alone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Plotwell *and* Bellmour.

Lord. And well *Frank*, how dost thou find thy self inclin'd, thou shou'dst begin to think of something more than Books? Do'st thou not wish to know the Joys that are to be found in a Woman, *Frank*? *I* well remember at thy Age *I* fancy'd a thousand fine things of that kind.

Bell. Ay, my Lord, a thousand more perhaps than are to be found.

Lord. Not so; but *I* confess, *Frank*, unless the Lady be fair, and there be some Love too, 'tis not altogether so well; therefore I, who am still busie for thy good, have fixt upon a Lady——

Bell. Ha!——

Lord. What dost start? Nay, *I*'ll warrant thee she'll please; A Lady rich, and fair, and nobly born, and thou shalt marry her, *Frank*.

Bell. Marry her, my Lord——

Lord. Why yes, marry her——I hope you are none of the fashionable Fopps, that are always in Mutiny against Marriage, who never think themselves very witty, but when they rail against Heaven and a Wife——But *Frank*, I have found better Principles in thee, and thou hast the Reputation of a sober young Gentleman; thou art, besides, a Man of great Fortune, *Frank*.

Bell. And therefore, Sir, ought the less to be a Slave.

Lord. But, *Frank*, we are made for one another; and ought, by the Laws of God, to communicate our Blessings.

Bell. Sir, there are Men enough, fitter much than I, to obey those Laws; nor do I think them made for every one.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you do not know what a Wife I have provided for you.

Bell. 'Tis enough I know she's a Woman, Sir.

Lord. A Woman! why, what should she be else?

Bell. An Angel, Sir, e're she can be my Wife.

Lord. In good time, but this is a Mortal, Sir—— and must serve your turn—— but, *Frank*, she is the finest Mortal——.

Bell. I humbly beg your Pardon, if I tell you,
That had she Beauty such as Heav'n ne're made,
Nor meant again t'inrich a Woman with,
It cou'd not take my Heart.

Lord. But, Sir, perhaps you do not guess the Lady.

Bell. Or cou'd I, Sir, it cou'd not change my Nature.

Lord. But, Sir, suppose it be my Neece *Diana*.

Bell. How

Bell. How, Sir! the fair *Diana!*

Lord. I thought thou'dſt come about again;
What think you now of Woman-kind, and Wedlock?

Bell. As I did before, my Lord.

Lord. What, thou canſt not think I am in earneſt; I confeſs, *Frank*, ſhe is above thee in point of Fortune, ſhe being my only Heir——but ſuppoſe 'tis ſhe.

Bell. Oh I'm undone!——Sir, I dare not ſuppoſe ſo greatly in Favour of my ſelf.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you muſt needs ſuppoſe—

Bell. Oh, I am ruin'd, loſt, for ever loſt.

Lord. What do you mean, Sir?

Bell. I mean, I cannot marry fair *Diana!*

Lord. Death! how's this?——

Bell. She is a thing above my humble wiſhes—

Lord. Is that all? Take you no Care for that; for ſhe loves you already, and I have reſolv'd it, which is better yet.

Bell. Love me, Sir? I know ſhe cannot,
And Heav'n forbid that *I* ſhou'd injure her.

Lord. Sir, this is a Put-off: reſolve, quickly, or I'll compel you.

Bell. You wou'd not uſe Extremity;
What is the Forfeit of my Diſobedience?

Lord. The loſs of all your Fortune,
If you refuſe the Wife I have provided——
Eſpecially a handſom Lady, as ſhe is, *Frank.*

Bell. Oh me, unhappy!
What curſed Laws provided this Severity?

Lord. Even thoſe of your Father's Diſpoſal, who ſeeing ſo many Examples in this lewd Age, of the ruine of whole Families, by imprudent Marriages, provided otherwiſe for you.

Bell. But Sir, admit *Diana* be inclin'd,
And I (by my unhappy Stars ſo curſt)
Should be unable to accept the Honour.

Lord. How, Sir? admit!—— I can no more admit,
Than you can ſuppoſe——therefore give me your final Anſwer.

Bell. Sir, can you think a Bleſſing e're can fall
Upon that Pair, whom Intereſt joins, not Love.

Lord. Why, what's in *Diana*, that you ſhou'd not love her?

Bell. I muſt confeſs ſhe has a thouſand Virtues,
The leaſt of which wou'd bleſs another Man;
But, Sir, I hope, if I am ſo unhappy
As not to love that Lady, you will pardon me.

Lord. Indeed, Sir, but *I* will not; love me this Lady, and marry me this Lady, or I will teach you what it is to refuſe ſuch a Lady.

Bell. Sir, 'tis not in my Power to obey you.

Lord. How! not in your Pow'r?

Bell. No, Sir, *I* ſee my fatal Ruine in your Eyes,
And know too well your Force, and my own Miſery.
—But Sir—when *I* ſhall tell you who I've married———

Lord. Who you've married!——— By all that's Sacred if that be true, thou art undone for ever.

Bell. Oh hear me, Sir!
I came with Hopes to have found you merciful.

Lord. Expect none from me; no, thou ſhalt not have ſo much of thy Eſtate, as will afford thee Bread.
By Heav'n, thou ſhalt not.

Bell. Oh pity me, my Lord, pity my Youth;
It is no Beggar, nor one baſely born
That *I* have given my Heart too, but a Maid,
Whoſe Birth, whoſe Beauty, and whoſe Education,
Merits the beſt of Men.

Lord. Very fine! where is the Prieſt that durſt diſpoſe of you, without my Order? Sirrah you are my Slave—— at leaſt your whole Eſtate is at my Mercy—— and beſides, I'll charge you with an Action of 5000 *l.* for your Ten Years Maintenance: Do you know that this is in my Power too?

Bell. Yes, Sir, and dread your Anger worſe than Death.

Lord. Oh Villain! thus to daſh my Expectation.

Bell. Sir, on my bended Knees, thus low *I* fall
To beg your mercy.

Lord. Yes, Sir, I will have mercy;
I'll give you Lodging——but in a Dungeon, Sir,
Where you ſhall ask your Food of Paſſers-by.

Bell. All this, *I* know, you have the Pow'r to do;
But, Sir, were *I* thus cruel, this hard Uſage
Would give me Cauſe to execute it.
I wear a Sword, and I dare right my ſelf;
And Heav'n wou'd pardon it, if *I* ſhould kill you;
But Heav'n forbid *I* ſhou'd correct that Law,
Which gives you Power, and orders me Obedience.

Lord. Very well Sir, *I* ſhall tame that Courage, and puniſh that Harlot, whoe're ſhe be, that has ſeduc'd ye.

Bell. How, Harlot, Sir!———Death, ſuch another Word,
And through all Laws and Reaſon *I* will ruſh,
And reach thy Soul, if mortal like thy Body.
——No Sir, ſhe's Chaſte, as are the new-made Vows,
I breath'd upon her Lips, when laſt we parted.

Lord. Who waits there?

Enter Truſty, *and* Servants.

———Shall *I* be murder'd in my own Houſe?

'Tis

'Tis time you were remov'd———
Go get an Action of 5000 *l.* enter'd againſt him;
With Officers to Arreſt him.

Truſty. My Lord, 'tis my young Maſter *Bellmour.*

Lord. Ye all doat upon him, but he's not the Man you take him for.

Truſty. How, my Lord? not this Mr. *Bellmour?*

Lord. Dogs, obey me. [*Offers to go.*

Bell. Stay, Sir——oh, ſtay—what will become of me?
'Twere better that my Life were loſt, than Fortune—
For that being gone, *Celinda* muſt not love me.
——But to die wretchedly——
——Poorly in Priſon—whilſt I can manage this—
——Is below him, that does adore *Celinda.* [*Draws.*
——I'll kill my ſelf—but then—*I* kill *Celinda.*
——Shou'd *I* obey this Tyrant—then too ſhe dies.
——Yes Sir—You may be cruel—take the Law,
——And kill me quickly, 'twill become your Juſtice. [*Weeps.*

Lord. Was *I* call'd back for this? Yes, *I* ſhall take it, Sir; do not fear. [*Offers to go.*

Bell. Yet, ſtay Sir—Have you loſt all Humanity?
Have you no Senſe of Honour, nor of Horrours!

Lord. Away with him—go, be gone.

Bell. Stay, Sir! oh God! what is't you'd have me do?
—Here—*I* reſign my ſelf unto your Will———
But oh, *Celinda!*—what will become of thee! [*Weeps.*
——Yes, *I* will Marry—and *Diana* too.

Lord. 'Tis well you will, had *I* been good-natur'd now,
You had been undone, and miſt *Diana* too.

Bell. But muſt *I* Marry ——Needs Marry, Sir?——
Or loſe my Fortune, and my Liberty,
Whil'ſt all my Vows are given to another?

Lord. By all means, Sir——

Bell. If *I* muſt Marry any but *Celinda,*
I ſhall not, Sir, enjoy one moments Bliſs!
I ſhall be quite unman'd, Cruel and Brutal!
A Beaſt, unſafe for Woman to converſe with;
Beſides, Sir, *I* have given my Heart and Faith,
And my ſecond Marriage is Adultery.

Lord. Heart and Faith. *I* am glad 'tis no worſe; if the Ceremony of the Church has not paſt, 'tis well enough.

Bell. All Sir, that Heaven, and Love requires, is paſt.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, *Frank*, come——dry thy Eyes,
And receive *Diana*——*Truſty*——Call in my Niece.

Bell. Yet, Sir, relent, be kind, and ſave my Soul. [Ex. *Truſty.*

Lord. No more —— by Heaven, if you reſiſt my Will, I'll make

make a ſtrange Example of thee, and of that Woman, who-e'er ſhe be, that drew thee to this Folly. Faith and Vows, quoth ye.

Bell. Then *I* obey.

Enter Truſty *and* Diana.

Lord. Look ye here, *Frank*; is this a Lady to be diſlik'd? Come hither, *Frank* — *Truſty* —— Haſte for Dr. *Tickletext*, my Chaplain's not in Town; I'll have them inſtantly Married—— Come hither, *Diana* —— will you Marry your Couzen *Frank Bellmour?*

Dia. Yes, if it be your pleaſure; Heaven cou'd not let fall a greater Bleſſing. [*Aſide.*

Lord. And you, *Frank*, will you marry my Neice *Diana?*

Bell. Since you will have it ſo.

Lord. Come follow me then, and you ſhall be both pleas'd.

Bell. Oh my *Celinda*——

To preſerve thee, what is't I wou'd not do,
Forfeit my Heaven, nay more, I forfeit you. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sir Tim. Now *Sham*, art not thou a damn'd lying Rogue, to make me ſaunter up and down the *Mall* all this Morning, after a Woman that thou know'ſt in thy Conſcience was not likely to be there?

Sham. Why, Sir—if her Maid will be a jilting Whore, how can *I* help it—*Sharp* — Thou know'ſt we preſented her handſomly, and ſhe proteſted ſhe'd do't.

Sharp. Ay, ay, Sir, [*Aſide.*] But the Devil a Maid we ſaw.

Sham. Sir, it may be Things have ſo fallen out, that ſhe could not poſſibly come.

Sir Tim. Things! a Pox of your Tricks—Well, *I* ſee there's no truſting a poor Devil—Well, what Device will your Rogueſhip find out to cheat me next?

Sham. Prithee help me out at a dead lift, *Sharp.* [*Aſide.*

Sharp. Cheat you Sir! —— if *I* ben't reveng'd on this She-Counſellor of the Patching and Painting, this Letter-in of Midnight Lovers, this Receiver of Bribes for ſtol'n Pleaſures; may *I* be Condemn'd never to make Love to any thing of higher Quality.

Sir Tim. Nay, nay, no Threatning *Sharp*, it may be ſhe's Innocent yet — Give her t'other Bribe, and try what that will do. [*Gives him Money.*

Sham. No, Sir, I'll have no more to do with Frail Woman, in

in this Caſe; *I* have a ſurer way to do your Buſineſs.

Enter Page *with a Letter.*

Sir Tim. Is not that *Bellmour*'s Page?

Sharp. It is Sir.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, the Rogue's looking for me; he has a Challenge in his hand too.

Sham. No matter, Sir, Huff it out.

Sir Tim. Prithee do thee Huff him, thou know'ſt the way on't.

Sham. What's your Bus'neſs with *Sir Timothy*, Sir?

Page. Mine Sir, I don't know the Gentleman; pray which is he?

Sir Tim. I, I, 'tis ſo——Pox on him.

Sharp. Well, Boy, I am he—What—Your Maſter.

Page. My Maſter, Sir——

Sharp. Are not you *Bellmour*'s Page?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. Well, your News.

Page. News Sir? I know of none, but of my Maſters being this Morning——

Sir Tim. Ay, there it is——behind *Southampton* Houſe.

Page. Married this Morning.

Sir Tim. How? Married! 'Slife, has he ſerv'd me ſo?

Sham. The Boy is drunk——*Bellmour* Married!

Page. Yes indeed, to the Lady *Diana.*

Sir Tim. Diana! Mad by Fortune; what *Diana?*

Page. Neice to the Lord *Plotwell.*

Sir Tim. Come hither Boy——Art thou ſure of this?

Page. Sir, I am ſure of it; and I am going to beſpeak Muſick for the Ball anon.

Sir Tim. What haſt thou there—— a Letter to the Divine *Celinda?*

A Dainty Boy—there's Money for thee to buy Nickers.

Page. I humbly thank you. [*Exit.*

Sharp. Well, Sir, if this be true, *Celinda* will be glad of you again.

Sir Tim. Ay, but I will have none of her —— For, look you *Sham*, there is but two ſorts of Love in this World——Now I am ſure the Rogue did love her; and ſince it was not to Marry her, it was for the thing you wot on, as appears by his writing to her now——But yet, I will not believe what this Boy ſaid, till I ſee it.

Sham. Faith Sir, I have thought of a thing, that may both clear your doubt; and give us a little Mirth.

Sir Tim. I conceive thee.

Sham. I know y'are quick of Apprehenſion, *Sir Timothy.*

Sir

Sir Tim. O your Servant, dear *Sham*——But to let thee ſee, I am none of the Dulleſt, we are to Jigg it in Maſquerade this Evening, Hah.

Sham. Faith Sir, you have it, and there you may have an Opportunity to Court *Bellmour*'s Siſter.

Sir Tim. 'Tis a good Motion, and we will follow it; ſend to the Duke's Houſe, and borrow ſome Habits preſently.

Sham. I'll about it, Sir.

Sir Tim. Make haſte to my Lodging——But heark ye—not a word of this to *Betty Flauntit*, ſhe'll be up in Arms theſe two Days, if ſhe go not with us; and though I think the fond Devil is true to me, yet it 'twere worſe than Wedlock, if I ſhould be ſo to her too.

Though Whores in all things elſe the Maſtery get,
In this alone, like Wives, they muſt ſubmit.

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Lord Plotwell, Bellmour *leading in* Diana, *follow'd by* Charles Bellmour, Phillis, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen.*

[*Muſick Plays, till they are all ſeated.*

Lord. HEre Nephew, I reſign that Truſt, which was repos'd in me by your dead Father; which was, that on your Wedding-Day, I ſhould thus——make you Maſter of your whole Fortune, you being Married to my liking—— And now *Charles*, and you my Niece *Phillis*, you may demand your Portions to Morrow, if you pleaſe, for he is oblig'd to pay you the Day after that of his Marriage.

Phill. There's time enough, my Lord.

Lord. Come, come Ladies, in troth you muſt take but little Reſt to Night, in Complaiſance to the Bride, and Bridegroom, who, I believe, will take but little——*Frank*——why *Frank*——what, haſt thou chang'd thy Humour with thy Condition? Thou were't not wont to hear the Muſick play in vain.

Bell. My Lord, I cannot Dance.

Dia. Indeed, you're wondrous ſad.
And I, methinks, to bear thee Company,
I know not why; and yet exceſs of Joy,
Have had the ſame Effects with equal Grief.

Bell. 'Tis

Bell. 'Tis true, and I have now felt the Extreams of both.

Lord. Why Nephew *Charles* —— has your Breeding at the Academy inſtructed your Heels in no Motion?

Char. My Lord, I'll make one.

Phill. And I another, for Joy that my Brother's made happy, in ſo fair a Bride.

Bell. Hell take your Ignorance, for thinking I am happy,
—Wou'd Heaven wou'd ſtrike me dead.
That by the loſs of a poor wretched Life,
I might preſerve my Soul—but oh my Error!
That has already damn'd it ſelf when it conſented
To break a ſacred Vow and marry here.

Lord. Come, come, begin, begin, Muſick to your Office.

[*Soft Muſick.*

Bel. Why does not this hard Heart, this ſtubborn Fugitive,
Break with this Load of Griefs; but like ill Spirits
It promis'd fair, till it had drawn me in,
And then betray'd me to Damnation.

Dian. There's ſomething in diſorder in his Soul,
Which I'm on Fire to know the meaning of.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp, *in Maſquerade.*

Sir Tim. The Rogue is married, and I am ſo pleas'd I can forgive him our laſt Night's Quarrel; Prethee *Sharp*, if thou canſt learn that young Thing's Name, 'tis a pretty airy Rogue, whilſt I go talk to her.

Sharp. I will, Sir, *I* will, [*One goes to take out a Lady.*

Char. Nay, Madam, you muſt Dance. [*Dance.*

Bel. *I* hope you will not call it Rudeneſs, Madam, if *I* refuſe you here.

[*The Lady that danc'd goes to take out the Bridegroom. After the Dance ſhe takes out Sir* Timothy, *they walk to a Courant.*

Am I ſtill Tame and Patient with my ills?
Gods! what is Man? that he can live and bare,
Yet know his Power to rid himſelf of Grief;
I will not Live, or if my Deſtiny
Compel me to't it ſhall be worſe than dying.

Enter Page with a Table Book.

Bell. What's this?

Pag. The Anſwer of a Letter, Sir, you ſent the divine *Celinda*; for ſo it was directed.

Bell.—Hah—*Celinda*—in my Crowd of Thoughts
I had forgot I ſent—come nearer Boy——
—What did ſhe ſay to thee——Did ſhe not ſmile!
And uſe thee with Contempt and Scorn——tell me.

Pag. How Scorn, Sir!

Bell.—O

Bell.—Or ſhe was angry——call'd me perjur'd Villain——
Falſe, and forſworn———nay, tell me truth.

Pag. How, Sir?

Bell. Thou doſt delay me———ſay ſhe did, and pleaſe me.

Pag. Sir!

Bell. Again——— tell me, what anſwer, Raſcal, did ſhe ſend me?

Pag. You have it, Sir, there in the Table Book.

Bell. Oh I am mad, and know not what *I* do.
—Prethee forgive me, Boy———take Breath my Soul,
Before thou do'ſt begin; for this———perhaps may be
So cruel kind.
To leave thee none when thou haſt ended it.

[*Opens it, and reads.*

LETTER.

I Have took in the Poyſon which you ſent, in thoſe few Fatal Words— Forgive me, my Celinda, *I am married———*
'Twas thus you ſaid———And I have only Life to return———
—Forgive me my ſweet Bellmour———*I am dead.*

CELINDA.

—Can I hear this, and Live———I am a Villain!
In my Creation deſtin'd for all Miſchief,
—To commit Rapes, and Murders, to break Vows,
As faſt as Fools do Jeſts.
Come hither, Boy———
And ſaid the Lady nothing to thee?

Pag. Yes—e're ſhe read the Letter ask'd your Health
And Joy diſperſt it ſelf, in Bluſhes thro' her Cheeks.

Bell. Her Beauty makes the very Boy adore it.

Pag. And having read it,
She drew her Tablets from her Pocket,
And Trembling—Writ, what I have brought you, Sir.

Bel. Tho' I before had loaded up my Soul
With Sins, that wou'd have weigh'd down any other,
Yet this one more it bears, this Sin of Murder.
And holds out ſtill——What have I more to do,
But being plung'd in Blood, to wade it through.

Enter Friendlove *in Maſquerade.*

Friend. There ſtands the Traytor, with a guilty Look,
That Traytor, who the eaſier to deceive me,
Betray'd my Siſter; yet till I came and ſaw
The Perjury, I could not give a Faith to't.

—By

—By Heaven, *Diana* Loves him, nay Dotes on him;
I find it in her Eyes, all languiſhing
They feed the Fire in his, arm'd with a double Rage,
I know I ſhall go through with my Revenge.

Sir Tim. Fair Maid———

Phil. How do you know that, Sir?

Sir Tim. I ſee y'are Fair, and I gueſs you're a Maid.

Phil. Your Gueſs is better than your Eye-ſight, Sir.

Sir Tim. What e're you are, by Fortune, I wiſh you would permit me to love you with all Faults.

Phil. You? Pray who are you?

Sir Tim. A Man, a Gentleman———and more, a Knight too, by Fortune.

Phil. Then 'twas not by Merit Sir———But how ſhall I know you are either of theſe?

Sir Tim. That I'm a Man, the Effects of my vigorous Flame ſhall prove——a Gentleman, my Coat of Arms ſhall teſtifie, and I have the King's Patent for my Title.

Phil. For the firſt you may thank your Youth, for the next your Father, and the laſt your Money.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I love thee for thy Pertneſs.

Phil. Is it poſſible you can love at all?

Sir Tim. As much as I dare.

Phil. How do ye mean?

Sir Tim. Not to be laught at; 'tis not the Mode to Love much: A Platoniek Fopp, *I* have heard of, but this is an Age of ſheer Enjoyment, and little Love goes to that; we have found it incommode, and loſs of time, to make long Addreſſes.

Enter Celinda *like a Boy.*

Phil. I find, Sir, you and I ſhall never agree upon this matter. But ſee here's more Company.

Cel. Oh Heaven! 'tis true, theſe Eyes confirm my Fate.
Yonder he is—and that fair ſplendid Thing,
That gazes on him with ſuch kind Deſire,
Is my bleſt Rival— Oh he is married.
—Gods! And yet you let him live:
Live too with all his Charms, as fine and gay,
As if you meant he ſhou'd undo all eaſie Maids,
And kill 'em for their Sin of loving him.
Wretched *Celinda!*
But I muſt turn my Eyes from looking on;
The fatal Triumphs of my Death—Which of all theſe
Is my Brother? Oh this is he; I know him
By the Habit, he ſent for to the Play-Houſe.
And hither he's come in Maſquerade,

I know with ſome Deſign againſt my *Bellmour*,
Whom tho' he kill me, I muſt ſtill preſerve.
Whilſt I, loſt in deſpair, thus as a Boy
Will ſeek a Death from any welcome Hand,
Since I want Courage, to perform the Sacrifice.

Enter one and dances an Entry, and a Jigg at the end on't.

Lord. Enough, enough at this time, let's ſee the Bride to bed, the Bridegroom thinks it long.

Friend. Hell! Can *I* endure to hear all this with Patience?
Shall he depart with Life to enjoy my Right,
And to deprive my Siſter of her due?
——Stay——Stay——and reſign
That Virgin.

Bell. Who art thou, that dar'ſt lay a Claim to ought that's here?

Friend. This Sword ſhall anſwer ye. [*Draws.*

Bell. Tho' I cou'd ſpare my Life, I'll not be robb'd on't. [*Draws.*

Dian. Oh my dear *Bellmour!*

[*All draw on* Bellmour's *ſide*—Diana *holds* Bellmour, Celinda *runs between their Swords, and defends* Bellmour; Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp *draw, and run into ſeveral Corners, with ſigns of Fear.*

Friend. Who art thou, that thus fondly guard'ſt his Heart? [*To* Celinda.
——Be gone——and let me meet it.

Cel. That thou may'ſt do through mine, but no way elſe.

Friend. Here are too many to encounter, and I'll defer my Vengeance.

Char. Stay Sir, we muſt not part ſo

[*Ex. Drawing at the ſame Door, that* Sir Tim. *is ſneaking out at.*
Come back I ſay. [*Pulls in* Sir Tim.
Slave! Doſt thou tremble? ——

Sir Tim. Sir, I'm not the Man you look for——
By Fortune, *Sham*, we're all undone!
He has miſtook me for the fighting Fellow.

Char. Villain, defend thy Life!

Sir Tim. Who, I Sir? *I* have no quarrel to you, nor no Man breathing, not I, by Fortune.

Cel. This Coward cannot be my Brother! [*Aſide.*

Char. What made thee draw upon my Brother?

Sir Tim, Who, *I* Sir? by Fortune *I* love him—— I draw upon him!

Char. *I* do not wonder thou canſt lie, for thour't a Coward! Didſt no thou draw upon him? Is not thy Sword yet out?

Did

Did *I* not ſee thee fierce, and active too, as if thou hadſt dar'd?

Sir Tim. Why he's gone, Sir; a Pox of all Miſtakes, and Maſqueradings I ſay———this was your Plot, *Sham.*

Char. Coward! Shew then thy Face.

Sir Tim. I'll be hang'd firſt, by Fortune; for then 'twill be plain 'twas I, becauſe *I* challeng'd *Bellmour* laſt Night, and broke my Aſſignation this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Char. Shew thy Face without delay, or———

Sir Tim. My Face, Sir, I proteſt, by Fortune, 'tis not worth ſeeing.

Char. Then Sirrah, you are worth a kicking———take that——and that——— [*Kicks him.*

Sir Tim. How Sir? How?

Char. So Sir, ſo. [*Kicks him again.*

Sir Tim. Have a care Sir—— by Fortune, I ſhall fight with a little more.

Char. Take that to raiſe you. [*ſtrikes him.*

Sir Tim. Nay then I am angry, and I dare fight.

[*They fight out.*

Lord. Go, Ladies, ſee the Bride to her Chamber.

[*Ex. Women.*

Bell. The Knight, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*;
———The Raſcal miſt me at the appointed place,
And comes to attack me here——— [*turns to* Cel.
——Brave Youth! *I* know not how
I came to merit this Relief from thee.
Sure thou'rt a Stranger to me, thou'rt ſo kind.

Cel. Sir, *I* believe thoſe happy ones that know you
Had been far kinder, but I'm indeed a Stranger.

Bell. May'ſt thou be ever ſo, to one ſo wretched;
I will not ask thy Name, leſt knowing it,
(*I* am ſuch a Monſter) I ſhould ruine thee.

Cel. Oh how he melts my Soul! I cannot ſtay,
Leſt Grief, my Sex, my Buſ'neſs ſhou'd betray. [*Aſide.*
———Farewel Sir———
———May you be happy in the Maid you love. [*Exit* Cel.

Bell. O doſt thou mock my Griefs——by Heaven he did.
———Stay Sir, he's gone.

Enter Charles Bellmour.

Char. The Rogue took Courage, when he ſaw there was no Remedy; but there's no hurt done on either ſide.

Lord. 'Tis fit ſuch as he ſhou'd be chaſtis'd, that do abuſe Hoſpitality. Come, come, to Bed, the Lady, Sir, expects you.

Bell. Gentlemen, good Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Diana, *Scene a Bed-chamber.*

Dia. I long to know the Cauſe of *Bellmour*'s Diſorder to Night, and here he comes.

Enter Bellmour, Lord, Charles, *and the reſt.*

Char. Shan't we ſee you laid, Brother?

Bell. Yes, in my Grave, dear *Charles*;
But I'll excuſe that Ceremony here.

Char. Good Night, and no Reſt to you, Brother.

[*Ex. all but* Bellmour *and* Diana.

Dia. Till now my *Bellmour* I wanted Opportunity
To ask the Cauſe, why on a joyful Day,
When Heav'n has joyn'd us, by a ſacred Tye,
Thou droopſt like early Flowers, with Winter ſtorms.

Bell. Thou art that Winter ſtorm that nips my Bud,
All my young ſpringing Hopes, my gay Deſires,
The proſpect of approaching Joys of Love,
Thou in a hapleſs Minute haſt took from me,
And in its room,
Haſt given me an eternal Deſperation.

Dia. Have ye then given me Vows ye can repent of?

Bell. I given ye Vows! be witneſs ye juſt Pow'rs!
How far I was from giving any Vows;
No, no, *Diana*, I had none to give!

Dia. No Vows to give!
What were they which to the Holy Man
Thou didſt repeat, when I was made all thine?

Bell. The Effects of low Submiſſion! ſuch as Slaves
Condemn'd to die, yield to the angry Judge.

Dia. Doſt thou not love me then?

Bell. Love thee! No, by Heaven? Yet wiſh I were ſo happy,
For thou art wondrous fair and wondrous good!

Dia. Oh what a Defeat is here!
The only Man, who from all Nature's ſtore,
I found moſt charming, fit for my Deſires,
And now after a thouſand Expectations,
Such as all Maids that love like me do hope,
Juſt ready for the higheſt Joys of Love!
Then to be met thus cold———nay worſe, with ſcorn. [*Aſide.*
———Why ſince you could not love me, did you marry me?

Bell. Becauſe I was a Beaſt! a very Villain!
That ſtak'd a wretched Fortune to all my Joys of Life,
And like a prodigal Gameſter loſt that all.

Dia. How durſt you, Sir, knowing my Quality,
Return me this falſe Pay, for Love ſo true?
Was this a Beauty, Sir, to be neglected?

Bell. Fair angry Maid, frown on, frown till you kill,

And

And I ſhall dying bleſs thoſe Eyes that did ſo.
For ſhou'd I live, I ſhou'd deprive the happier World
Of Treaſures, I am too wretched to poſſeſs.
And were't not pity that vaſt ſtore of Beauty,
Shou'd, like rich Fruit, die on the yielding Boughs.
Dia. And are you then reſolved to be a Stranger to me?
Bell. For ever! for a long Eternity!
Dia. O thou'ſt undone me then; haſt thou found out
A Maid more fair, more worthy of thy Love?
Look on me well.
Bell. I have conſider'd thee,
And find no Blemiſh in thy Soul, or Form;
Thou art all o're Divine, yet I muſt hate thee,
Since thou haſt drawn me to a mortal *Sin*,
That cannot be forgiven, by Men, or Heaven;
—Oh thou haſt made me break a Vow, *Diana*,
A ſacred ſolemn Vow,
And made me wrong the ſweeteſt Innocence,
That ever bleſt the Earth.
Dian. Inſtead of cooling this augments my Fire,
No Pain is like defeated, new deſire. [*Aſide.*
'Tis falſe, or but to try my Conſtancy.
Your Miſtreſs is not ſo divine as I,
And ſhou'd I, 'gainſt himſelf believe the Man
Who firſt inſpir'd my Heart with Love's ſoft Flame!
Bel. What Bliſs on me inſenſibly you throw,
I'd rather hear thee ſwear, thou art my Foe,
And like ſome noble and romantick Maid
With Poniards wou'd my ſtubborn Heart invade,
And whil'ſt thou doſt the faithful Relique tear,
In every Vein thoud'ſt find *Celinda* there.
Dian. Come, Sir, you muſt forget *Celinda*'s Charms,
And reap Delights within my circling Arms,
Delights that may your Errors undeceive,
When you find Joys as great as ſhe can give.
Bell. What do *I* hear?——is this the kind Relief
Thou doſt allow to my Deſpair and Grief?
Is this the Comfort that thou doſt impart
To my all wounded, bleeding, dying Heart?
Were I ſo Brutal—cou'd thy Life comply
To ſerve it ſelf with baſe Adultery?
For cou'd I love thee, cou'd I love again,
Our Lives wou'd be but one continu'd Sin;
A Sin of that black die, a *Sin* ſo foul,
'Twou'd leave no Hopes of Heav'n for eithers *Soul*.
Dia. Dull Man! Doſt think a feeble vain Excuſe

Shall ſatisfie me for this Night's abuſe?
No, ſince my Paſſion thou'ſt defeated thus,
And robb'd me of my long wiſh'd Happineſs,
I'll make thee know what a wrong'd Maid can do,
Divided 'twixt her Love and Injuries too.

Bell. I dare thy worſt;
Shou'd Hell aſſiſt thy aims, thou cou'dſt not find
New Plagues, unleſs thou ſhou'dſt continue kind.
Hard Fate *Diana*, when thy Love muſt be
The greateſt Cure that can arrive to me.
—That Friendſhip which our Infant Years begun,
And till this Day has ſtill continued on,
I will preſerve, and my Reſpects ſhall be
Profound, as what was ever paid by me,
But for my Love 'tis to *Celinda* due,
And I can pay you none that's juſt and true.

Dia. The reſt I'd have thee know I do deſpiſe,
I better underſtand my conquering Eyes;
Thoſe Eyes that ſhall revenge my Love and Shame,
I'll kill thy Reputation and thy Name. [*Exit.*

Bel. My Honour! and my Reputation, now!
They both were forfeit, when *I* broke my Vow.
Nor cou'd my Honour with thy Fame decline,
Whoe're prophanes thee, injures nought of mine.
This Night upon the Couch my ſelf I'll lay,
And like *Franciſcans*, let the enſuing Day
Take care for all the Toils it brings with it,
Whatever Fate arrives, I can ſubmit.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Celinda, *dreſt as before.*

Cel. Not one kind Wound to ſend me to my Grave,
And yet between their angry Swords I ran,
Expecting it from *Bellmour*, or my Brother's:
Oh my hard Fate! that gave me ſo much Miſery,
And dealt no Courage to prevent the ſhock.
—Why came I off alive, that fatal Place
Where *I* beheld my *Bellmour*, in th' embrace
Of my extreamly fair, and lovely Rival;
—With what kind Care ſhe did prevent my Arm
(Who greedy of the laſt ſad parting twine)
I wou'd have thrown about him, as if ſhe knew
To what intent I made the paſſionate Offer.
——What have *I* next to do, but ſeek a Death

Where

Where ever I can meet it——Who comes here?

[*Goes aside.*

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp, *with Fidlers and Boy.*

Sir Tim. I believe this is the Bed-chamber Window where the Bride and the Bridegroom lies.

Sham. Well, and what do you intend to do, if it be *Sir*?

Sir Tim. Why firſt ſing a Bawdy Song, and then break the Windows, in Revenge for the Affront was put upon me to Night.

Sharp. Faith, *Sir*, that's but a poor Revenge, and which every Footman may take of his Lady, who has turn'd him away for filching——You know, *Sir*, Windows are frail and will yield to the luſty Brickbats; 'tis an Act below a Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That's all one, 'tis my Recreation; *I* fery'd a Woman ſo the other Night, to whom my Miſtreſs had a Pique.

Sham. Ay, *Sir*, 'tis a Revenge fit only for a Whore to take—And the Affront you receiv'd to Night, was by miſtake.

Sir Tim Miſtake! how can that be!

Sham. Why, *Sir*, did you not mind, that he that drew upon *Bellmour*, was in the ſame Dreſs with you?

Sir Tim. How ſhou'd his be like mine?

Sham. Why by the ſame Chance, that yours was like his——*I* ſuppoſe ſending to the Play-houſe for them, as we did, they hapned to ſend him ſuch another Habit, for they have many ſuch for dancing *Shepherds*.

Sir Tim. Well, *I* grant it a Miſtake, and that ſhall reprieve the Windows.

Sharp. Then, *Sir*, you ſhew'd ſo much Courage that you may bleſs the Minute that forc'd you to fight.

Sir Tim. Ay, but between you and *I*, 'twas well he kick'd me firſt, and made me angry, or *I* had been luſtily ſwing'd, by Fortune——but thanks to my Spleen that ſav'd my Bones that bout——but then *I* did well——hah! came briskly off, and the reſt.

Sham. With Honour, *Sir*, *I* proteſt.

Sir Tim. Come then, we'll Serenade him. Come, Sirrah, tune your Pipes, and ſing.

Boy. What ſhall I ſing, *Sir*?

Sir Tim. Any thing ſutable to the Time and Place.

SONG.

I.

THE happy Minute's come, the Nymph is laid,
Who means no more to riſe a Maid.
Bluſhing, and panting, ſhe expects the Approach
Of Joys that kill with every touch:
Nor can her Native Modeſty and Shame
Conceal the Ardour of her Virgin Flame.

II.

And now the Amorous Youth is all undreſt,
Juſt ready for Loves mighty Feaſt,
With vigorous haſte the Vail aſide he throws,
That doth all Heaven at once diſcloſe;
Swift as deſire, into her naked Arms
Himſelf he throws, and riſes all her Charms.

Good morrow Mr. *Bellmour*, and to your lovely Bride, long may you live, and love.

Enter Bellmour *above.*

Bell. Who is't has't ſent that Curſe?

Sir Tim. What a Pox is that *Bellmour?* The Rogue's in choler, the Bride has not pleas'd him.

Bell. Dogs! Do you upbraid me? I'll be with you preſently.

Sir Tim. Will you ſo——but I'll not ſtay your coming.

Cel. But you ſhall Sir. *Bell.* Turn Villains!

[Sir Tim, *&c. offers to go off,* Celinda *ſteps forth, and draws, they draw, and ſet upon her. Enter* Bellmour *behind them: They turn, and* Celinda *ſides with* Bellmour, *and fights. Enter* Diana, Bellmour *fights 'em out, and leaves* Celinda *breathleſs, leaning on her Sword.*

Dia. I'll ne'er demand the cauſe of this diſorder,
But take this opportunity to flie
To the next hands will take me up——who's here!

Cel. Not yet, my ſullen Heart!

Dia. Who's here? one wounded——alas——

Cel. 'Tis not ſo lucky——but who art thou
That doſt with ſo much pity ask?

Dia. He ſeems a Gentleman——handſome and young——
[*Aſide.*
Pray ask no Queſtions, Sir, but if you're what you ſeem,
Give a Protection to an unhappy Maid.
——Do not reply, but let us haſte away.

Cel. Hah——What do I hear! ſure 'tis *Diana.*
——Madam, with haſte, and joy, I'll ſerve you.

——I'll

——I'll carry her to my own Lodgings.
Fortune, in this, has done my Suff'rings right,
My Rival's in my Power, upon her Wedding-Night. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellmour, Sir Tim. Sham, *and* Sharp.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, that you ſhould not know your Friend and humble Servant, *Tim. Tawdrey*——— But thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt not been a Bed yet.

Bell. No more I have.

Sir Tim. Nay then thou loſeſt precious time, I'll not detain thee. [*Offers to go.*

Bell. Thou art miſtaken, I hate all Woman-kind———

Sir Tim. How, how!

Bell. Above an Hour———hark ye Knight ——— I am as lewd, and as debaucht as thou art.

Sir Tim. What do you mean, *Frank?*

Bell. To tell a Truth, which yet I never did.
——— I Whore, Drink, Game, Swear, Lye, Cheat, Rob, Pimp, Hector, All, All I do that's Vicious.

Sir Tim. Bleſs me!

Bell. From ſuch a Villain, hah!

Sir Tim. No, but that thou ſhould'ſt hide it all this while.

Bell. Till I was married only, and now I can diſſemble it no longer———come———let's to a Bawdy-Houſe.

Sir Tim. A Bawdy-houſe! What already!
This is the very quinteſſence of Lewdneſs.
——Why I thought that I was wicked, but by Fortune,
This daſhes mine quite out of Countenance.

Bell. Oh, thou'rt a puny Sinner!—— I'll teach thee Arts (ſo rare) of Sin, the leaſt of them ſhall damn thee.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, *Frank*, I do not like theſe Arts.

Bell. Then thou'rt a Fool—I'll teach thee to be rich too.

Sir Tim. Ay, that I like.

Bell. Look here, my Boys! [*Holds up his Writings—which he takes out of his Pockets.*
The Writings of 3000 *l.* a Year.
——All this I got by Perjury.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, a thriving Sin.

Bell. And we will live in Sin while this holds out.

——And then to my cold Home——Come let's be gone.
——Oh that I ne'er might ſee the Riſing Sun.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Discovers Celinda *as before sitting in a Chair,* Diana *by her in another, who sings.*

SONG.

I.

CElinda, who did Love disdain,
For whom had languish'd many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She spy'd upon the Rivers brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd the while,
And soon it lessen'd to a Smile;
Thence to surprise, and wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame;
Then cry'd she out, Ah now I prove
Thou art a God! Almighty Love.

III.

She wou'd have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bad her first Consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Love, alas! had left her none.
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes, she reads her Fate.

Cel. Oh how numerous are her Charms———
——How shall I pay this generous Condescension!
Fair lovely Maid———

Dia. Why do you flatter, Sir?

Cel. To say you're lovely, by your self I do not,
I'm young, and have not much convers't with Beauty,
Yet I'll esteem my Judgment, since it knows
Where my Devotions shoud be justly paid.
———But Madam, may I not yet expect
To hear the Story, you so lately promis'd me.

Dia. I owe much to your Goodness, Sir—but——

Cel. I am too young——you think, to hear a Secret;
Can I want Sense to pity your Misfortunes,
Or Passion to incite me to revenge em?

Dia. Oh

Dia. Oh would he were in earneſt!

Cel. She's fond of me, and I muſt blow that flame,
Do any thing to make her hate my *Bellmour*,
———But Madam, I'm impatient for your Story,
That after that, you may expect my Service.

Dia. The Treatment you this Night have given a diſtreſſed Maid, enough obliges me; nor need I tell you, I'm nobly born, ſomething about my Dreſs, my Looks and Mien, will doubtleſs do me reaſon.

Cel. Sufficiently———

Dia. But in the Family where I was Educated, a Youth of my own Age, a Kinſman too, I chanc'd to fall in Love with, but with a Paſſion, my Pride ſtill got the better of, and he, I thought, repaid my young Deſires: But Baſhfulneſs on his part, did what Pride had done on mine, and kept his too conceal'd———At laſt my Uncle, who had the abſolute Dominion of us both, thought good to marry us together.

Cel. Puniſh him, Heav'n, for a Sin ſo great.
———And are you Married then?

Dia. Why is there Terror in that Word?

Cel. By all that's Sacred, 'tis a Word that kills me,
Oh ſay thou art not;
And I, thus low will fall, and pay thee Thanks. [*Kneels.*

Dia. You'll wiſh indeed I were not, when you know
How very, very wretched it has made me.

Cel. Shou'd you be telling me a Tale all day,
Such as would melt a Heart that ne'er could love,
'Twould not increaſe my Reaſon for the wiſh
That *I* had dy'd e're known you had been married.

Dia. So many ſoft Words from my *Bellmour*'s mouth
Had made me mad with Joy, and next to that,
I wiſh to hear 'em from this Youth;
If they be real, how *I* ſhall be reveng'd!
—But why at my being married ſhould you ſigh?

Cel. Becauſe I love is that a Wonder, Madam?
Have you not Charms ſufficient at firſt ſight
To wound a Heart tender and young as mine?
Are you not heavenly fair—oh there's my Grief—
——Since you muſt be anothers.

Dia. Pray hear me out, and if you love me after,
Perhaps you may not think your ſelf unhappy.
When Night was come, the long'd for Night, and all
Retir'd to give us ſilent Room for Joy———

Cel. Oh I can hear no more—by Heav'n I cannot.
—Here—ſtab me to the Heart—let out my Life,

I cannot live, and hear what follow'd next.

Dian. Pray hear me, Sir———

Cel. Oh you will tell me he was kind———

Yes, yes—oh God—were not his balmy Kisses,
Sweeter than Incence offer'd up to Heaven?
Did not his Arms, softer and whiter far
Than those of *Jove*'s transform'd to Wings of *Swans*,
Greedily clasp thee round——oh quickly speak,
Whilst thy fair rising Bosom met with his;
And then——oh——then——

Dian. Alas Sir! What's the matter—sit down a while.

Cel. Now—I am well—pardon me, lovely Crea[illegible],
If *I* betray a Passion, I'm too young
To've learnt the Art of hiding;
——*I* cannot hear you say that he was kind.

Dian. Kind, yes, as Blasts to Flow'rs, or early Fruit;
All gay I met him full of youthful heat,
But like a damp, he dasht my kindled Flame,
And all his Reason was——he lov'd another,
A Maid he call'd *Celinda*.

Cel. Oh blessed Man!

Dian. How, Sir?

Cel. To leave thee free, to leave thee yet a Virgin.

Dian. Yes, I have vow'd he never shall possess me.

Cel. Oh how you bless me—but you still are married,
And whilst you are so——I must languish———

Dia. Oh how his softness moves me! [*Aside.*
——But can all this Disorder spring from Love?

Cel. Or may I still prove wretched.

Dian. And can you think there are no ways
For me to gratifie that Love?
What ways am I constrain'd to use to work our my Revenge?
[*Aside.*

Cel. How mean you, Madam?

Dian. Without a Miracle, look on my Eyes———
——And Beauty——which you say can kindle Fires,
——She that can give———may too retain desires.

Cel. She'll ravish me——let me not understand you.

Dian. Look on my Wrongs———
Wrongs that would melt a frozen Chastity,
That a Religious Vow had made to Heaven.
———And next survey thy own Perfections,

Cel. Hah———

Dian. Art thou so young, thou canst not apprehend me?
Fair bashful Boy, hast thou the Power to move,

And

And yet not know the Ens'neſs of thy Love?
Cel. How in an inſtant thou haſt chill'd my Blood,
And made me know no Woman can be good?
'Tis Sin enough to yield—but thus to ſue
Heav'n——'tis my Buſineſs—and not meant for you.
Dian. How little Love is underſtood by thee,
'Tis Cuſtom, and not Paſſion you purſue;
Becauſe Enjoyment firſt was nam'd by me,
It does deſtroy, what ſhou'd your Flame renew;
My eaſie yielding does your Fire abate,
And mine, as much your tedious Courtſhip hate.
Tell Heaven—— you will hereafter ſacrifice,
—And ſee how that will pleaſe the Deities;
The ready Victim, is the nobleſt way,
Your Zeal and Obligations too, to pay.
Cel. I think the Gods wou'd hardly be ador'd,
If they their Bleſſing ſhou'd, unaskt, afford;
And I that Beauty can no more admire;
Whene're I ſue, can yield to my Deſire.
Dian. Dull Youth, Farewel;
For ſince 'tis my Revenge that I purſue,
Leſs Beauty and more Man, as well may do. [*Offers to go.*

Enter Friendlove *diſguis'd, as one from a Camp.*

Cel. Madam, you muſt not go with this Miſtake. [*Holds her.*
Friend. Celinda has inform'd me true——'tis ſhe——
Good morrow Brother, what ſo early at your Devotions?
Cel. O my Brother's come, and luckily relieves me. [*Aſide.*
Friend. Your Oraizons are made to a fair Saint.
——Pray, Sir, what Lady's that?
Or is it blaſphemy to repeat her Name?
—By my bright Arms, ſhe's fair—With what a charming
Fierceneſs, ſhe charges through my Body to my Heart.
——Death! how her glittering Eyes give Fire, and wound!
And have already pierc'd my very Soul!
——May I approach her Brother?
Cel. Yes, if you dare, there's Danger in it tho',
She has Charms that will bewitch you.
——*I* dare not ſtand their Miſchief. [*Exit.*
Friend.—Lady—I am a Soldier—yet in my gentleſt Terms
I humbly beg to kiſs your lovely Hands——
——Death! there's Magick in the Touch.
By Heaven, you carry an Artillery in every part.
Dian. This is a Man indeed fit for my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*
Friend. Nay, do not view me, I am no lovely object.

I am

I am a Man bred up to Noiſe and War,
And know not how to dreſs my Looks in Smiles;
Yet truſt me, fair one, I can love and ſerve
As well as an *Endymion*, or *Adonis*.
Wou'd you were willing to permit that Service.
Dian. Why, Sir?—What cou'd you do?
Friend. Why—I cou'd die for you.
Dian. I need the Service of the living, Sir.
But do you love me, Sir?
Friend. Or let me periſh, flying from a ſingle Enemy.
I am a Gentleman, and may pretend to love you,
And what you can command, I can perform.
Dian. Take heed Sir what you ſay, for I'm in earneſt.
Friend. Command me any thing that's juſt and brave;
And by my Eyes 'tis done.
Dian. I know not what you call juſt, or brave,
But thoſe whom I do the Honour to command,
Muſt not capitulate.
Friend. Let him be blaſted with the Name of Coward,
That dares diſpute your Orders.
Dian. Dare you fight for me:
Friend. With a whole Army; 'tis my Trade to fight.
Dian. Nay, 'tis but a ſingle Man.
Friend. Name him.
Dian. Bellmour.
Friend. Of *Yorkſhire*?——Companion to young *Friendlove*, that came lately from *Italy*?
Dian. Yes, do you know him?
Friend. I do, who has oft ſpoke of *Bellmour*;
We travel'd into *Italy* together—But ſince, I hear,
He fell in Love with a fair cruel Maid,
For whom he languiſhes.
Dian. Heard you her Name?
Friend. Diana, rich in Beauty, as in Fortune.
Wou'd ſhe had leſs of both, and more of Pity.
And that I knew not how to wiſh, till now
That I became a Lover, perhaps as unſucceſsful.
Dian. I knew my Beauty had a thouſand Darts,
But knew not they cou'd ſtrike ſo quick and home. [*Aſide.*
Let your good Wiſhes for your Friend alone,
Leſt he being happy, you ſhou'd be undone,
For he and you cannot be bleſt at once.
Friend. How, Madam?
Dian. I am that Maid he loves, and who hates him.
Friend. Hate him.

Dian. To

Dian. To death.

Friend. Oh me unhappy. [*Aside.*

Dian. He ſighs and turns away—am I again defeated? Surely I am not fair, or Man's inſenſible.

Friend. She knows me not——

And 'twas diſcreetly done to change my Shape;
For Woman is a ſtrange Fantaſtick Creature;
And where before, *I* cou'd not gain a Smile,
Thus I may win her Heart. [*Aside.*
—Say, Madam, can you love a Man that dies for you!

Dia. The way to gain me, is to fight with *Bellmour.*
Tell him from me you come, the wrong'd *Diana.*
Tell him y'ave an Intereſt in my Heart
Equal to that which I've made in yours.

Friend. I'll do't; I will not ask your Reaſon, but obey.
Swear e're *I* go, that when *I* have perform'd it,
You'll render me Poſſeſſion of your Heart.

Dia. By all the Vows that Heaven tyes Hearts together with, I'll be entirely yours.

Friend. And I'll not be that conſcientious Fool
To ſtop at Bleſſings 'cauſe they are not lawful,
But take 'em up, when Heaven has thrown 'em down,
Without the leave of a Religious Ceremony. [*Aside.*
Madam, this Houſe, which I am Maſter of,
You ſhall command; whilſt I go ſeek this *Bellmour.*

Dian. But e're you go, *I* muſt inform you why
I do purſue him with my juſt Revenge.

Friend. I will attend, and hear impatiently.

SCENE, *a Bawdy-Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Driver *and* Betty Flauntit.

Flaunt. Driver, prithee call for a Glaſs, that I may ſet my ſelf in order, before I go up, for really my Knight has not been at home all this Night, and *I* am ſo confus'd———

Enter one with a Glaſs, and two Wenches.

Lord Mrs. *Driver*, I wonder you ſhou'd ſend for me, when other Women are in Company; you know, of all things in the World, *I* hate Whores, they are the pratingſt lewdeſt poor Creatures in Nature; and *I* wou'd not, for any thing, Sir *Timothy* ſhou'd know that *I* keep Company, 'twere enough to loſe him.

Mrs. Driv. Truly Mrs. *Flauntit*, this young Squire that you were

were ſent to for, has two or three Perſons more with him that muſt be accommodated too.

Flaunt. Driver, tho' *I* do recreate my ſelf a little ſometimes, yet you know *I* value my Reputation and Honour.

Jenny. Mrs. *Driver*, why ſhou'd you ſend for us where *Flauntit* is? A ſtinking proud Flirt, who, becauſe ſhe has a tawdry Petticoat, *I* warrant you, will think her ſelf ſo much above us, when if ſhe were ſet out in her own natural Colours, and her Original Garments, wou'd be much below us in Beauty.

Mrs. Driv. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, *I* know you, and *I* know Mrs. *Flauntit*; but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now-a-days; the Age is alter'd ſince *I* took upon me this gentile Occupation, but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garments, that does me Credit, and takes the Gallant, tho' on a ſtale Woman: And again, Mrs. *Jenny*, ſhe's kept, and Men love as much for Malice, as for Leachery, as they call it. Oh 'tis a great Mover to Joy, as they ſay, to have a Woman that's kept.

Jen. Well! Be it ſo, we may arrive to that excellent Degree of Cracking, to be kept too one day.

Mrs. Driv. Well, well, get your ſelves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

Flaunt. Driver, what art thou talking to theſe poor Creatures? Lord, how they ſtink of Paint and Pox, faugh——

Mrs. Driv. They were only complaining that you that were kept, ſhou'd intrude upon the Privileges of the Commoners.

Flaunt. Lord, they think there are ſuch Joys in Keeping, when *I* vow *Driver*, after a while, a Miſs has as painful a Life as a Wife; our Men drink, ſtay out late, and Whore, like any Husbands.

Driv. But *I* hope in the Lord, Mrs. *Flauntit*, yours is no ſuch Man; *I* never ſaw him, but *I* hear he's under decent Correction.

Flaunt. Thou art miſtaken, *Driver*, *I* can keep him within no moderate Bounds without Blows; but for his filthy Cuſtom of Wenching, *I* have almoſt broke him of that——— but prithee, *Driver*, who are theſe Gentlemen?

Driv. Truly, *I* know not; but they are young, and fine as Princes; two of 'em were diſguis'd in masking Habits laſt Night, but they have ſent 'em away this Morning, and they are free as Emperors———one of 'em has loſt a Thouſand Pound at Play, and never repin'd at it; one's a Knight, and *I* believe his Courage is cool'd, for he has ferreted my Maids over and over to Night———But 'tis the fine, young, handſom Squire that *I* deſign you for.

Flaunt.

Flaunt. No matter for his Handſomneſs, let me have him that has moſt Money. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Chamber, a Table with Box and Dice.*

Enter Bellmour, *Sir* Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp.

Bell. Damn it, give us more Wine. [*Drinks.*
Where ſtands the Box and Dice?——Why *Sham.*

Sham. Faith, Sir, your Luck's ſo bad, I han't the Conſcience to play longer——Sir *Timothy* and you play off a hundred Guineys, and ſee if Luck will turn.

Bell. Do you take me for a Countrey Squire, whoſe Reputation will be crackt at the loſs of a petty Thouſand? you have my Note for't to my Goldſmith.

Sham. 'Tis ſufficient if it were for ten thouſand.

Bell. Why Sir *Timothy*——Pox on't thou'rt dull, we are not half debaucht and lewd enough, give us more Wine.

Sir Tim. Faith *Frank*, I'm a little maukiſh with ſitting up all Night, and want a ſmall refreſhment this Morning——Did we not ſend for Whores?

Bell. No, I am not in humour for a Wench——
By Heaven I hate the Sex.
All but divine *Celinda*,
Appears ſtrange Monſters to my Eyes and Thoughts.

Sir Tim. What art Italianiz'd, and loveſt thy own Sex?

Bell. I'm for any thing that's out of the common Road of Sin, I love a Man that will be damn'd for ſomething! to creep by ſlow degrees to Hell, as if he were afraid the World ſhou'd ſee which way he went, I ſcorn it; 'tis like a Conventickler—No, give me a Man, who to be certain of's Damnation, will break a ſolemn Vow to a Contracted Maid.

Sir Tim. Ha, ha, ha, I thought thou woud'ſt have ſaid at leaſt——had murder'd his Father, or raviſh'd his Mother—break a Vow, quoth ye—— by Fortune, I have broke a thouſand.

Bell. Well ſaid my Boy! A Man of Honour! And will be ready whene'er the Devil calls for thee——So——ho——more Wine, more Wine, and Dice.

Enter a Servant with Dice and Wine.

Come, Sir, let me—— [*Throws and loſes.*

Sir Tim. What will you ſet me, Sir?

Bell. Cater-Tray—a hundred Guineas—oh dam the Dice—'tis mine—come, a full Glaſs—Damnation to my Uncle.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Fy Fortune, I'll do thee reaſon—give me the Glaſs, and *Sham*, to thee—Confuſion to the muſty Lord.

Bell. So—now I'm like my ſelf, prophanely wicked.
A little room for life—but ſuch a life
As Hell it ſelf ſhall wonder at—I'll have a care
To do no one good deed in the whole courſe on't,
Leſt that ſhou'd ſave my Soul in ſpite of Vow-breach.
—I will not die—that Peace my Sins deſerve not.
I'll live, and let my Tyrant Uncle ſee
The ſad effects of Perjury, and forc'd Marriage.
——Surely the Pow'rs above envy'd my Bliſs,
Marrying *Celinda*, I had been an Angel!
So truly bleſt, and good. [*Weeps.*

Sir Tim. Why how now, *Frank*——by Fortune the Rogue is Maudlin————So, ho, ho, ſo ho.

Bell. The matter?

Sir Tim. Oh art awake—— What a Devil ayl'ſt thou, *Frank?*

Bell. A Wench, or any thing——come, let's drink a round.

Sham. They're come as wiſht for.

——*Enter* Flauntit, Driver, Doll *and* Jenny *mask'd.*

Bell. Oh Damn 'em! What ſhall I do?
Yet it would look like Virtue to avoid 'em.
No, I muſt venture on—— Ladies, y'are welcom.

Sir Tim. How the Women?——Hold, hold, *Bellmour*, let me chooſe too—— Come, come, unmask, and ſhew your pretty Faces.

Flaunt. How, Sir *Timothy!* What Devil ow'd me a ſpite. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Come, unmask, I ſay, a willing Wench would have ſhew'd all in half this time.

Flaunt. Wou'd ſhe ſo, Impudence! [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Sir Tim. How! my *Betty!*

Flaunt. This is the Trade you drive, you eternal Fopp, when I ſit at home expecting you Night after Night.

Sir Tim. Nay dear *Betty!*

Flaunt. 'Tis here you ſpend that which ſhou'd buy me Points and Petticoats, whil'ſt I go like no bodies Miſtreſs, I'd as live be your Wife at this rate, ſo I had; and I'm in no ſmall danger of getting the foul Diſeaſe by your Lewdneſs.

Sir Tim. Victorious *Betty*, be merciful, and do not ruine my Reputation among Friends.

Flaunt. Your Whores you mean, you Sott you.

Sir Tim. Nay, triumphant *Betty*, hear thy poor *Timy.*

Flaunt. My poor *Ninny*, I'm us'd barbarouſly, and won't endure it.

Sir Tim. I've won Money to Night, *Betty*, to buy thee Cloaths——hum——hum——Well ſaid *Frank*, towſe the little Jilts, they came for that purpoſe.

Flaunt.

Flaunt. The Devil confound him, what a Prize have *I* loſt by his being here—— my Comfort is, he has not found me out tho', but thinks I came to look for him, and accordingly I muſt diſſemble.

Bell. What's here? A Lady all in Tears!

Sir Tim. An old Acquaintance of mine, that takes it unkindly that I am for Change———*Betty*, ſay ſo too, you know *I* can ſettle nothing till I'm Marry'd, and he can do it ſwingingly, if we can but draw him in.

Flaunt. This mollifies ſomething, do this, and you'll make your Peace; if not, you Raſcal, your Ears ſhall pay for this Night's Tranſgreſſion.

Sir Tim. Come hither, *Frank*, is not this a fine Creature!

Bell. By Heaven a very Devil!

Sir Tim. Come, come, approach her, for if you'll have a Miſs, this has all the good Qualities of one——go, go——Court her, thou art ſo baſhful——

Bell. I cannot frame my Tongue to ſo much Blaſphemy, as 'tis to ſay kind things to her——I'll try my Heart tho— Fair Lady—Damn her, ſhe is not fair— nor ſweet— nor good— nor— ſomething I muſt ſay for a beginning. Come Lady— dry your Eyes.
This Man deſerves not all the Tears you ſhed.
—So—at laſt the Devil has got the better of me,
And I am enter'd.

Flaunt. You ſee, Sir, how miſerable we Women are that love you Men.

Bell. How did you love him! Love him againſt his Will.

Flaunt. So it ſeems, Sir

Bell. Oh thou art wretched then indeed, no wonder, if he hate thee——Does he not curſe thee? Curſe thee till thou art damn'd, as I do loſt *Diana?* [*Aſide.*

Flaunt. Curſe me! He were not beſt in my Hearing.
Let him do what he will behind my Back.
What ails the Gentleman?——

Bell. Gods! What an odious thing meer Coupling is!
A thing which every ſenſual Animal
Can do as well as we——but prithee tell me,
Is there nought elſe between the nobler Creatures?

Flaunt. Not that I know of, Sir——Lord, he's very ſilly, or very innocent, *I* hope he has his Maidenhead; if ſo, and rich too, oh what a booty were this for me! [*Aſide.*

Bell. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
Why was not I created like the reſt,
Wild, and inſenſible, to fancy all.

Flaunt. Come, Sir, you muſt learn to be gay, to ſing, to

dance, and talk of any thing, and fancy any thing that's in your way too.

Bell. Oh I can towſe, and ruffle, like any Leviathian when I begin——Come prove my Vigor. [*Towſes her.*

Flaunt. Oh Lord, Sir! You tumble all my Garniture.

Bell. There's Gold to buy thee more——

Flaunt. Oh ſwet Sir——wou'd my Knight were hang'd, ſo *I* were well rid of him now——Well Sir, I ſwear you are the moſt agreeable Perſon——

Bell. Am I——let us be more familiar then——I'll kiſs thy Hand, thy Breaſt, thy Lips——and——

Flaunt. All——you pleaſe *Sir*——

Bell. A tractable *Sinner*! [*Offers to kiſs her.*
Faugh——how ſhe ſmells——had I approach'd ſo near divine *Celinda*, what a natural Fragancy had ſent it ſelf through all my raviſht *Senſes*!

Flaunt. The Man's extaſy'd, ſure *I* ſhall take him. [*Aſide.*
Come, *Sir*, you're ſad.

Bell. As Angels fall'n from the Divine abode,
And now am lighted on a very Hell!
——But this is not the way to thrive in wickedneſs.
I muſt ruſh on to ruine——Come fair Miſtreſs,
Will you not ſhew me ſome of your Arts of Love,
For *I* am very apt to learn of Beauty——Gods——
What is 't *I* negotiate for——a Woman!
Making a Bargain to poſſeſs a Woman!
Oh never, never!

Flaunt. The Man is in Love, that's certain——as *I* was ſaying, *Sir*——

Bell. Be gone Repentance! Thou needleſs goodneſs,
Which if *I* follow, canſt lead me to no Joys.
Come tell me the Price of all your Pleaſures.

Sir Tim. Look you Miſtreſs *I* am but a Country Knight,
Yet *I* ſhou'd be glad of your farther Acquaintance.
——Pray who may that Lady be——

Driv. Who, Mrs. *Flauntitt*, *Sir*?

Sir Tim. *I* ſhe? *She's* tearing fine, by Fortune.

Driv. *I'll* aſſure you, *Sir*, ſhe's kept——and is a great Rarity, but to a Friend, or ſo——

Sir Tim. Hum——kept——pray by whom?

Driv. Why a ſilly Knight *Sir*, that——

Sir Tim. *I*, *I*, ſilly indeed—— a Pox upon her—— a ſilly Knight, you ſay——

Driv. Ay, *Sir*, one ſhe makes a very Aſs of.

Sir Tim. Ay ſo methinks—but ſhe's kind, and will do reaſon for all him.

Driv. T

Driv. To a Friend a Man of Quality——or ſo.

Sir Tim. Ay, ſhe blinds the Knight.

Driv. Alas, Sir, eaſily——he, poor Cully, thinks her a very Saint——but when ſhe's out of the way, ſhe comes to me to pleaſure a Friend.

Sir Tim. But what if the Fool miſs her?

Driv. She cries Whore firſt, brings him upon his Knees for her Fault, and a piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again.

Sir Tim. Why——look you Miſtreſs, I am that Fopp, that very ſilly Knight, and the reſt that you ſpeak of.

Driv. How Sir? then I'm undone, ſhe's the Upholder of my Calling, the very grace of my Function.

Sir Tim. Is ſhe ſo, e'en keep her to your ſelf then, I'll have no more of her, by Fortune——*I* humbly thank you for your Intelligence, and the reſt. Well——I ſee there's not one honeſt Whore i'th' Nation, by Fortune.

Enter Charles Bellmour, *and* [illegible]ſty.

Heark ye Miſtreſs, what was your Bus'n[illegible]re?

Flaunt. To meet a Rogue!——

Sir Tim. And I to meet a Whore, and now we are well met.

Flaunt. How Sir?

Sir Tim. Nay, never be ſurpriz'd, for your Intrigues are diſcover'd, the good Matron of the Houſe (againſt her Will) has done me that kindneſs——you know how to live without your Keeper, and ſo I'll leave you.

Flaunt. You're too ſerviceable a Fool to be loſt ſo. [*Aſide.*

Bell. Who knows this bold Intruder?

Char. How, Sir, am I a Stranger to you! But *I* ſhou'd not wonder at it, ſince all your laſt Night's Actions betray'd a ſtrange depravity of Senſe.

——Sir, *I* have ſought you long, and wiſh I had not found you yet, ſince both the Place and Company declare, how groſly you've diſſembled Virtue all this while.

Bell. Take hence that prating Boy.

Char. How Sir——You are my elder Brother, yet I may be allow'd to do the Bus'neſs that *I* came for, and from my Uncle to demand your Wife.

Bell. You may return, and tell him that ſhe's dead.

Char. Dead! ſure, Sir, you Rave. [*Turns him out.*

Bell. Indeed I do——but yet ſhe's dead, they ſay.

Char. How came ſhe dead?

Bell. I kill'd her——ask no more, but leave me.

[*Turns him about again.*

Char. Sir, this is Madman's Language, and not to be believed.

Bell. Go to——y'are a ſawcy Boy.

Char. Sir, I'm an angry Boy——
But yet can bear much from a Brother's Mouth,
Y'ave loſt your ſleep, pray, Sir, go home and ſeek it.

Bell. Home! I have no Home, unleſs thou mean'ſt my Grave,
And thither I cou'd wiſh thou woud'ſt conduct me. [*Weeps.*

Flaunt. Pray Heaven this young virtuous Fellow don't ſpoil all.
——Sir, ſhall I ſend for a Scrivener to draw the Settlement you promis'd me.

Bell. Do ſo, and I'll order him to get it ready.

Char. A Settlement! On whom? This Woman, Sir.

Bell. Yes, on this Woman, Sir.

Char. Are you ſtark mad?——Know you where you are?

Bell. Yes, in a Bawdy-houſe.

Char. And this Woman, Sir,——

Bell. A very Whore——a tawdrey mercenary Whore!
And what of this?

Char. And can [illegible]ove her, Sir?

Bell. No, if I did, I wou'd not gratifie her.

Char. What, is't in Charity to keep her honeſt?

Bell. Neither.

Char. Is your Luſt grown ſo high——

Bell. Take that—— [*Strikes him.*
For naming but ſo baſe a thing to me.

Char. I wear a Sword, but not to draw on Mad-men.
But ſince y'are ſo free, Sir, I demand that Fortune, which by my Father's Will, y'are bound to pay the day after your Wedding-Day; my Siſter's too is due.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, —— *Sir Timothy*, come hither —— who doſt think this is?

Sir Tim. A Fidler perhaps—let him play in the next Room.

Bell. No, my Brother—come to demand his Portion of me, he ſays I am in lewd Company, and like a Boy, he wou'd correct me.

Sir Tim. Why this comes of idleneſs, thou ſhould'ſt have bound him Prentice in time, the Boy wou'd have made a good ſawcy Taylor.

Char. Sirra, y'are a Raſcal, whom I muſt thus chaſtiſe.
[*Kicks him.*

[*They all draw, and* Bellmour *ſtands foremoſt, and fights with* Charles; *the Women run ſqueaking out,* Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp *ſneak behind,* Truſty *interpoſes.*

Truſt. Hold, hold, *I* beſeech you my dear Maſters! Oh what a fight is this! Two Brothers fighting with each other! Oh,
were

were my old Maſter alive, this wou'd break his Heart: Oh, Sir, you've kill'd your Brother.

Bell. Why then his Portion's paid. [Charles *is wounded.*

Sir Tim. How kill'd! Nay, 'tis time we departed then, and ſhifted for our ſelves. [*Ex.* Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp.

Truſt. Oh Sir, ſhall I ſend for a Chyrurgion.

Char. No, for a Coach rather, *I* am not wounded much. [*Ex.* Truſty.

Bell. How dar'ſt thou truſt thy ſelf alone with me?

Char. Why ſhould I fear thee?

Bell. Becauſe I'm mad.
Mad as a Tygreſs rob'd of her dear Young.

Char. What is't that makes you ſo?

Bell. My Uncle's Politicks, Hell take him for't,
Has ruin'd me, thou and my Sifter too,
By Marrying me to a fair hated Maid,
When *I* had plighted all my Faith before.

Enter Truſty.

Truſt. Sir, here's a Coach.

Char. Come, Brother, will you go home with me?

Bell. Home!——no, never to that place thou call'ſt ſo.
If when I'm dead, thou would'ſt behold thy Brother,
And take the laſt Adieu from his cold Lips:
(If thoſe ſo perjur'd can deſerve that kindneſs;)
Inquire for loſt *Celinda*, at whoſe Feet
Thou ſhalt behold me fall'n a Sacrifice.
Till then, I'll let miſtaken Parents know
The miſchiefs that enſue a broken Vow. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Betty Flauntit *alone.*

SUre I roſe the wrong way to day, I have had ſuch damn'd ill luck every way: Firſt, to be ſent for to ſuch a Man as this *Bellmour*, and, as the Devil wou'd have it, to find my Knight there; then to be juſt upon the Point of making my Fortune, and to be interrupted by that virtuous Brother of his; then to have a Quarrel happen, that (before I could whiſper him in the Ear to ſay ſo much as, Meet me here again—anon) forc'd me to quit the Houſe, leſt the Conſtable had done it for me; then that ſilly Bawd ſhou'd diſcover all to my Cully; if this be not ill Luck, the Devil's in't——— But *Driver* muſt bring matters about, that I may ſee this liberal Squire again——But here comes my Noddy, I muſt pretend to be angry.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how ye look now, as if you had committed no Miſdemeanour: Alas, good Innocent, what canſt thou ſay for thy ſelf, thou Renegado thou, for being falſe to my Boſom, ſay?

Flaunt. Falſe to your Boſom! You ſilly impudent Sott you—who dares accuſe me?

Sir Tim. E'en your truſty and well-beloved Friend Mrs. *Driver* the Bawd.

Flaunt. She! She's an impudent confounded Liar—— and becauſe ſhe wou'd have your worſhipful Cuſtom—— ſcandaliz'd me, to breed a difference between us.

Sir Tim. I, if you could make me believe that indeed, when ſhe knew not, nor ever ſaw me all the Days of her Life before.

Flaunt. I know that, Simpleton; but when *I* went to enquire for you by your Name, and told her my Buſ'neſs, our Amours are not kept ſo ſecret, nor was ſhe ſo dull, as not to underſtand how matters went between us.

Sir Tim. Now tho' I know this to be a damn'd Lye, yet the Devil has aſſiſted her to make it look ſo like Truth, that I cannot in Honour but forgive her.

Flaunt. Forgive me!—— Who ſhould forgive you your debauch'd Whoring and Drinking——marry y'had need ſo, you

are

are ſuch a Ruffler, at leaſt if y'are every where as you are at home with me———No, Sirrah, I'll never Bed with you more; here I live ſneaking without a Coach, or any thing to appear withal; when even thoſe that were ſcandalous two Ages ago, can be ſeen in *Hide-Park* in their fine Chariots, as if they had purchas'd it with a Maidenhead; whilſt I, who keep my ſelf intirely for you, can get nothing but the Fragments of your Debauches——I'll be damn'd before I'll endure it.

Sir Tim. Juſt as the Bawd ſaid, yet I am mollify'd—— nay, dear *Betty*, forgive me, and I'll be very good for the future.

Flaunt. Will you ſwear to be ſo?

Sir Tim. I, by Fortune, I will.

Flaunt. Come, what will you give me then to be Friends? for you won Money laſt Night.

Sir Tim. Ay, that's it that appeaſes her higheſt Storms—— here my Jewel, here's a hundred Guineas to buy fine things.

Flaunt. Yes, great ſtore of fine things indeed, with this pitiful Sum; let me feel in your Pockets, and ſee if you have no more. [*She feels in his Pockets.*

Sir Tim. So, 'twas well I laid by the reſt, my Peace had not been made under every Rag on't elſe; and what I was painfully cheating for all this Night, would have been laid out at the Mercers and Lacemen in half an Hour——— Well, are you ſatisfy'd I have no more?

Flaunt. Have you ſunk none indeed, and indeed, my *Timmy*?

Sir Tim. No, I need not, you ſink mine faſt enough, I thank ye. [*Aſide.*

Flaunt. Well, get your ſelf ready to go abroad with me. [*Exit Flaunt.*

Sir Tim. I have other Matters in hand—— now have I Four Hundred Guineas in Bank, which I won laſt Night of *Bellmour*, which I'll make uſe of to debauch his Siſter, with whom I'm damnably in Love, and long for the return of my two Setting-dogs, to bring me News of the Game.

Enter Sham *and* Sharp.

Oh are you come?

Sham. Ay, Sir, with News worth the hearing; I have been diligent, Sir, and got my ſelf acquainted with the old Steward of the Family, an avaritious *Judas*, that will betray for Gold.

Sir Tim. And that we'll furniſh him with—— his Maſter's Gold, like all other mortal things, muſt return from whence it came.

Sharp. Not all, Sir, for *Sham* and I have disposs'd of part.

Sir Tim. Indeed you are a little shabby.

Sham. Ay, Sir, Fools were made to repair the Breaches of us that have Wit enough to manage 'em.

Sir Tim. What—— the Goldsmith paid the Money at sight, without demanding why?

Sharp. Readily Sir—— he's a brave Fellow, and must not be lost so.

Sham. By no means, we must make use of him whilst he is hot, for I doubt the Humour is not natural, and I fear he may cool.

Sir Tim. But to our Bus'ness.

Sharp. Ay, Sir, this same Sister of his you must have. If it be but to put this insolent Whore *Flauntit* out of Favour, who manages this Fopp intirely. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Ay, but art thou sure there is no Danger in this Enterprize? Shall I not have my Throat cut? and the rest.

Sham. We have none of that *Italian* Humour now-a-days, I can assure ye; they will sooner, with a Brotherly Kindness, assist the yielding Sister to the willing Gallant.

Sir Tim. A good thriving Inclination, by Fortune.

Sham. And, Sir, you have all Encouragement; her Brother, you heard, refus'd to pay her Portion, and you know the Fate of a handsom young Wench in this Town, that relies on weak Virtue——then because she is in the House with her Uncle, this same Steward has contriv'd matters so, to bring you in at the Back-door, her Lodgings being in the Garden.

Sir Tim. This is something——Oh I'm impatient to be with her——Well, I must in, and make some Lye to *Betty* for my Absence, and be with you presently. [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Sharp. What Design hast thou in Hand? For I suppose there is no such real thing as debauching this Lady.

Sham. Look ye *Sharp*, take to thee an implicit Faith, and believe Impossibilities; for thou and I must cozen this Knight.

Sharp. What our Patron?

Sham. I *Sharp*, we are bound to labour in our Callings, but mum—— here he comes

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Come, let's away, my Lyoness begins to roar. ——You *Sharp* go seek after *Bellmour*, watch his Motions, and give us notice. [*Exit.*

Flaunt. He is gone, and I believe [Flauntit *peeping out.*

For

For no Goodneſs; I'll after him and watch him.

[*Exit croſs the Stage.*

Enter Lord Plotwel, Charles, Truſty, *and two Servants.*

Lord. In a Bawdy-houſe, with Whores, Hectors, and Dice! Oh that I ſhould be ſo deceiv'd in Mankind, he whom I thought all Virtue and Sobriety! But go ſome of you immediately, and take Officers along with you, and remove his Quarters from a Bawdy-houſe to a Priſon, charge him with the Murder of his Wife.

Char. My Lord, when I demanded her, he ſaid indeed that ſhe was dead, and kill'd by him; but this I gueſs was the Effects of madneſs, which Debauchery, and want of Sleep has brought him to.

Lord. That ſhall be try'd; go to the Place where *Charles* has directed you, and do as I command you. [*Ex. Servants.*

—Oh ſweet *Diana*, in whom I had plac'd my abſolute delight,
And gave thee to this Villain becauſe I wiſh'd thee happy.
And are my Expectations fall'n to this?
Upon his Wedding Night, to abandon thee!
And ſhew his long diſſembled natural Lewdneſs.

Char. My Lord, I hope, 'tis not his natural Temper,
For e're we parted, from a Brutal Rudeneſs,
He grew to all the ſoftneſs Grief cou'd dictate.
He talkt of breach of Vows, of Death, and Ruine,
And dying at the Feet of a wrong'd Maid,
I know not what he meant.

Lord. Ay, there's his Grief; there is ſome jilting Huſſy has drawn him in, but I'll revenge my ſelf on both.

Enter Page.

Pag. A Letter for your Lordſhip.

Lord Reads.

My LORD,

AS your goodneſs has been ever great towards me, ſo I humbly beſeech you to continue it; and the greateſt Proofs you can give me of it, is to uſe all your Intereſt to undo that tye between Bellmour *and my ſelf, which with ſuch Joy you knit. I will ſay no more, but as you love my Life, and my dearer Honour, get a Divorce, or you will ſee both Ruin'd in*

Your Diana.

[*Gives* Charles *the Letter.*

A Divorce; yes, if all my Intereſt or Eſtate can purchaſe it———ſome Joy yet that thou art well.

Char. Doubtleſs her Reaſons muſt be great for this Requeſt.

Lord. Yes, for ſhe lov'd him paſſionately; when *I* firſt told her of my Deſigns to marry 'em together, ſhe could not hide her Joy; which was one Motive, I urg'd it to him with ſuch Violence.

Char. Perſons ſo near of Kin, do ſeldom proſper in the Marriage Bed.

Lord. However 'tis, I now think fit to unmarry 'em;
And as for him, I'll uſe him with what Rigor,
The utmoſt Limits of the Law allows me.

Char. Sir, *I* beſeech you.

Lord. You beſeech me! You, the Brother of the Villain! That has abus'd the beſt of all my Hopes?—— no I think—— I ſhall grow (for his Sake) to hate all that belong to him.

Char. Sir how have *I* offended?

Lord. Yes Sir, you have offended me, and Nature has offended me; you are his Brother, and that's an Offence to me.

Char. Is that a Fault, my Lord?

Lord. Yes, Sir, a great one, and *I'll* have it ſo; and let me tell you, you nor your Siſter (for that Reaſon) muſt expect no more Friendſhip at my Hands, than from thoſe that are abſolute Strangers to you: Your Brother has refus'd you your Portions, and *I'll* have as little Mercy as he, and ſo farewell to you———But where's the Meſſenger that brought the Letter?

Pag. Without my Lord. [*Ex. Lord and Page.*

Truſt. Here's like to be a hopeful end of a noble Family. My Comfort is, I ſhall die with Grief, and not ſee the laſt of ye. [*Weeps.*

Char. No *Truſty*, *I* have not been ſo meanly educated, but *I* know how to live, and like a Gentleman: All that afflicts me in this Misfortune, is my dear Siſter *Phillis*, ſhe's young, and to be left poor in this looſe Town, will ruine her for ever.

Truſt. Sir, I think we were beſt to marry her out of the way.

Char. Marry her! To whom? who is't regards poor Virtue?

Truſt. For that let me alone; and if you dare truſt her to my Management, I'll undertake to marry her to a Man of 2000 *l.* a Year; and if it fail, I'll be ſure to keep her Honour ſafe.

Char. Prethee how wilt do this?

Truſt. Sir,

Truſt. Sir, I have ſerv'd your Family theſe thirty Years, with Faith and Love; and if I looſe my Credit now, I'll never pretend to't more.

Char. Do what thou wilt, for I am ſure thou'rt honeſt,
And I'll reſign my Siſter to thy Conduct,
Whil'ſt *I* endeavour the Converſion of my Brother.

[*Exit* Charles.

Enter Phillis.

Phill. No News yet of my Brother.

Truſt. None: The next you'll hear is, that he's undone, and that you muſt go without your Portions; and worſe than that, I can tell you, your Uncle deſigns to turn you out of Doors.

Phil. Alas! what ſhou'd I do, if he ſhou'd be ſo cruel? Wou'd I were in *Flanders* at my Monaſtery again, if this be true.

Truſt. I have better Bus'neſs for you, than telling of Beads—No, Mrs. *Phillis*, you muſt be married.

Phill. Alas! I am too young, and ſad for Love.

Truſt. The younger, and the leſs Love, the better.

Enter Page.

Pag. Mr. *Truſty*, here's a Gentleman wou'd ſpeak with you, he ſays his Name's Mr. *Sham.*

Truſt. Gud's me Miſtriſs, put on all your Holiday Looks, for this is the little Merchant of Love by Retail, that brings you the Husband I promis'd you.

Enter Sham.

Sham. Well, Mr. *Truſty*, I have brought Sir *Timothy*, as I promis'd, he is at the Garden door.

Truſt. The beſt time in the World, my Lord's out of the way.

Sham. But you know our Conditions.

Truſt. Yes, that if he marry her, you are to have all the Money that he offers to debauch her.

Sham. Right

Truſt. Bring him in then, and I'll civily withdraw.

[*Exit* Truſty.

Enter Sham, *bringing in Sir* Timothy.

Sir Tim. Well *Sham*, thou haſt prepar'd all things, and there needs no Ceremony.

Sham. None, none, Sir, you may fall down-right to the Buſineſs.

Enter

Enter Phillis.

Sir Tim. Sings. *Come, my* Phillis, *let us improve*
Both our Joys of equal Love,
Whil'ſt we in yonder ſhady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kiſſes.

Phill. What ſort of Courtſhip's this? 'tis very odd!

Sir Tim. 'Pox on Formal Fopps, we have high-born and generous Souls, and ſcorn the common Road —— Come, let's enjoy, whilſt Youth and Beauty laſts.

Phill. What means this Rudeneſs? I'll tell my Brother.

Sir Tim. Your Brother, by Fortune, he's ſo lewd, that ſhould I be ſo unconſcionable to leave thee a Virgin but this Night, he wou'd Raviſh thee himſelf, and that at cheaper Rates than I deſign to do it.

Phill. How dare you talk to me at this rate?

Sir Tim. Talk to thee —— by Fortune, I'll play the *Tarquin* with thee, if thou yieldeſt not quickly —— for thou haſt ſet me all on fire,

Phill. Defend me, Heaven, from ſuch a Man.

Sir Tim. Then it muſt defend you from all the Sex, for all Mankind are like me, nay, and all Womankind are, or wou'd be, what I muſt make thee.

Phill. What's that, a Wench?

Sir Tim. Fie, fie, that's a groſs Name, no, a Miſs, that's the Word———— a Lady of Delight, a Perſon of Pleaſure, and the reſt; I'll keep thee, not a Woman of Quality ſhall be half ſo fine ——— Come, dear *Phillis*, yield. Oh, I am mad for the happy hour ——— come, ſay the word, 'tis but inclining thy Head a little thus——the pretty Eyes down, and thy Cheeks all Bluſhes, and fetching a long Sigh——thus—— with——do——what you pleaſe —— at the end on't ——— and I ſhall take it for granted.

Phill. That, Sir, you'll never hear me ſay to any thing but a Husband, if I muſt ſay it then.

Sir Tim. A Husband, it is enough to ſpoil a Man's Appetite, the very naming on't —— By Fortune, thou haſt been bred with thy great Grand-mother, ſome old Queen *Elizabeth* Lady, that us'd to preach Warnings to young Maidens; but had ſhe liv'd in this Age, ſhe wou'd have repented her Error, eſpecially had ſhe ſeen the Sum that I offer thee ——— Come, let's in, by Fortune, I'm ſo vigorous, I ſhall raviſh elſe.

Phill. Unhand me, or I'll call out. I aſſure you, this is not the way to gain me.

Sir

Sir Tim. I know there is a way to gain all mortal Womankind, but how to hit the Critical Minute of the Berjere——

Phill. It is paſt your Politicks at this time, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll try all ways, and the Devil's in it, if I don't hit upon the right at laſt. [*Aſide.*

All the ſoft things I've ſaid———

Phill. That a Knight of your Parts ought to ſay.

Sir Tim. Then I have kneel'd—— and cry'd — and ſwore— and———

Phill. And damn'd your ſelf five hundred times——

Sir Tim. Yet ſtill y'are impregnable———I'll make another Propoſition to you, which is both reaſonable and modiſh—— if it prove a Boy——— I'll Marry you ——— the Devil's in't, if that be not fair.

Phill. You get no earneſt of me, Sir, and ſo farewel to you. [*Ex.* Phillis.

Enter Sham.

Sir Tim. Oh *Sham.* I am all over fire, mad to enjoy! I have done what Man can do (without doing what I wou'd do) and ſtill ſhe's Flint; nothing will down with her but Matrimony — what ſhall *I* do? for thou know'ſt *I* cannot Marry a Wife without a Fortune.

Sham. Sir, you know the old Chear, hire a Lay Raſcal in a Canonical Habit, and put a falſe Marriage upon her.

Sir Tim. Lord, that this ſhou'd not enter into my Coxcomb before! haſte then and get one——— I'll have it done immediately, whilſt *I* go after her to keep up my flame.

[*Ex. Sir* Tim.

Sham. And *I* will fit you with a Parſon preſently. [*Ex.*

The Scene a Street.

Enter Friendlove *diſguis'd as before.*

Friend. *I* find *Diana* knows me not, and this Years abſence, ſince *I* firſt made my Addreſſes to her, has alter'd me much, or ſhe has loſt the remembrance of a Man, whom ſhe ever diſeſteem'd till in this lucky Dreſs; the price of her Favour is *Bellmour*'s Life; *I* need not have been brib'd for that, his breach of Faith both to my Siſter and my ſelf, enough incites me to Revenge——— He has not yet enjoy'd her, that Bleſſing is reſerv'd for me alone; and though the Prieſt have joyn'd them, that Marriage may be diſannull'd, and ſhe has a Fortune ſufficient to excuſe her other Faults. *Enter*

Enter Bellmour *ſad.*

——Hah! the Man I ſeek—— ſo near my Lodgings too——Sir!

Bell. Sir!

Friend. Traytor! thou know'ſt me, and my bus'neſs.
——Look on this Face, if thou dar'ſt look on him, whom thou haſt doubly wrong'd——and draw thy Sword.

Bell. Thou ſhoud'ſt be *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*.

Friend. And Lover of *Diana* too——Oh quickly draw,
Or I ſhall leave thee, like a Coward, dead.

Bell. No, rather like a *Sacrifice*, [*Offers to embrace him.*
And thou ſhou'dſt be the Prieſt ſhould offer it;
But that I have yet,
For ſome few moments, bus'neſs for my Life.

Friend. I can allow no time for bus'neſs now,
My Injuries are in haſte, and ſo am I.

Bell. Shoud'ſt thou ſtab here, a thouſand gaping wounds,
Upon this falſe, this perjur'd Heart of mine,
It wou'd not part with Life, unleſs 'twere laid
Near to the Sacred Altar of my Vows,
Low at the Feet of my fair injur'd Wife.

Friend. Ha!——means he his Wife! [*Aſide.*
Canſt thou repent thy Injuries to her,
And leave the reſt of all thy Sins neglected?

Bell. Thoſe I have done to thee, tho' foul and barbarous,
May plead the Excuſe of Force—but thoſe to her,
Not thou, nor *I*, nor ſhe, or Heav'n can pardon.

Friend. Heav'ns!
My Sifters wrongs, and mine, may plead Excuſe,
But thoſe to her alone can ne're be pardon'd.
—This place, Sir, is too open— come with me,
For I've deſir'd, and now reſolve to kill thee.

Bell. And ſo thou ſhalt, defenceleſs, I will yield,
And leave my Boſom open to thy Sword.
——But firſt conduct me to my Wife;
For I will ſee her——nor can I dye unpardon'd.

Friend. See his Wife!—— Of whom do you demand her?

Friend. Of thee!——dar'ſt thou detain me? [*Offers to go in.*

Friend. Death! how ſhou'd he know ſhe's here! [*Aſide.*
—Stay, Sir, this way our Bus'neſs lies. [*Pulls him back.*

Bell. I ask not thine, but mine lies only this way.
[*Offers to go in again.*

Friend. By Heav'n you ſhall not enter here!
I know thou lov'ſt her,
And 'tis with Reaſon thou deny'ſt me Entrance
To one ſo much unworthy to approach her.

Friend.

Friend. Yes, I do love her, and dare own it too;
And will defend her from one ſo baſe and treacherous.
Bell. Who dares deny thy Reaſons?
Friend. Sh' has made me take an Oath, to fight with thee;
And every Wound my lucky Sword ſhou'd make,
She bad me ſay, was ſent thee from her Hate.
Bell. Oh I believe thee! prithee tell on, Young Man,
That I may die without the Aid of Wounds.
Friend. To break thy Heart, know then, ſhe loves another,
And has took back the Vows ſhe made to thee,
And given 'em to a Man more worthy of 'em.
Bell. Alas! I credit thee—yet— then by Heav'n ſhe's falſe!
And I will know, why 'tis ſhe is thus perjur'd. [*Offers to go.*
——Nay now—nor Heaven, nor Hell, ſhall hinder me.
——Stand off, or to the number I'll add one ſin more,
And make my Paſſage to it through thy Heart.
Friend. And ſo you ſhall, Sir.
[*They fight*, Bellmour *diſarms* Friend. *and runs in.*
——Diſarm'd! by Heav'n you ſhall not ſo eſcape
A Rage that is too juſt here to give o're.

SCENE changes to the Inſide of *Friendlove*'s Lodgings.

Enter Celinda, *as before, met by Nurſe.*

Nur. Oh Madam, here's Mrs. *Bellmour*, he has wounded my young Maſter, who deny'd him Entrance, and is come into the Houſe, and all in Rage demands his Wife.
Cel. Oh Heav'n! Demands his Wife! Is that ſad Curſe
Added to all the reſt——Does he then love her?

Enter Bellmour *with two Swords.*

Nur. Whether do you preſs, Sir? And what's your buſineſs?
Bell. To ſee my Wife, my Wife, Impertinence,
And muſt I meet with naught but Oppoſition?
[*Puſhes her roughly away.*
Cel. Let him come in.
Nur. Marry he lets himſelf in *I* thank him.
Cel. What Man art thou thus cover'd o're with Horror!
Bell. One ſent from Hell to puniſh Perjury!
——Where's this perfidious Fair? This bluſhleſs Maid!
That has by my Example broke her Vows!
A Precedent that Fiends wou'd ſhame to follow.
Cel. Who is't you mean, Sir?
Bell. A thing that has no Name, ſhe is ſo bad!
One who ſo lately gave her ſelf to me,

And

And now is flown into anothers Arms.
One that attacks my Life, for the ſame Sins
Which ſhe her ſelf commits——————and thinks to live too.
——————Yet ſtill ſhe is my Wife, whom I have injur'd:
Till when, ſhe was a Saint—— come lead me to her,
Tho' ſhe be falſe as I, yet *I*'ll forgive it. [*throws by the Swords.*
Cel. Heav'ns! he repents his Cruelty to her,
And never mentions me! Ah then 'tis time to die.
And that *I* may be ſure of Death———————— [*Aſide.*
Well, Sir, *I* will conduct this happy Lady to you.
Bell. Gods! Happy!——Whilſt *I* am wretched. [*Ex. Cel.*
——————Oh what an Ague chills my ſhivering Limbs,
Turns my hot Rage, to ſofteſt Love, and Shame,
Were *I* not here to die———————— here at her Feet,
I wou'd not ſtand the Shock of her Reproaches.
——But yet ſhe need not ſpeak, a Look's ſufficient
To call up all my Sins to my undoing————
—She comes—— Oh Heav'n! ſhe comes————————

Enter Celinda *and* Diana.

——Like penitent Criminals thus—— with my Eyes declin'd,
I bow my Head, for the laſt ſad Blow. [*Stands bow'd.*
Cel. Sir, in Obedience to your Commands,
I've brought the Lady.
Dia. How! The perfidious *Bellmour!*
The only Object of my Hate and Scorn.
Bell. Say on, my angry Deity———— [*Kneels.*
Whilſt *I* thus trembling hear my fatal Doom,
Like Sinners, conſcious ne're to be forgiven,
I dare not lift my guilty Eyes towards Heaven.
Cel. Can *I* hear this, and yet retain my Life!
Dia. Had *I* but two days ſince beheld this Youth
Thus proſtrate at my Feet, *I* ſhould have thought
My ſelf more bleſt,
Than to have been that Deity he calls me.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Defend me! The Traytor here! And at *Diana*'s Feet,
The fitteſt Altar for my Sacrifice?
——Turn, turn, from what thou lov'ſt and meet my Juſtice!
Cel. Oh hold, my deareſt Brother.
[Bellmour *riſes, and turns about.*
Bell. Nay, now *I*'m ready for the welcom Sword,
Since my *Celinda*'s falſe, and cannot pardon.
Cel. Oh do not dye with that prophane Opinion.

Celinda

Celinda falſe! Or cannot pardon thee!

Dian. Stay, generous Sir, my Pity has forgiven him.

Bell. Thou! Why who art thou——*Diana!*

Dian. Yes, that *Diana*,
Whom, maugre all the Penitence thou ſhew'ſt,
Can ſcarce forgive the Injuries thou'ſt done her.

Bell. I ſhew a Penitence for injuring thee!
By Heav'n, I never cou'd do one, or other;
All that I am is the divine *Celinda's*.

Friend. He's ſtark mad! [*Aſide.*

Bell. But ſince ſhe cannot pardon, I can die.
[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Cel. Canſt thou not credit me! She pardons thee.
Live——and enjoy——*Diana.* [*Turns her Face from him.*

Bell. What art thou? who know'ſt her Heart ſo well!
Art thou my Rival? The bleſſed Youth to whom
She has given her Vows?——live——and enjoy——*Diana!*
—Yes——yes——thou art my Rival, and I'll kill thee.

Cel. Do, whilſt I meet thy Sword.
[*Opens her Arms*, Dian. *ſtays him, he lets fall his Sword, and gazes.*

Bell. Dull——dull Adorer! Not to know my Saint.
Oh how I have prophan'd? To what ſtrange Idol
Was that I kneel'd?
Miſtaking it for a Divinity!

Cel. To your fair Wife *Diana!*

Bell. Oh cruel Maid!
Has Heav'n deſign'd me any but *Celinda!*

Dan. Maid! Bleſs me!——did I then love a Woman!
—I am pleas'd thou ſhould'ſt rrenounce me, make it good,
And ſet me free from Fetters which I hate.

Bell. If all our Laws can do't I will——for here
Ends all my Claim. [*To* Celinda.

Friend. Was this the Wife you did demand of me?

Bell. Yes I had no other.

Dian. Fair Maid! Forgive me all my ſhameful Paſſion!
And charge my Fault upon your Beauty only.

Cel. Excellent Creature! I ſhou'd ſue for that
Which my deceit will never make me hope.

Bell. And art thou true to Love, and all thy Vows?
Whilſt I to ſave my Fortune,
(That only which cou'd make me merit thee)
Gave my unwilling Hand to this fair noble Maid.
——Ah *Friendlove*, when thou hear'ſt my Story told,
Thou wilt forgive, and pity me.

Dian. What was't you ſaid, Sir? *Friendlove?*

Friend. Yes, Madam, *I* hope the Name can make no diff'rence;
Or hate that ſtill, ſo you love the Man.

Dian. Tho' I'm again defeated, yet this laſt
Proves leaſt offenſive, nor ſhall an empty Word,
Alter my fix'd Reſolves, to love you ſtill.

Friend. Then *I* am bleſt!

Bell. But yet the Office of the Prieſt has paſt.
What Remedy for that?

Dian. My Uncle's Pow'r; the nearneſs of our Blood,
The Contradiction of our Circumſtances.

Bell. And above all that, my Contract with *Celinda.*
———Methinks *I* feel a Joy ſpread o're my Heart,
The bleſſed Omen of approaching Happineſs.

Cel. *I* do believe thee; for by ſympathy,
Mine takes new Fire and Hope.

Dian. *I* have already writ to my Uncle, and the Meſſenger aſſur'd me, he would gratifie my Deſires; that done, *I* will be yours. [*To* Friendlove.

Bell. But why thus dreſt? it might have led my Rage
Full of Deſpair, and Jealouſie, to have hurt thee.

Cel. Sir, when the Letter came of your being married,
I will not tell you all the Effects it had
Upon my deſperate Soul;
But this *I* know, *I* had reſolv'd to dye.
But firſt to ſee you, your Page inform'd the Nurſe,
All that had paſt, of the laſt Night's Ball,
And much concern'd ſhe got this Habit for me,
And inform'd me how 'twas I was to act.
And that my Brother (deſcribing of his Dreſs) was gone before
This made me haſte, leſt e're *I* came
His Rage had done the Buſineſs which it went for.

Friend. And ſo it had, had'ſt thou not hinder'd me;
For *I*, Sir, was the Man, who drew on you.

Bell. And was it thou that didſt defend my Heart,
That *I* might live to pay thy Goodneſs back?

Bel. It was to ſave your Life, and to expoſe my own.

Dian. Come, let's in, and conſult what's beſt for us to do.

Bell. Come my *Celinda*,
Let us no longer doubt, the Pow'rs above
Will be propitious to united Love. [*Ex.* Cel.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Plotwel* is at the Door in his Coach.

Dian. My Uncle come! Sir, we will not doubt our Fortune.
But how came he to know of my being here?

Serv. Madam, I fear he follow'd me after I had given him the Letter.

Enter Lord Plotwel, Charles, Trusty.

Lord. Bellmour and *Diana* kneeling! [*Bel. and* Dian. *Kneels.*
——Rise, the Joy I have to see you thus, makes me
Resolve to grant you any thing, and pardon all that's past.

Bell. Be not so hasty in your goodness, Sir,
Lest you repent as fast.

Dian. Sir, we have an humble Suit to you.

Lord. What is it ye can jointly ask, I will not grant?

Dian. By all that Love you ever had for me,
By all those Infant Charms, which us'd to please you,
When on your Lap you taught my Tongue that Art
Which made those dear Impressions ony our Heart,
Which ever since to my Advantage grew,
I do conjure you hear me now I sue,
And grant the mighty Grace *I* beg of you.

Lord. What is it you wou'd ask?

Bell. Oh dress your Face and Eyes in gentler Looks,
If you wou'd have us hope for any Mercy.

Lord. Rise, and whate'er you ask, I'll freely grant.

Dian. That you'll undo that Knot, that ties us two.

Lord. How! this Request from thee! Who lov'd him once,
And wish'd no good beyond possessing him.

Dia. Heav'n has not, Sir, decreed us for each other.
Something of Fate or Chance
Has otherwise dispos'd those first Resolves.

Lord. Too virtuous Maid I know thou dost but feign,
His wickedness has forc'd thee to this change.

Dian. No, Sir, were he the only Man
Of kind and good, I never wou'd be his.
——And if you shou'd compel me, I shou'd live
The infamous Reproach of my whole Sex.

Lord. Well, and you Sir, that are the cause of this,
What canst thou say to move me for thy Pardon?

Bell. I am ſo guilty in your Opinion,
My Prayers wou'd but make yours mercileſs;
I only ſay *Celinda* is my Wife,
And I ſhou'd injure this too generous Maid,
Not to adore her equal to her Merit.

Lord. I ſee, Sir, you have found your Wits again.
—Well, I ſee there's no oppoſing Deſtiny,
And I have ſtill ſuch tenderneſs for thee, [*To* Dian.
That hadſt thou pleaded this Cauſe to me before,
I ſhou'd have been leſs cruel to him.
——Where is that Lady which you ſo admire,
Whoſe Beauty does eclipſe that of *Diana?*

Bellmour *goes out, and brings in* Celinda.

Dian. This, Sir, is ſhe who merits more than I.

Lord. She's fair indeed; here *Frank*,
I give thee thy *Celinda*, whoſe Beauty
Excuſes all thy Faults of Diſobedience.

Bell. Thus low, I thank you for this goodneſs, Sir, [*Kneels.*

Lord. There only wants the Ceremony of the Law to undo what's between you and *Diana*, if ſhe remain a Virgin.

Bell. For me, by Heav'n ſhe is;
And for the reſt I do not doubt her Virtue.

Dian. You may believe him, Sir; and this alone's the Man in whom I will, or never will be happy.

Lord. Mr. *Friendlove*, I give Conſent to't, he has a noble Character, and what he wants in Fortune, has in Virtue——— take her young Man.

Friend. 'Tis ſuch an Honour, Sir, that my Gratitude, without the mighty Paſſion *I* have for her, would make me ever thankful.

Lord. This Term, we ſhall make the former Marriage void, till then love on, and fear no Frowns from Fortune———but Nephew——— now I hope your Brother ſhall have his Portion.

Bell. My deareſt *Charles*, forgive me all that's paſt,
And ſhare the Fortune, Heaven has given thy Brother.

Char. The Joy I have, Sir, to be undeceived, is much the greateſt Bleſſing Heav'n can ſend me.

Enter

Enter Sir Timothy *follow'd by* Phillis, Sham, Sharp, *and* Betty Flauntit.

Sir Tim. I am purſu'd by two impertinent Women; prethee *Friendlove*, tell 'em *I* am gone out at the Back-door, and ſend 'em away.

Lord. What's the News here?

Sir Tim. How *Celinda* here, and *Bellmour* too! Nay, now wou'd *I* compound for my Life, at any rate, by Fortune.

Phil. Sir, this Villain here has abus'd me, and with a falſe Marriage has robb'd me of my Honour.

Bell. How!

Sir Tim. My Lord, *I* ſay this young Jilt would have robb'd me of my ſelf; and courting her, and enjoying her only for Miſs, would perſwade me *I* am married to her.

Flaunt. Sir, *I* ſay, *I* am doubly wrong'd, firſt by this falſe Knight, who has belong'd to me this three Years, which gives me a right to him, as good as if *I* were married to him; who has now unlawfully left my Bed, for that of this Gilflurt, who, on the other ſide, takes away my Knight, and conſequently eats the Bread out of my Mouth.

Bell. What means all this?
Speak ſome of ye that know.

Flaunt. Oh Lord! Who's here? The fine Squire. [*Aſide.*

Truſt. Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, Sir, is Married to Mrs. *Phillis.*

Sir Tim. How can that be a Marriage, when he who joyn'd us, was but a hired Fellow, dreſs'd like a Parſon!

Truſt. Sir, 'twas Parſon *Tickletext* that Marry'd 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh what a damn'd lying Pimp is this!——*Sham*, didſt thou not hire a Fellow, (becauſe I was damnably in Love, and in haſte) to Marry us, that was no Parſon?

Sham. Why truly Sir—— I did go to hire ſuch a one——

Sir Tim. Look ye there now.

Sham. But cou'd meet with none; and becauſe you ſaid you ſhou'd die if you enjoy'd her not preſently, and that ſhe would not yield on any other Terms, but thoſe of Marriage, I e'ne brought the Parſon that *Truſty* had provided for you.

Sir Tim. Oh Villain to betray me! And for no Reward!

Truſt. Yes indeeed, Sir, the Four Hundred Guineys you left behind my young Miſtreſſes Looking-Glaſs fell to his Share.

Sir Tim. What's my Money gone! And I am marry'd too!
This 'tis not to uſe to go to Church; for then *I* might have chanc'd to know the Parſon.

Bel. Death you Dog! You deſerve to die, for your baſe Deſigns upon a Maid of her Quality——— how durſt you, Siſter, without my leave, marry that Raſcal?

Phil. Sir, you deny'd me my Portion, and my Uncle deſign'd to turn me out of Doors, and in my Deſpairs *I* accepted of him.

Flaunt. Married! And to a Wife of no Fortune! That's the worſt Part on't———what ſhall *I* do?

Bel. Renounce this lewd Fool, and I'll make thee a Fortune ſuitable to thy Quality.

Sir Tim. Say you ſo?———Renounce me, Sir! I'd have you to know I merit her: And as for Lewdneſs, *I* name no Body, *Bellmour*———but only ſome have the Art of hiding it better than *I*———but for Whoring, Drinking, Dicing, and all the deadly Sins that thereupon depend, *I* thank my Stars, *I* come ſhort of you: And ſince you ſay, *I* ſhall not have your Siſter, by Fortune, *I* will have your Siſtr, and love your Siſter, and lie with your Siſter, in ſpitee of you.

Lord. Well, Sir *Timothy*, ſince my Neece has done amiſs, 'tis too late to mend it——— and that you may not repent, I'll take care her Fortune ſhall be ſuitable to the Jointure you'll make her.

Bell. With this Proviſo that you make no Settlement to Miſſes, Sir *Timothy*——I am not ſo unreaſonable to tye you up from all of that Profeſſion; that were to ſpoil a faſhionable Husband, and ſo put you quite out of Fopp-road.

Lord. This Day we'll ſet apart for Mirth,
And all muſt make my Houſe their happy home.

Bell. To thee, *Celinda*, all my good I owe,
My Life, my Fortune, and my Honour too,
Since all had periſh'd by a broken Vow.

Flaunt. What am *I* like to loſe my *Timmy*? Canſt thou have the Heart to leave me for ever? I who have been true and conſtant to you.

Sir Tim. A-

Sir Tim. Alas! now I muſt melt again, by Fortune——— thou art a Fool, do'ſt think I wou'd have had her, but for her Fortune; which ſhall only ſerve to make thee out-flaunt all the Cracks in Town——— go——— home and expect me, thou'lt have me all to thy ſelf within this Day or two.

Since Marriage but a larger Licenſe is
For every Fopp of Mode to keep a Miſs.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Sir *Timothy Tawdrey.*

SIR Timothy, *Gallants, at laſt is come*
To know his Sentence, and receive his Doom:
But pray before you are reſolv'd to be
Severe, look on your ſelves, and then on me;
Obſerve me well, I am a Man of Show,
Of Noiſe, and Nonſence, as are moſt of you.
Tho' all of you don't ſhare with me in Title,
In Character you differ very little.
Tell me in what you find a Difference?
It may be you will ſay, you're Men of Senſe;
But Faith——
Were one of you o'th' Stage, and I i'th' Pit,
He might be thought the Fopp, and I the Wit.
On equal Ground you'll ſcarce know one from t'other;
We are as like, as Brother is to Brother.
To judge againſt me then wou'd be ill Nature,
For Men are kind to thoſe they are like in Feature.
For Judges therefore I accept you all;
By you, Sir Timothy *will ſtand or fall.*
He's too faint-hearted that his Sentence fears,
Who has the Honour to be try'd by's Peers.

PLAYS Printed for, and Sold by R. Wellington, *at the* Dolphin *and* Crown *the West-end of St.* Paul's Church-yard.

THE Relapſe, or Virtue in Danger.
Spaniſh Wives.
Unnatural Brother.
Plot and no Plot.
Younger Brother, or Amorous Jilt.
Old Batchelor.
Rule a Wife and have a Wife.
Country Wife.
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